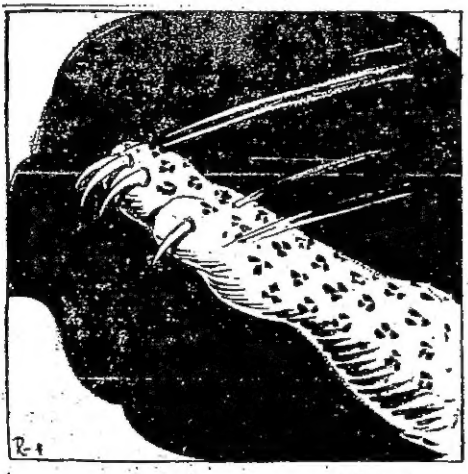
TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Taloned Death



Taloned death, dreadful, mysterious, stalked the dark jungles of Africa. And the people who dwelt in the shadows of the forest were seized with a fear such as they had never known before, for they knew not where the claws of the Terrible Visitor would strike next.

The jungle folk were familiar enough with the fatal talons of the lion, the leopard and the panther. Each of these beasts they had fought. Sometimes they had slain; sometimes they had been slain; but there was no mystery in these stark, primitive encounters.

The Taloned Death, however, was a thing apart—an awesome Thing that struck silently, without warning. Once it had struck, no victim lived to relate his horrible experiences. And the jungle, dwelling place of a thousand mysteries, kept its frightful secret.

Tarzan of the Apes heard rumors of the strange death, but he paid little heed, for he knew the black peoples' tendency to superstition and exaggeration. Then, one day, within his own domain, he came suddenly upon an actual victim of the Mysterious Death!

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Tarzan Baffled

Bending over the fallen black tribesman, Tarzan beheld these mysterious claw marks of which he had heard—furrows at the throat of the hapless warrior—the sign of the Taloned Death! For a long time he gazed in deepest perplexity at the still, lifeless form.

True, the marks seemed the marks of a claw, though sharper than the claw of any beast he knew. He looked about him for the footprints of an animal. He saw many footprints—of the lion, the leopard and the panther, and of the lesser beasts of the jungle.

His nostrils dilated to catch some scent which might prove a clue. But the odor of many beasts and of men came to him, for the warrior had been slain on a game trail which tunneled the jungle as a highway for the dwellers of the forest, both men and beasts.

To Tarzan of the Apes, mighty lord of the jungle, death was no stranger. He had beheld its grim countenance in many forms. Also he had fathomed many mysteries of the primitive, forgotten wilderness. But he stood baffled now in the face of the graceless Taloned Death!

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Warriors Terrified

While the Taloned Death had found its victims in distant regions, Tarzan had been unconcerned, but now that it had invaded his own domain he considered that a definite challenge had been hurled in the face of his jungle sovereignty. His duty was clear!

There, on that lonely jungle trail, looking down upon the slain warrior, Tarzan of the Apes vowed that he would hunt down this Thing that killed with talons, at no matter what risk. As the protector and friend of his people, he must assure their safety.

He lifted the dead warrior to a shoulder and set out for the village which had been the man's home. But when the villagers saw that their kinsman had been a victim of the Taloned Death, a strange hush fell upon them; and even the bravest of the warriors trembled.

"You, Gowando, are wise," Tarzan said to the chieftain, "so perhaps you can determine how this warrior of your tribe met his death." But the wise Gowando was speechless, and his eyes were wide with fright, as if he gazed upon some horrible, invisible specter!

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Tarzan Demands Secret

Tarzan looked sternly at the fear-stricken and demanded again: "How, do you think, did this warrior of your tribe meet death?" Gowando shrugged: "It is plain, O Great Bwana, that he was killed by one of the terrible clawed beasts of the jungle."

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The elders of the tribe seized upon this explanation with eager grunts of approval and relief. "True, true!" they cried. "The marks of the claws are plain. Terrible is the claw of the lion. Terrible is the talon of the panther. It was thus he died."

The ape-man scowled angrily. "Since when have the wise Gowando and his elders become fools? You know well that the great beasts do not kill except for food. What they kill, they eat. And the body of your fellow tribesman bears no trace of tooth or fang."

The blacks looked at each other guiltily, with terror in their wide eyes. "You know the secret; you must tell me!" Tarzan demanded. "No, Bwana," Gowando replied. "If you knew, you would try to do battle against the Unconquerable, and you, Bwana, would die!"

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Killer Defies Tarzan

Despite all his urging, no tribesman would impart to Tarzan the secret of the Taloned Death, for fear that the wrath of the Terrible Specter would alight upon him who was their greatest friend. For several days there was peace and quiet in the village of Gowando.

The villagers whispered happily to one another. "The Taloned Death has fled. It fears Tarzan. Tarzan is mightier than the Evil Thing." The ape-man, too, began to believe that the mysterious killer had been halted. Then it appeared again—more terrible than ever.

A hunter inspecting his traps was slain! A courier on his way to a neighboring village was struck down!. Each victim bore the telltale marks of the Taloned Death!. Once more the mysterious jungle killer was abroad, in seeming defiance of the mighty Jungle Lord.

Tarzan carefully surveyed the victims, but no clue could he find to aid him in tracking down the mysterious Thing that killed apparently for the love of killing. Fury seized him. "I shall solve this mystery," he declared. "I'll destroy this thing—or be destroyed!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

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Storm Hits Tarzan

When Gowando's village offered no hope of solving the mystery of the Taloned Death, Tarzan decided to venture to some distant place where he was not known, there to continue his baffling investigations, for now the Killer-Thing was striking swiftly in many places.

As Tarzan traveled through the gloomy jungle, he was overtaken by a storm of extraordinary violence. Lightning flashed, thunder crashed, and the mighty forest bent beneath terrific gusts of wind. The ape-man, in no haste, sought welcome shelter beneath a tree.

There, to his surprise, he found his friend Nkima, the monkey, cowering from the storm. With a wild shriek of joy Nkima leaped into Tarzan's arms, for the ape-man gave to Nkima the only sense of security the little creature knew amid the perils of the jungle.

But suddenly there came a sound of ripping wood, and the giant tree crashed earthward. Tarzan tossed Nkima to safety. Then he leaped; but he was too late! A great branch struck him and pinned him tightly to the ground, where he lay now helpless and hopeless!

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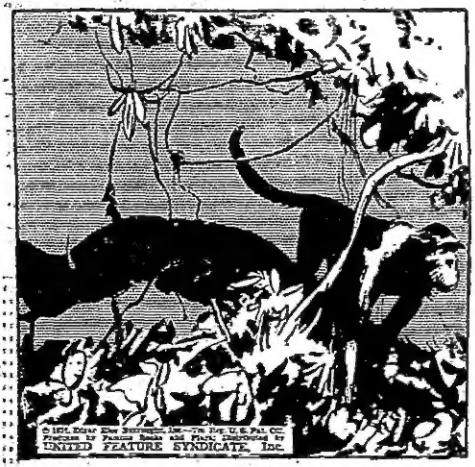
Tarzan's Voice Stilled

When the great tree which had sheltered them crashed earthward, Tarzan tossed Nkima to safety in the branches of another jungle giant. There the little monkey crouched in an agony of terror, whimpering pitifully as the storm whipped the mighty forest in all its overwhelming fury.

While the tornado raged, Nkima was motionless except for the fear-induced tremors which shook his small body. Soon, however, the thunder rolled away in the distance. The lightning flashes grew dimmer. The rain settled down to a gentle patter. The wind trailed off eastward to new conquests.



Sensing the departure of the storm, Nkima ventured in search of Tarzan, his master. But now a new fear gripped him—fear of the great savage creatures of the jungle which had a taste for tender monkey meat. From time to time he called plaintively: "Tarzan! Master! Tarzan!"

It was dark. Little Nkima could see nothing beyond a few feet from the end of his generous, sensitive nose. When his master did not answer, he was filled with dire forbodings; but presently he found Tarzan pinned to the earth by the fallen tree—silent, and still as the stillness of death!

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New Danger Threatens

Little Nkima looked down upon Tarzan's still form and whimpered miserably: "Tarzan is dead!" New and terrible fears crowded his small brain. Who now would protect Nkima from savage jungle beasts and cruel men? In all the world, Tarzan was Nkima's greatest friend. Now Tarzan was dead! . . .

. . . The dawn-light danced among the tree tops above the grass-thatched huts of the village of Tumbai. Orando, dauntless warrior and mighty hunter, stood with hands outstretched in supplication to his muzimo, the spirit of the long-dead ancestor for whom he had been named.

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"Bring the animals near to me," he pleaded, "and ward off all danger," O Muzimo." Then Orando set out for the hunt. He followed a familiar trail, now made unrecognizable and almost impassable by the fury of the storm. Several times he was forced to make detours into the heavy underbrush.

It was upon such an occasion that his attention was caught by the sight of a human leg protruding from beneath the foliage of a newly uprooted tree. He recognized the bronzed flesh as that of a white man, and he knew no white man as a friend. The foliage moved. Orando raised his spear!

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Death Approaches

As Orando stood with spear poised, the foliage moved again, and the head of a tiny monkey was thrust up through the tangled verdure. The little creature voiced a scream of fright and disappeared again. Presently it reappeared in a tree, shrilling its wrath at the black tribesman.

The hunter paid no heed. His interest was centered in that bronzed leg. Cautiously Orando stooped to gaze beneath the boughs and leaves that concealed the rest of the body. He saw a giant white man, naked except for a loincloth of leopard skin, pinned to the ground by a fallen tree.

From the face turned toward him, two gray eyes surveyed him. The man was not dead. Orando had seen few white men. They had been clothed in strange garments and carried terrible weapons which vomited flame and metal. But, except for the color of his skin, this man might have been a native.

Nevertheless the stranger was white, and therefore an enemy. It was possible that he might extricate himself from his predicament and become a menace to the village of Tumbai. Naturally, then, there was only one thing for a dutiful warrior to do. Orando fitted an arrow to his bow!

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Death Still Near

With utter unconcern Orando drew his bow. The killing of the white man meant no more to him than the killing of the little monkey would have meant. Then, suddenly, the imprisoned stranger spoke: "Come around to the other side. Your arrow cannot reach my heart from that position."

When the strange white giant spoke in the dialect of the Utengas, Orando lowered the point of the arrow in surprise. What sort of man was this? Most men would have begged for their lives. "Are you in great pain?" the warrior asked: "is that why you wish to die?" Tarzan stared coolly.

"I feel no pain," he said, "and I do not wish to die, but I know you will kill me, so I want to die swiftly and avoid needless suffering." "Are you not afraid to die?" "Afraid? What do you mean? All things die. Were you to tell me I should live forever, I might feel fear."

Tarzan perceived the warrior's hesitating perplexity, and hope rose that he might yet save his own life, and perhaps make use of this tribesman in his investigations of the mysterious Taloned Death. But Orando still believed that it would be safer to kill the stranger!

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Tarzan Saved

Despite his resolution to kill the stranger, Orando's curiosity was intrigued. "What would you do if I should release you?" he inquired uncertainly. "You are a hunter," Tarzan answered; "so I should bring you near to the meat animals, and ward off the danger of savage beasts."

Tarzan's reply was carefully calculated. He knew the superstitions of the natives. He knew that each believed his fate controlled. Orando cried out in startled awe: "But that is what my 'muzimo' is supposed to do—protect me and help me hunt."

"I am your 'muzimo!'" Tarzan said quietly after a dramatic pause. Orando was speechless. Now he understood why the stranger was unafraid of death. He was immortal, invulnerable. The ape-man immediately followed up his advantage. "Release me!"

Orando hastened to comply. It was not difficult to raise the branch and release Tarzan. But the Jungle Lord was not yet free. He was now to face a perilous test of the powers he claimed as Orando's protector. High in a tree, a panther crouched to spring upon the black warrior!

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Tarzan Saves Orando

Little Nkima, the monkey, saw the panther crouch. Nkima screamed a warning, Tarzan looked up to see the sleek body hurtling toward Orando. In a flash the ape-man flung out his arm and swept Orando from the path of the black death. The panther landed lightly on the ground, then turned on Tarzan.

The Jungle Lord clasped his hunting knife, and leaped toward the beast. Presently they were locked in mortal combat. Orando looked on with awe, but without fear, for he was certain that his protector would fulfill his promise to conquer the savage beasts and ward off all danger of death from animals.

While the ape-man fought with his wonted skill, little Nkima screamed encouragement to Tarzan and safe defiance to the beast. "Sheeta cannot kill us. We kill Sheeta!" And if Orando required further proof that the stranger was more than mortal, it was furnished by Tarzan's quick victory.

Tarzan pointed to the dead beast and said: "I will protect you from danger if you will serve me as I command." "I serve!" Orando replied proudly. The ape-man nodded. He believed himself fortunate in acquiring this stalwart ally in his relentless battle against the mysterious Taloned Death!

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Natives Are Astounded

So proud was Orando of Tarzan's victory over the panther that he was eager to exhibit his new friend and protector at once to his fellow tribesmen. The Jungle Lord followed him on silent feet toward the village of Tumbai. Behind them came Nkima the monkey.

Presently Orando heard another voice behind him that sounded like another monkey. He turned his head. To his astonishment he saw that the sounds issued from the throat of the man. The warrior laughed. Never had he heard anyone mimic monkeys so perfectly.

But Orando's hilarity turned to amazement when the man and monkey continued to chatter, obviously conversing. Talking with monkeys was certainly no human accomplishment. This was proof positive to Orando that the man's body clothed the spirit of Muzimo, his ancestor.

Soon Tarzan stood with folded arms, the center of a jabbering throng in the village of Tumbai, while Orando announced that the stranger was his muzimo. The awe of the natives was prodigious. But there was one skeptic—Sobito, the witch-doctor. He, Tarzan knew, was an enemy!

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Witch-Doctor Threatens

Tarzan was anxious to be accepted as the embodiment of an immortal spirit, for that fitted in with his plans to solve the mystery of the Taloned Death. But Sobito, the witch-doctor, scowled. He felt it would not be good business to admit too much credence in a miracle not of his own making.

With a ridiculous frown, designed to frighten and impress, the puffing little witch-doctor prepared to denounce the stranger. Meanwhile Nkima the monkey, who hated and feared all men except Tarzan, hurled the vilest jungle invective at the blacks, boasting of what he would do if he got hold of them.

From his haven of safety, Nkima challenged them singly and en masse, knowing of course that his words would not be understood. The ape-man, trained in the stern school of the jungle, was not given to mirth. But when he heard Nkima's boastful defiance of the blacks, his lips parted in laughter.

Sobito believed the stranger was laughing at him. Fury surged within him. Some of the blacks who had suffered from his tyranny were secretly pleased at his discomfiture and were grateful to the white man. But the witch-doctor fumed and stormed: "You are not Muzimo! I will expose you!"

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Tarzan Defiant

When Sobito had completed his threatening tirade Tarzan stood silent, penetrating the witch-doctor with his sharp gaze. Then he said slowly: "If you think I am not Muzimo the spirit—if you think I am mere mortal man—I challenge you to kill me by your magic!"

The villagers were aghast. A low murmur ran through the throng. Never had they seen a witch-doctor thus flouted and defied. They expected to see the rash challenger destroyed before their eyes—but nothing happened. They looked at Sobito questioningly.

The wily old fraud knew he must do something quickly, or lose the influence by which he had held the tribe in bondage. Leaping forward, he brandished a hyena tail, symbol of his office, which the people believed was endowed with mystical powers of life and death.

"You will die," he screamed. "Nothing can save you. Before the moon has risen the seventh time, you will be dead—DEAD!" The brutal, unscrupulous old witch-doctor reasoned that seven days would give him sufficient time to find some way to dispose of the hated stranger!

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Sobito Attacks Tarzan

Waving the magical hyena tail at Tarzan once more, Sobito concluded: "By this fetish you will die within seven days." The villagers were duly impressed. They had no doubt that the witch-doctor's curse would take effect before the appointed period had elapsed.

But the white man stood calmly, with folded arms. "I am Muzimo," he said dramatically. "I am the spirit of Orando's ancestor. Sobito is only a man; his fetish is only the tail of Dango, the hyena." As he ceased speaking his hand shot out and snatched the fetish.

"Thus does Muzimo with the powerless fetish of Sobito!" he cried. Then Tarzan threw the hyena tail to the earth and ground it under his heel. The villagers were seized with consternation. Their age-old world of voodoo and taboo was collapsing.

The rage of unreasoning fanaticism flamed in Sobito's mind. The froth of madness flecked his blue-red lips. His yellow fangs gleamed in a hideous snarl. With no thought now of caution, he flung himself upon "Muzimo," a naked blade in his upraised hand!

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Taloned Death

Swift and vicious as was Sobito's attack, it did not find Tarzan unprepared. A bronzed hand seized the black wrist of the witch-doctor in a grip of steel; another wrenched the knife from his grasp. And Nkima, the bold-talking monkey, screamed with fright.

Now Tarzan picked up Sobito and lifted him above his head as if he had been some incorporeal thing without weight or substance. Such strength, the astonished villagers knew, was the attribute of no mortal man. The stranger must be in truth Muzimo the spirit.

In a tree the monkey danced and shrieked. "Kill him! Kill him!" Nkima was a brave and bloodthirsty little monkey indeed—at a safe distance. But Tarzan did not wish to take Sobito's life. He was content to toss him to the ground in an ignominious heap.

The witch-doctor leaped up and fled; but when he believed he was far enough away, he turned and screamed at the Jungle Lord: "You, white man who call yourself Muzimo, you will die! Sobito will seek magic to invoke against you the claws of the Taloned Death!"

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Tarzan Challenges

When Sobito uttered the dreadful name of the Taloned Death, Tarzan noted that a strange and ghastly horror crept into the faces of the villagers. Tarzan brightened. Now at last, perhaps, he could obtain some hint of the nature of this Thing for which he was seeking.

"What is this Taloned Death?" he asked casually. Hardly had he spoken when his friend Orando leaped forward and clapped a hand over his mouth, shaking his head in earnest warning. From a distance, the witch-doctor beheld the tableau and chuckled.

"Your friend does well to warn you," he shouted, "for no man dare mention even the name of the Taloned Death, except those of us who deal with demon things. It is mightier than the mightiest of men. Even the most potent spirits are powerless against it!"

Tarzan saw a chance to encourage the people to help him track down this mysterious Thing. He would reveal himself as their fearless champion. He called out boldly: "Go you now, Sobito, and conjure up this Thing against me. I would do battle with the Taloned Death!"

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Tarzan Waits Challenge

When Tarzan challenged the witch-doctor to conjure up the Taloned Death against him, Sobito chuckled mysteriously and stalked away. The villagers were aghast, for they knew there was no escape from him who was marked as a victim of the Thing that killed with claws.

Several times that day Tarzan sought from the people some information about the Taloned Death, but the mere mention of the name sealed their lips. Tarzan reminded them that he was a good spirit who had come to aid, but the villagers only shook their heads silently.

The people of Tumbai liked the stranger who was an embodied spirit, but was he more potent than the Killer-Thing? Somehow, the evil spirits seemed more powerful than the good. It would be safer to await a test of strength before allying themselves with either side.

That night the Jungle Lord lay down in the hut which had been assigned to him, but he did not sleep. He expected, or rather he hoped to have, a visitor—a visitor, that would require the full wakefulness of his every faculty—the dreadful Taloned Death!

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Taloned Death Strikes

Through the night Tarzan waited, but there was no sign of the Taloned Death with which Sobito, the witch-doctor, had threatened him. As he emerged from the hut, Sobito loitered nearby. "Where is your Taloned Death?" Tarzan demanded boldly. "Does he fear me?"

An oily smile overspread the medicine man's evil countenance. "Even Sobito's powerful magic cannot summon him at once. Only one day has passed. Six more remain. If you leave our village, you may escape him." "I shall remain," Tarzan answered sternly.

Perhaps, thought Tarzan, the sly old devil knew nothing of the Taloned Death after all, but was using it merely to frighten him away. At any rate he could do nothing now except wait for the mysterious Killer-Thing to strike again. He did not have long to wait!

That night Tarzan sat with the wise men of the tribe around the council fire. Sobito was there, too. Suddenly from the far end of the village came a terrified scream. The wise men gasped. The old witch-doctor nodded knowingly. "The Taloned Death has struck!"

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Witch-Doctor Warns Tarzan

When the terrified and terrifying cry rose from the far end of the village, Tarzan sprang to his feet and raced toward it. Behind him scurried Sobito and the members of the tribal council. He came quickly to a crowd of grim warriors and screaming women.

Tarzan pushed his way through the throng. There, at his feet, lay the body of a young warrior, the dead eyes still wide with utmost horror. Tarzan knelt down. By the light of the torches he saw those telltale marks of a claw, symbol of the Taloned Death!

"Who is he?" the Jungle Lord asked. "He was Nyawegi," a maiden wailed; "we were to be wed on the seventh day of the next moon." "Did anyone see him killed?" Tarzan demanded. No voice broke the silence which had descended now upon the people of Tumbai.

Presently Sobito, the witch-doctor, appeared. He dropped down beside Tarzan and whispered mysteriously: "Behold the power of the Taloned Death which strikes, then vanishes, so that no man can say whence it comes or whither it goes. Behold the fate that awaits you."

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Leopard's Hair!

If Tarzan had been a creature of impulse he would have seized Sobito then and there and compelled him, by threats of death, to tell what he knew of the Clawed Killer. But the Jungle Lord was not sure the wily old rascal knew anything. He might be bluffing.

Tarzan's jungle sovereignty depended on justice as well as firmness. He could risk no errors, particularly among these people who credited him with supernatural powers. After all Sobito was a man; and the luckless Nyamwegi had been struck down by a clawed beast.

Clawed beast? There was no beast at large in the village. Tarzan himself had seen the gates of the palisade closed and barred. Even now two well-armed warriors stood guard there. And that whole day he had heard the voice of neither lion, leopard, nor panther.

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He bent close to the body of Nyamwegi, seeking some clue to the killer, whatever it might be. Suddenly he noted the dead warrior's clenched fist. It clutched a tuft of leopard's hair! Tarzan could hardly believe the evidence of his sense. It was incredible!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Baffled

The new clue only increased Tarzan's bafflement. The tuft of leopard's hair clutched tightly in the hand of the dead warrior, added to the claw marks on the throat, indicated that Nyamwegi had fought in vain against one of the fierce spotted cats of the jungle.

Tarzan knew that such a battle was impossible within the confines of the strongly palisaded village. But, at that moment, the ape-man sniffed the air through dilated nostrils and caught the vague scent of a leopard! This thing could not be—yet it was!

Now Orando, who had been strangely missing from the throng, burst through the crowd and beheld the horrible scene. "Nyamwegi!" he cried. "Nyamwegi, who was my best friend, is dead!" Then he saw Tarzan, nose near the ground, crawling slowly on hands and knees.

"What do you do, O, Muzimo?" he gasped. "I go to seek the thing that killed Nyamwegi!" the ape-man answered grimly. Panic seized the warrior Orando, whose valor was a byword of the tribe. "No, no!" he pleaded; "the Thing that killed him will kill you too!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

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End of Trail

Tarzan paid no heed to Orando's panicky warning against the Taloned Death. Instead he continued to trail the dim leopard scent which clung to the ground. Behind him, in fascinated horror, crept the people of the village of Tumbai. And in the vanguard was Sobito.

The scent of the leopard grew stronger as the Jungle Lord followed a circuitous route in the rear of the huts. Evidently the phantom beast-thing had been cautious. Was it possible, he wondered, that there was a leopard trained by a fiendish master mind to murder men?

Suddenly the trail swerved and led straight to the door of a hut. Tarzan halted. He had the wild beast's reluctance to enter an unfamiliar enclosure. His keen nostrils quivered. He sniffed in short quick intakes of air. He knew he was at the end of the trail!

Within that dark, forbidding interior lay some terrible secret which he was resolved to uncover. A low, ominous growl rumbled in the beast-man's throat. His right hand leaped to his knife, and the blade glinted in the eerie light of the torches. Tarzan was ready!

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Tarzan on Trail

With knife raised to strike, Tarzan charged into the hut's eerie darkness which concealed the secret of the Taloned Death. But no sound greeted his ear; no claw was raised against him. Within was only murky blackness. Tarzan was a fighter without a foe.

The strong scent of a leopard continued to assail his nostrils. Mystified, he waited, but nothing happened. The he dashed suddenly from the hut, siezed a blazing torch from one of the villagers and reentered the abode of the Secret Thing.

Even by the blazing light he saw no living creature. But his eye was caught by a pile of mats. He pounced upon them and cast them aside; and now he saw what they had covered —the sleek, spotted skin of a great leopard! Tarzan examined it closely.

In the throat, beneath the head, was a slash, large enough for a man's head to protrude. And the toes were capped by claws of steel! This was the Taloned Death; but the skin of a dead leopard could not kill. Those talons must be animated by a living man!

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Death to the Leopard Man

Seizing the leopard skin, Tarzan emerged from the hut. The villagers gasped in terror at sight of this token of the Taloned Death. "The skin is harmless," Tarzan assured them; "but these claws were wielded by the hand of man. Whose hut is this?"

"Orando's! That is Orando's hut!" the people cried in chorus. Tarzan frowned. Could his fine brave friend Orando be concerned in this evil business? "I know nothing!" the young warrior protested. But now Sobito, the witch-doctor, stepped forward.

"Where were you, Orando," he demanded, "when poor Nyamwegi cried out?" "Near the palisade," the warrior answered, "looking for an arrow I lost." "Did anyone see you?" Sobito purred. "No-o-o," the youth faltered, "but I was there. Orando does not lie."

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"Orando lies now!" Sobito shrieked. "Orando killed Nyamwegi, his best friend. Such is the terrible witchery of the Taloned Death. Orando is a Leopard Man!" "Leopard Man!" echoed the frenzied chorus of villagers. "Death to the Leopard Man!"

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Orando Talks

When the people of Tumbai howled for Orando's blood, Tarzan raised his hand. "I am Muzimo the spirit," he pronounced majestically; "I command silence." He turned toward Orando. "What is this accusation against you? What is a Leopard Man? Speak, warrior!"

"I will speak!" Orando cried defiantly. "They will kill me anyway, but you, O Muzimo, can fight the terrible Leopard Men. They are a secret order which compels tribute from peaceful people. We must give them our iron and silver, and fine meal for their food.

"Their chief place is hidden in the jungle, but there are secret members in every village who kill us if we do not give. Sometimes they kill only to make us afraid. And when they kill, they wear the skin of the leopard and strike with the talons of death!

"No one of us knows who among us are the terrible Leopard Men!" While Orando spoke, Sobito hurried among the warriors, whispering into the ear of each. Now he cried out: "We know one Leopard Man among us. It is Orando!" And the warriors howled approval.

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Orando Attacked

Once more Tarzan sought to stem the tide of bloodthirsty wrath which was rising against his friend Orando. "I will discover the Leopard Man who killed Nyamwegi!" he announced dramatically. The people of Tumbai stared at him in blank astonishment.

"My nostrils are keen," he continued; "you saw me smell out the skin of the leopard. Now let all the men of the tribe pass before me, and I will tell you which wore the skin!" A murmur of approval rose from the crowd. Sobito was seized with consternation.

"Fools!" cried the witch-doctor. "Do you not see it is a trick? He is Orando's friend. He will accuse someone else. Any of you might be the victim. Wasn't the leopard skin found in Orando's hut? Is that not proof enough?" The throng echoed, "Enough!"

In the excitement someone threw a stone. It struck Orando. By that action the smoldering fire of mob violence was kindled into a billowing, devouring flame. Wrought up by the witch-doctor's harangue, the simple-minded villagers rushed at Orando!

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Tarzan Saves Orando

When the savages rushed upon Orando, Tarzan knew it was too late to stem that surging tide of frenzied humanity. "Run!" he commanded. The young warrior obeyed; and the mighty Jungle Lord undertook to cover the retreat of the hapless fugitive by fighting.

Tarzan's fists flew like a hundred clubs, seeking to stave off the pursuers. He did not draw his knife. He sought to stun rather than to kill, for he pitied these simple, misguided people. Now Sobito cried out: "See! The white man is Orando's evil ally!"

To avoid certain death, the ape-man fled. Ahead of him he saw the dim racing figure of Orando. Suddenly Orando cried out, stumbled and fell. The young warrior had been struck. Toward him Tarzan sped on winged feet through a hail of whistling arrows.

The Jungle Lord swooped down and lifted the wounded Orando to his shoulder. The pursuers shouted gleefully, for they believed the burden would slacken his pace, and both would be captured. Now, at the barred palisade gates, the guards fixed their spears!

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Escape!

Handicapped by his human burden, Tarzan raced on. The hail of spears and arrows ceased, for the howling pursuers believed now they would surely capture the fugitives without difficulty. The gates were closed and barred; the palisade was impregnable.

The turmoil aroused a little monkey slumbering high in a tree. Through sleepy eyes he beheld Tarzan's flight. Had his skin not been part of him, Nkima would have left it behind in his wild leap earthward. "Tarzan! Master!" he cried. "Wait for poor Nkima!"

"You are in no danger," Tarzan replied; "scale the palisade." By now the ape-man had reached the barrier. "Catch the top," he commanded Orando, and flung the warrior upward. Orando clutched the pointed stakes and let himself down on the other side.

With a mighty leap, Tarzan followed, then once more he lifted the warrior to his shoulder. "I shall bear you to safety," said the ape-man. "No, Muzimo," Orando answered; "there is no safety in the dark forest, where roam the dreadful Leopard Men!"

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We'll Meet Again

When they were out of range of their enemies' missles, Tarzan set Orando down, extracted the arrow from his leg and bound up the flesh wound with healing leaves and clean, pliant bark. Then, despite the warrior's protests, Tarzan lifted him again to his shoulder.

Meanwhile the little Nkima had recovered from his fright. "I do not fear the wicked black men," he boasted; "if they come after us we will kill them—won't we, master, Tarzan?" Nkima's bravery was phenomenal—when he was remote from danger.

Now Orando asked Tarzan anxiously: "You do not believe I am a Leopard Man?" The Jungle Lord shook his head. "I am convinced Sobito is the chief of the Leopard Men spies in your village. He had the leopard skin hidden in your hut. He accused you falsely."

"Why?" asked the mystified warrior. "He knew I would defend you," Tarzan replied, "and thus excite the enmity of the people so both of us would be driven away. Sobito is clever and powerful and ruthless, Orando. But Sobito and I will meet again!"

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Tarzan Ordered Slain

"Orando," Tarzan demanded, "how do your people pay tribute to the Leopard Clan if the beast-men do not reveal themselves?" "The most honorable elder in our village is in their power. They tell him what gifts of silver and iron and food we must bring to them."

"And you take those gifts to some secret place in the jungle?" the ape-man inquired gravely. Orando nodded. "Do you know where it is?" Tarzan persisted. Again the warrior nodded. "Then," the Jungle Lord said calmly; "you must guide me to that place!"

"Why?" cried the astonished Orando. Tarzan answered grimly: "There I shall wait until the couriers collect their tribute. Then I shall follow them to their hidden lair and lay plans to destroy them. We are at war with the Leopard Men—you and I against hundreds!" . . .

. . . If Tarzan believed he was operating in secrecy, he was mistaken. Already Sohito, who was indeed a member of the dread secret order, had sent swift messengers to warn the roving bands of Leopard Men that the white giant was a dangerous enemy who must be slain!

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Tarzan Is Watched

"Where are we going?" asked Nkima the monkey. "We go to trail the terrible Leopard Men who kill with talons of steel," the ape-man answered, then added with an amused smile, "Are you ready to fight, Nkima?" The little monkey gave vent to a startled screech.

"I would like to scratch out the eyes of Tarzan's enemies," he said with quavering voice, "but—but I must be going now." Before the ape-man could inquire the nature of the sudden, urgent business which called him away so hastily, Nkima vanished in the trees.

Now Tarzan and Orando pressed on toward the secret place in the jungle where the Leopard Men came to collect the tribute they had extorted from the villages roundabout. Soon Tarzan caught the familiar leopard scent. His quarry could not be far away. . . .

. . . But those fiends who wore the skins of leopards as a badge of their terrible clan had been warned against the white giant. From their places of concealment four of them looked out upon him now, and their talons of steel trembled eagerly to strike him down!

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Taloned Death Descends

Tarzan was disturbed. The vagrant breeze had shifted suddenly. No longer could he detect the leopard scent which would lead him to the trail of his enemies. On the contrary, he was in danger now of wandering into the clutches of the murderous Leopard Men.

The Jungle Lord courted no battle now. His sole purpose was to track these Leopard Men couriers to their hidden forest lair and there lay plans to destroy this secret clan of jungle gangsters, who roamed the wilderness to rob and terrorize all peaceful peoples.

"Stay here!" he whispered to Orando; "I will seek them out." With keen satisfaction the four Leopard Men in ambush saw the strange white giant vanish into the dense undergrowth. Now their foe was divided. First they would kill the warrior, then the white man!

Silently they sprang from concealment. Orando was terrified when he beheld those hideous creatures, clad in leopard skins, charging down upon him, brandishing their claws of steel. This was the ghastly Taloned Death, from which no man had ever escaped!

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Girl in Danger

Orando was a valiant warrior, but when the fearsome, invincible Leopard Men charged him, he voiced a terrified cry. Tarzan heard, and hastened to his aid. But could his might prevail against those cruel Talons of Death, animated by fiendish fanatics? . . .

. . . At that moment, two days' march to the eastward, a girl tossed uneasily on her cot, where she had flung herself in utter exhaustion after a long day's trek through the sweltering jungle at the head of her rashly conceived and ill-ordered safari.

Now and then she awoke. Thoughts of hardship and dangers crowded her mind. But not once did she consider turning back until she had fulfilled her strange mission. Fitful minutes of sleep were filled with nightmares, but none so horrible as the impending reality.

At the edge of the camp, a nodding sentry was startled suddenly into full wakefulness. The sight that greeted his eyes evoked a terrified shriek. "Leopard Men! Leopard Men!" he shouted. And he died with that shrill, frantic cry on his lips!

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White Girl Is Captured

"Leopard Men! Leopard Men!" That fearful cry echoed through the safari camp. Sleeping porters leaped up and fled. Armed Askaris, who would have faced any other enemy, abandoned their rifles and raced away in panic, so great was their terror of the Lepoard Men.

One thrust his head into the girl's tent. "Run, Kali Bwana," he called; "the Leopard Men are after us. They spare no one." The girl had never heard of the Leopard Men, but whoever they were, she did not propose to let them take her without a struggle.

Gripping her revolver, she dashed from the tent. Almost immediately she was surrounded by hideous creatures who seemed half men and half beasts. Her revolver flashed upward to fire, but before she could pull the trigger a great claw struck her wrist.

The gun clattered to the ground. The girl was helpless. Another claw shot out at her throat. She jumped back just in time. Then the leader of the Leopard Band commanded: "Take the white girl alive. Lulimi, the high priest, will be pleased with her!"

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Girl in Deadly Peril

Before the girl could realize what was happening, she found herself helpless in the clutches of the monstrous Leopard Men. But they made no attempt to harm her after their leader had warned them that she must be taken to Lulimi, the high priest.

Quickly ropes were attached to her arms and neck, and after the marauders had looted her camp, she was led away into the gloomy jungle night. Naturally she wondered what terrible fate was in store for her, but her principal thoughts were not of herself.

Her chief concern was that now she could not fulfill the strange mission which had brought her from a life of luxury to this wilderness of peril and hardship. How foolish she had been to believe that she could cope with the primitive forces of the jungle.

Through the eerie night and most of the next day her captors led her over obscure trails deeper and deeper into the fearsome forest, until they came to a village enclosed by a forbidding palisade, which hid from the world the dreadful secrets of the Leopard Men.

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Secret Passage

As they dragged Kali Bwana through the streets of the village, the women, degraded, hideous harpies, would have set upon her and torn her to pieces had it not been for her captors, who laid about them with their spear hafts and drove the creatures away.

At the far end of the village, the Leopard Men scraped away a pile of brush and revealed a crude stairway that led deep underground. Through this passage they led the girl until the party came out on the bank of a river. Here she was lifted into a large canoe.

With uncanny silence the savages dipped paddles into the swift stream and sped under an arch of trees, from which hung matted vines and serpentine creepers. Just ahead a big, slimy body slid from a rotting log into the water. It was a mammoth crocodile.

Soon the girl saw that the river was alive with these horrible reptiles. Over the whole scene hung a poisonous air of decay, of mystery, and death. She was frightened and oppressed. But she would have been even more horrified had she known her destination.

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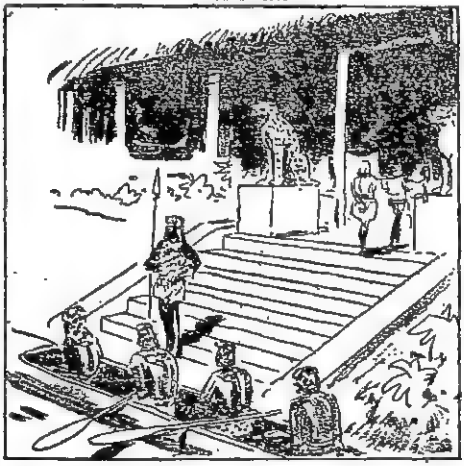
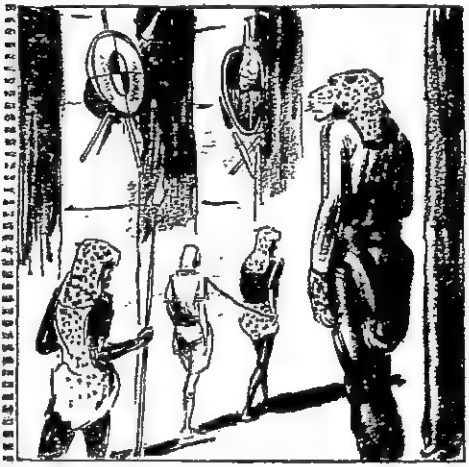
Terror Grips Kali Bwana

The canoe turned sharply and entered a quiet tributary of the swift river. Soon Kali Bwana discerned a small island almost completely covered by a great wooden building. This was the temple where the Leopard Men held their monstrous ceremonies.



A warrior guard challenged the newcomers, who gave the secret password of the order. Quickly the girl was lifted from the canoe and led up the temple steps to the great entrance, flanked by grotesquely carved images. Then she entered the gloomy hall.



She found herself in an enormous room. Idols, crudely carved, stood about the floor. Many represented men with the heads of leopards. And on great columns hung shields and spears and knives—and human skulls. It was not strange that terror gripped her.

At the far end of the hall was a raised dais, on which sat a man of sinister appearance, bedecked in a strange regalia. This, she was soon to learn, was Lulimi, high priest of the Leopard Clan. And near him was the god he served—a fierce, snarling leopard!

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Tarzan Attacks

When the girl was led before Lulimi, the wily high priest concealed his surprise and took quick advantage of the situation. "Behold!" he cried; "the Leopard god looks with favor upon me, and has brought this white maiden to be high priestess of our temple."

Lulimi was shrewd. It was he who organized this gang of jungle racketeers known as the Leopard Men. He had invented the Leopard god and all the horrible rituals which welded his ruthless followers into a vast secret brotherhood of blood and iron.

He seemed destined to establish an invisible empire of greed and crime. In more civilized realms he would have been known as the "big shot." There was only one man in all Africa who would challenge his power; but that man had already run afoul of his cohorts. . . .

. . . Tarzan rushed fiercely upon the four Leopard Men who had leaped from ambush to attack Orando. Since Orando was suffering from a wound, the Jungle Lord expected little aid from him. Tarzan was virtually alone against the four steel-taloned fiends!

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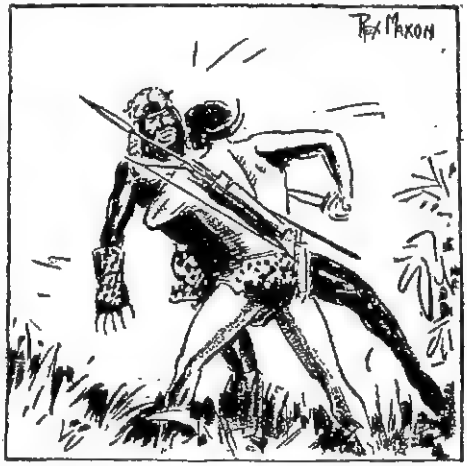
Tarzan Faces Death

Orando had never laid eyes on Leopard Men in the full regalia of their order. These leopard skins and talons of steel were calculated to terrorize their opponents; and many a man, otherwise brave, had been held motionless by the mere sight of them.

But Orando was a warrior, with a duty to perform. He would die. Of that he was certain; but he would not count his death in vain if he could avenge his friend Nyamwegi, who had been slain by the Leopard Men. Orando took firm stance, prepared to fight.

Now the foremost of the Leopard Men crouched to spring, in the manner of the beast they imitated. Then he leaped forward at Orando's throat. But before his claws touched the warrior, another figure, flying through the air, struck him down.



Even as he fell to the ground, Tarzan's knife sank once into the flesh of Orando's attacker, and the Leopard Man was dead. But the three companions of the fallen fiend swooped down on the fearless Jungle Lord, brandishing their deadly talons of steel!

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Tarzan Triumphs

Without waiting for the remaining three Leopard Men to reach him, Tarzan sprang upon the leader like a jungle beast leaping upon its prey. Again his knife flashed and the Leopard Man fell. The other two halted in consternation, then turned and fled wildly.

Never had they encountered a man who did not fear them. But was this a man? They were certain only a demon could fly through the air and kill so quickly. And now, as they fled, Tarzan lifted his face skyward and gave vent to a blood-curdling cry.

It was the victory cry of the great apes by which from boyhood Tarzan had announced his triumphs over jungle men and jungle beasts. When Orando had recovered from his shock, he asked bravely: "Must we not follow those who fled, and find their secret lair?"

Tarzan shook his head. "There is time enough. Their trail will be plain for a long time. So first let's see what the dead men can tell us." Orando gasped. He had seen his companion's mighty powers; but how could he make the dead speak?

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Dead Men Talk

"The dead will speak to us," Tarzan repeated while Orando gazed at him in astonishment. And now as the growing light of a new day drove night from the jungle, the ape-man knelt beside the bodies of the Leopard Men, seeking clues to their customs and habitation.

He removed their leather pouches and dumped the contents on the ground. "The dead tell us much," he nodded; "for example, their people live by a river." He held up several crude fish-hooks. "And they live in great terror of Gimla, the crocodile."

This fact Tarzan deduced from the amulets, which he recognized as charms to protect the wearer from the terrible reptiles. "I know a great river to the north, infested with crocodiles," he continued. "Somewhere near it, we shall find their lair."

Orando nodded eagerly. "And there is one thing more they tell us," the white giant said gravely, pointing to the mouths of the dead Leopard Men. Orando shuddered, for he knew the meaning of those sharp-filed teeth. "They are eaters of the flesh of men!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Leopard Leaps

When, by his jungle detective work, Tarzan had gathered a few clues concerning the Leopard Men, he and Orando set out on the trail. Orando's wounded leg was better now, but Tarzan was forced to go slowly so that the black warrior might keep pace with him.

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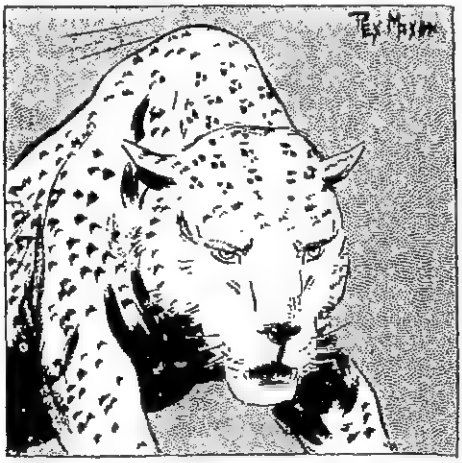
. . . But there was no obstacle to check the swift flight of the two Leopard Men, who had escaped. They were intent on reporting quickly to Lulimi, their chieftain, so that a battle force might be sent out to capture or kill the powerful white intruder! . . .

. . . Blissfully ignorant of Tarzan's daring invasion of his territory, Lulimi congratulated himself on the fortunate advent of Kali Bwana, the white girl, who stood now before him. He foresaw that her presence would add greatly to his prestige and power.



Then he began to speak to the girl in broken English. "You be high priestess of Leopard God. If you no do like I say, I give you to Leopard God—to eat!" Then, suddenly, as if anticipating Lulimi's promise, the leopard snarled and leaped at the girl!

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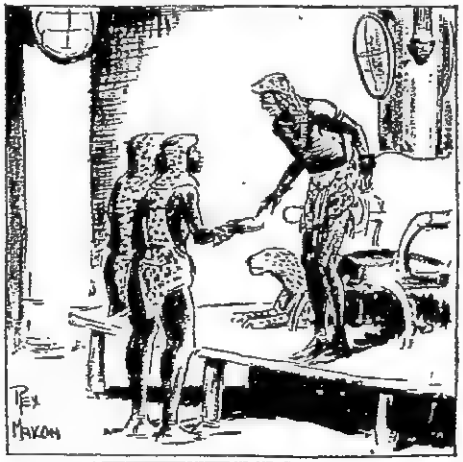
Lulimi Hears News

When the ferocious, snarling leopard leaped at her, Kali Bwana jumped back in terror Then, to her amazement, she saw the beast halt suddenly in its leap and drop to the floor. Now, for the first time, she perceived the chain that restricted its range.

Lulimi chuckled: "He not eat you yet; but he eat you later if you no do like I say! Now you wait few days. Bye-m-bye you be high priestess, when Leopard Men have human flesh to eat!" He turned then and commanded: "Take her to the quarters of the priestesses."

Her brain a-swirl with fear and horror, Kali Bwana was led into a dark, cavernous passage just as two excited, travel-worn Leopard Men rushed into the hall and knelt before Lulimi. They were the two who had escaped from the spectacular fight with Tarzan.



Lulimi listened calmly to their story, then he said: "Send to me the chief of the warriors. I will dispatch a war party against this white stranger. He shall pay for his folly with his life!" Lulimi smiled.

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Warriors Seek Tarzan

Soon the eerie throb of war-drums resounded through the village stronghold of the Leopard Men. There the warriors were addressed by an envoy of their priestly chief, for Lulimi himself preserved the mystery which veiled him by remaining always in the temple.

"Go forth," the envoy shouted, "and fight like fierce, true sons of the Leopard God, in the name of Lulimi, and in the name of her who will be our high priestess. Capture the strange white giant who defies us, and let him be caressed by the Taloned Death!"

In a frenzy, the warriors streamed into the forest, eager to lay hold of the white man. Finally, they would kill him with their claws of steel for an orgy at which the white girl would be inducted as high priestess! . . .

Unaware of the savage, fiendish forces which were being let loose against him, Tarzan, with Orando at his side, continued his journey toward the lair of the Leopard Men. He had vowed to destroy that evil clan, and nothing could sway him from his purpose!

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Traders in Danger

Tarzan, to whom the jungle was an open book, had no difficulty in following the trail that led toward the secret domain of his enemies, but meanwhile the war party of steel-taloned Leopard Men, filled with fanatic zeal, marched swiftly to encounter him . . .

. . . Between these two powerful converging forces, two poorly clad white men sat before a tattered tent in a small camp. "Old Timer," the younger sighed, "I'm sick of this jungle!" "Well, Kid, why don't you go home to the States?" the other suggested.

But immediately, Old Timer hastened to apologize. Since they had teamed up as traders a year ago, each had refrained from probing the other's past. They knew only that each had come out to Africa to forget some injury suffered at the hands of a woman.

But it seemed now that their memories, both bitter and sweet, were soon to be merged into the oblivion of death, for as The Kid and Old Timer talked, cruel eyes looked out upon them—human eyes surmounted by the hideous heads of leopards!

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Tarzan Hears Shot

Batago, leader of the advance guard of the Leopard Warriors, looked out upon the two white men. Neither of them, he knew, was the white giant he sought, but at any rate they would provide a welcome addition to the glory of his clan.

With his small scouting detachment he was eager to set upon them at once, before the main body of warriors arrived, for a quick victory would reflect great glory upon him and win Lulimi's favor. Now, with a flourish of his steel talons, he gave the command.

The Kid and Old Timer were taken completely by surprise when the Leopard Men rushed from ambush. Old Timer whipped out his revolver but before he could fire, it was struck from his hand. The Kid was luckier. His gun barked, and one of the raiders fell!

. . . That lone shot resounded through the forest. Tarzan heard. His every sense and muscle sprang immediately to attention. "Stay her," he said quickly to Orando: "I shall see what's going on." And he sprang treeward toward the deadly conflict!

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Captured!

Leaving his weapons for Orando's protection, Tarzan hastened to determine the meaning of that lone shot in the wilderness. Aside from curiosity, considerations of his own welfare required that he investigate all unusual events in this mystic jungle.

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. . . But he was too far away to give assistance to the two whites, who fought bravely but ineffectively against the superior foes. Old Timer was quickly subdued; and The Kid, after firing one shot, was hurled to the ground and pinioned by the Leopard Men.

Quickly the excited, gibbering victors attached ropes to the necks and arms of the captives and prepared to lead them back to the main body of Leopard Warriors. And it was on this backtrek that Tarzan saw them from his vantage point in the trees.

Usually he was little concerned with the fate of such men, most of whom he rated lower than the beasts. He resolved, however, to help these two—for the satisfaction of harrying the hated Leopard Men. But could he win them from these steel-taloned creatures?

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Tarzan Attacks

From his position in the trees, the Jungle Lord considered how he could win the two whites from the Leopard Men captors. He was one; they were five. He had only two hands; they had ten, capped with sharp, lethal claws of steel. The hazard was enormous.

Tarzan shrugged. After all, there was no infallible plan of battle. He must plunge in and let his actions be determined by the course of events. So, without further thought, he drew his knife and dropped down on the Leopard Man who brought up the rear.

The taloned beast-man died silently, never knowing what had struck him. But the thud of his body on the ground attracted the attention of one of his companions, who turned quickly. In the same instant, Tarzan was upon him, wielding his knife unerringly.

The ape-man's second victim gave vent to a piercing shriek of terror before he died. Immediately the other members of the little party turned in shocked surprise. And now, with savage shouts, the remaining three Leopard Men sprang toward Tarzan!

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Nkima Warns

When the three Leopard Men sprang toward Tarzan, Old Timer and The Kid had a clear opening to escape. But they were not the kind to let someone else bear the brunt of their battles. With eager fists they sailed into the two of their captors nearest them.

The savages, unaccustomed to this American method of fighting, dropped under a rain of lightning, skillful blows. The third, foreseeing his doom, turned and fled. Tarzan followed, to capture the fugitive and gain more information about the evil Leopard Clan.

But hardly had he begun his pursuit when Nkima appeared suddenly in a tree above him. In great excitement the little monkey was calling to him: "Tarzan! Master! Stop!" The ape-man halted and broke into an amused laugh at Nkima's frenzied antics.

"Nkima comes too late to help us fight," he bantered. "But Nkima does not come too late to save you!" the little monkey pronounced excitedly; "for there are many, many of the Men Leopard things nearby. They come this way. We must run, or they will kill!"

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Flight for Lives

Tarzan's amusement at Nkima's antics changed to deadly seriousness when the little monkey warned that an army of Leopard Men was on the warpath nearby. He himself might easily escape, but he had the responsibility of the two white men and Orando.

Walking quickly back to Old Timer and The Kid, he announced gravely: "Many Leopard Men are coming this way. We cannot fight them all. I must hide you in the trees." Old Timer regarded him with awe and admiration. "You must be Tarzan," he said.

"I am," the ape-man answered shortly; "but this is no time for introductions." Without another word he seized Old Timer and bore him high into a tree. Then, with The Kid, he repeated that spectacular climb. "Remain quietly here," he ordered. . . .

. . . By now the fugitive from Tarzan's raid arrived breathless in the ranks of the great war party of Leopard Men and reported his harrowing encounter. "We are many," the leader cried; "we will surround this white giant. He cannot escape our deadly talons."

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Trapped!

"Make no move or sound!" Tarzan instructed Old Timer and The Kid after he had hidden them in the tree. "I'll watch out for them," boasted Nkima, whose bravery increased in proportion to his security. Then Tarzan hurried on to his black friend Orando.

Soon the Leopard Clan army arrived beneath the tree where the white men were hidden. The ever curious Nkima descended several branches for a better view of the warriors. A fierce hatred filled his tiny, timid heart—a hatred that drenched his normal caution.

Instinctively he plucked a ripe fruit and hurled it down. The fruit splashed into the face of a warrior, much to the amusement of his comrades, who thought the fruit fell from a tree. Nkima was pleased. This was sport. He plucked and hurled several more.

So immersed was he in venting his wrath so amusingly that he forgot danger. But the warriors suddenly realized that this hail of fruit was unnatural. They looked up, and saw Nkima. Then, through the sparse foliage, they caught a glimpse of the white men.

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White Men Found

When the Leopard Clan warriors caught a glimpse of Old Timer and The Kid in the tree, a wild shout of triumph issued from the steel-taloned horde. At once a hail of spears and arrows flew upward toward their human quarry. Nkima scurried away in panic.

Old Timer and The Kid clung tightly to the tree trunk, trying to shield their bodies. But almost immediately the torrent of missiles ceased, for the Leopard leader shouted: "Remember the wish of Lulimi, our chieftain. We must take captives alive, if we can!"

He smiled proudly as he continued: "And it is easy to take these alive. We climb the tree and pull them out with ropes." With eager, excited cries, some of the warriors started laboriously up the tree. "They've got us this time," The Kid said bitterly. . . .

. . . When Tarzan heard the shouts he knew that something was amiss. It could only be that Old Timer and The Kid were discovered. He set out to aid them; though he knew that now he would face no small band, but the full force of the Leopard Clan war party!

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Tarzan to Rescue

With lying leaps and catapultic swings, Tarzan traveled swiftly through the trees toward the spot where he had concealed Old Timer and The Kid. On the way he met Nkima, fleeing in panic. "Many Leopard Men—they found us!" the little monkey screeched.

Without a pause, the ape-man hastened on and arrived on the scene as the savage Leopard Men were clambering up the tree to seize the two whites, or pull them out with ropes. Now Tarzan ascended the stairway of branches and crossed over to that same giant tree.

"We'd better climb up higher," said The Kid, "that at least will delay our capture for a little while. Gee, I wish I were Tarzan!" "I wish Tarzan were here," sighed Old Timer. At that moment, the foremost Leopard Man flung a loop of rope to entangle The Kid.

Then, suddenly, a figure hurtled past the two whites. It was Tarzan. Below them now he clutched a branch with one hand. With the other he seized the flying rope. From below the Leopard Men saw him and raised a shout: "The white giant —he is ours!"

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Tarzan Fights

The triumphant cry of the Leopard Men was premature, for the mighty Tarzan had not yet begun to fight. He descended a little farther now and planted his foot in the face of the foremost Leopard Man. With a strong push he sent the savage tumbling to the ground.

On the ground, an excited archer, forgetting the leader's command that the white men were to be captured alive, prepared to discharge an arrow at the ape-man. Tarzan's quick eye saw the move. He hastily grabbed his rope and twirled the loop at the foeman.

No cowboy of the western plains of America, no gaucho of the Argentine pampas could have thrown a lasso more skillfully, for Tarzan since early youth had been adept with the rope. The loop spun through the air and encircled the startled warrior below.

Tarzan pulled the rope taut. Then he jerked the warrior from the ground and swung him as a giant slug through the confused ranks of his enemies. But at that moment, another cat-like Leopard Man was preparing a sly move to bring the Jungle Lord to his doom!

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Tarzan Faces Capture

While Tarzan swung the Leopard Man at the end of the rope, another of his enemies cautiously climbed a neighboring tree, veiled from Tarzan's sight. And now this sly savage flung a loop over Tarzan and, with a powerful heave, jerked him from the bough!

Another triumphant cry arose from the warriors as the white giant plunged downward. But Tarzan thrust out a hand, seized a branch, and halted his perilous plunge. Then quickly he drew his knife, slashed the rope, and scurried once more toward the tree top.

Tarzan judged now that he could save at least one of the white men from the clutches of the beastly savages. The other would have to take his chances on being rescued later, if ever. Quickly he seized The Kid and started off through the trees toward safety.

But the second bough on which he stepped, though it had an outward appearance of soundness, was decayed inside. It snapped off — and the ape-man tumbled earthward with his burden. Now there was no intervening branch to halt that plunge into the midst of his enemies.

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Tarzan Captured

In his fall from the broken bough, Tarzan managed to land on his feet, holding The Kid firmly, thus saving both from injury or death. But hardly had he touched the ground when the Leopard Men leaped upon their victims with savage, triumphant shouts.

Despite the odds against him, the Jungle Lord whipped out his knife. He knew there was no chance of escape, but he would let them know that they had been in battle with the mighty Tarzan. The Kid, too, joined the fight with his fists, but they were soon overwhelmed.

Had the Leopard Men not been under strict orders to take the captives alive, the white giant and his comrade would have been struck down by the terrible Talons of Death; but they knew that Lulimi, the chieftain of their secret clan, had plans for a cannibal feast.

From a distant treetop Nkima looked down upon Tarzan's calamity and moaned: "They will kill him, and Nkima will be left alone in the jungle. Poor Nkima! Life is so hard for little monkeys!" Then Nkima saw the excited Leopard Men preparing to lead Tarzan away.

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Old-Timer Escapes

While the excited Leopard Men were seizing Tarzan and The Kid, Old Timer escaped awkwardly through the branches. If he could avoid capture, he might be able to follow the savages, and perhaps work out some plan to rescue his friends from their dark fate.

Nkima's simple mind, too, was in a whirl of painful thought. If only he could find some way to help Tarzan, his adored master. But what could a little monkey do against that pack of Leopard Men things? But wait! A bulky idea crashed into Nkima's small brain.

He sought out Orando, who confidently awaited Tarzan's return. The monkey chattered and grimaced and expostulated, trying to indicate Tarzan's fate. He thought Orando was stupid not to understand, but the black warrior only laughed at these highly amusing antics.

Neither Nkima's nor Old Timer's activities held any great promise for saving Tarzan and The Kid, who were being led now to the mystic stronghold of the Leopard Men, where iron-hearted Lulimi, in his dreadful Temple of the Leopard God, ruled his empire of Crime!

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Orando Is Helpless

Nkima's persuasive powers finally became effective. Orando was convinced now that the monkey wanted to show him something. He followed through the forest until the little creature stopped suddenly and pointed to bits of leopard fur scattered on the ground.

Then, in superb pantomime which would have shamed most human actors, Nkima described the battle that had been fought there. Now it became clear to Orando. His white friend had been captured by the Leopard Men! Orando groaned, for he was powerless to give aid.

. . . Meanwhile the signalman of the Leopard Army beat out weird thumps on a drum. Far away that rhythm was taken up and relayed by scattered signal stations. This was the secret telegraph of the Leopard Clan, announcing the capture of the mighty Tarzan. . . .

. . . Cruel Lulimi, on his temple throne, heard those welcome notes and ordered Kali Bwana, the white girl, brought to him. "Tonight," he said to her, "you become high priestess and make ceremony of sacrifice; for tonight we feast well.

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Kali Bwana Succumbs

The girl shuddered in horror when Lulimi told her that she must participate. Then that brave spirit which had brought her into the jungle reasserted itself. "No!" she cried defiantly; "I will not!"

Lulimi scowled menacingly, for he was not accustomed to being disobeyed. Then he smiled and pointed to the hideous, chained leopard near him. "You refuse? Then you be devoured by Leopard God. It be most amusing to watch—most very amusing, Kali Bwana."

Kali Bwana did not fear death, even in this terrible form, but there was a consideration more important than her life. If she died, she could not fulfill the strange mission for which she had braved the hardships and perils of the African wilderness.

"I do as you say," she replied bitterly. Lulimi smiled. "With you as high priestess, Leopard Men feast happy on two white captives." White captives! Kali Bwana blanched. Her brain reeled. Could it be that one of the doomed captives was the man she sought?

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Tarzan Sees No Hope

A girl of less dauntless spirit would have swooned away, but Kali Bwana gave little outward sign of the maelstrom within her mind. One of the white captives might be the man she had come to Africa to seek. And she was destined to witness his tortured doom!

She knew it would be useless to resist the wishes of the Leopard Clan chieftain now. She must bide her time. She must think. She must dare to hope, though her predicament seemed hopeless. Meanwhile, the great leopard which was a god eyed her hungrily.

"When captives arrive," Lulimi said, "you be made ready for secret ceremony." Then he ordered the horror-stricken girl returned to the gloomy room of the inner temple, where she was to await the coming of hideous night, with its program of dark mysteries. . . .

. . . Now Tarzan and The Kid were being led by their Leopard Men captors toward the hidden headquarters of the criminal brotherhood, from which no captive had ever returned.. "Think there's any way out?" The Kid whispered. "I doubt it," Tarzan answered calmly.

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Captors Lead Victims

The captive Tarzan did not fear death, for the Grim Shadow was his daily companion. His regret was that if he died now, there would be no one to combat the Leopard Men, that clan of jungle gangsters who terrorized and extorted tribute from peaceful peoples.

The keen-eyed Jungle Lord watched every opportunity as the men monsters marched him and The Kid at high speed through the forest; but not once did fate offer him a chance to escape by the exercise of his quick wits and strong muscles. Fortune had deserted him. . . .

. . . Nor were his would-be rescuers making any progress. Old Timer quickly lost the trail of the Leopard Men. He was a poor tracker. His centuries-old heritage of civilization had robbed him of the faculty by which the beasts and primitive men trail their quarry. . . .

. . . Tarzan's black friend Orando, accompanied by Nkima the monkey, followed the trail easily enough. But the warrior knew it was useless to pit his lone strength against the army of Leopard Men, who wielded with fanatic fury the dreadful Talons of Death.

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Strategy!

So rapid was the eager march of Tarzan's captors that fatigue settled upon them. Soon their leader ordered a short halt so that his warriors might recover their strength and thus march with proud, triumphant alertness into the stronghold of their clan.

The savages threw themselves on the ground to rest—all except those who had been assigned to guard Tarzan and The Kid. The ape-man looked about him; then he, too, expressed a wish to lie down. His weary guards were happy enough for the opportunity to relax.

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Tarzan lay down on his back in a spot he had chosen carefully. Near him The Kid followed his example. The Leopard Men laughed. "The white giant becomes weary, too. He can climb trees and fight strongly; but after all he is no more than a man, like ourselves."

Soon an expression of agony clouded Tarzan's face. His body began to twitch and writhe. These, his captors judged gleefully, were the movements of a man in terrible anguish—physical reactions to mental pictures of the tortures and final doom that awaited him.

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Tarzan Escapes

The Leopard Men laughed when they saw Tarzan writhing in apparent anguish; but soon the ape-man lay calm and his captors lapsed into the dreamy daze that grows with intense fatigue. Then, suddenly, Tarzan leaped up! His hands, which had been tied, were free!

The seeming miracle had been simple enough to the Jungle Lord. He had lain purposely on a sharp-edged rock that peeped above the soil and his writhing had cut the cords. The presence of the rock had been a happy chance, but he had been clever enough to use it.

Now, before the still dazed Leopard Men could recover from their astonishment, Tarzan seized his fellow captive, leaped to an overhanging bough, and swung vigorously through the trees But he could not yet be sure of success for his daring attempt.

The leader of the savage army knew it was futile to try to recapture the white men alive; and if they escaped altogether, he would know his chieftain's cruel wrath. "Kill! Kill!" he screamed. And a rain of spears and arrows followed the fugitives!

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Tarzan's Challenge

With spears and arrows flying thickly, Tarzan bore The Kid high into the screening foliage of the trees. Then he halted and called to his enemies: "Tell your chieftain that soon the mighty Tarzan will visit him. Tell him that Tarzan will destroy the Leopard Clan!"

Though the Leopard Men were many; though they were fierce and desperate, they shuddered at that ominous pronouncement of him who had proved invincible. They started in pursuit, but most of them hoped they would not have the ill-fortune to encounter him.

Soon after Tarzan resumed his journey he saw Orando and Nkima on the trail below. He dropped down and said to his black friend: "Go among the young warriors of your country and raise a war party to fight the Leopard Men! March north; I will meet you!"

The ape man turned to hurry away. "Don't leave Nkima!" the little monkey pleaded, and sprang to his master's shoulder. "Where do you go now"? Orando asked anxiously. Tarzan answered grimly: "I go to pay a visit to Chief of the Leopard Clan!"

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Tarzan Turns to Wilderness

"What do you want me to do?" The Kid called after Tarzan. The ape-man turned. "You may do as you like. My chief purpose in saving you was to annoy and confuse my enemies. You owe me nothing." "Then I'll go look for my friend," said The Kid resentfully.

"I wouldn't advise that," Tarzan declared firmly, "because the forest is full of Leopard Men. You'll lose your life uselessly. Better go with Orando. When he has raised his war party you will have more chance to help your friend—that is, if he is still alive."

"Why don't you try to find him?" The Kid demanded bitterly. "I have more important business in hand," the Jungle Lord answered gravely. "Your friend is only one man. I am concerned with the safety and welfare of thousands who are menaced by the Leopard Clan."

Without another word, Tarzan turned then and vanished into the wilderness. He swung steadily northward toward the great river where he would seek out the stronghold of the Leopard Men, there to carry on his campaign for their destruction—if they did not destroy him!

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Old-Timer in Peril

While Tarzan swung northward to penetrate the veil of mystery which masked his enemies, Orando, accompanied by The Kid, set out to enlist the war party which was to be placed at the Jungle Lord's disposal to do battle against the dreadful Leopard Men.

Orando was not sure he would succeed. In his own village he was suspected of being a member of the secret clan; and he was doubtful of finding many men elsewhere with sufficient courage and hardihood to face the beast-men who wielded the Talons of Death. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Old Timer, pressing on through the trackless forest, came suddenly upon a clearing, across which lay a strongly palisaded village. He was undisturbed by its forbidding aspect, for here he believed he would find food and safe shelter for the night.

Within, a sentry hurried to the hut of one who was called Bobolo, and reported: "A lone white man approaches." Bobolo grinned. "Let him come in. The children of the Leopard God are hungry." For this indeed was the military stronghold of the Leopard Clan!

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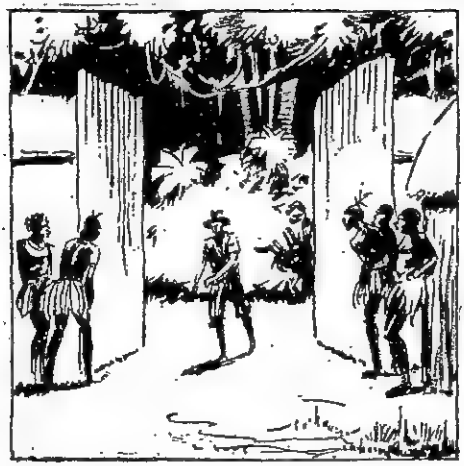
Old Timer Tricked



Unsuspectingly, Old Timer entered the gates of the Leopard Clan's stockade, for the warriors wore their beastly costumes only when engaged in military or criminal forays. He even cherished the idea of enlisting aid here to rescue The Kid from the Leopard Men!

When he was taken before Bobolo, he was delighted, for in the days before the Leopard Clan he had dealt with this shrewd rascal at a jungle trading center to the south. At least he was no stranger. "Peace, Chief Bobolo," he said: "a wanderer seeks shelter and food."

"You are likely to furnish a feast for us," Bobolo chuckled; "you are now in the village of the Leopard Clan warriors!" Old Timer shrank back in horror as the black continued: "But you are my friend. Maybe I can help you."

Bobolo commanded the white man to step closer as he whispered: "Give me all the gold and silver in your money belt, and I will see that you escape." Old Timer nodded eagerly, ignorant of the evil scheme that was taking form in the Leopard Man's devious mind!

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Bobolo Schemes

With few regrets, Old Timer gave over his money belt in return for Bobolo's promises to aid him in escaping. It was a small price indeed to pay to avoid the Taloned Death of the Leopard Men. The black quickly secreted the precious metal in his dark hut.

Bobolo might easily have made Old Timer surrender the money at the point of a knife. But Bobolo was shrewd. He wanted no commotion or outcry. By the iron laws of the Leopard Clan, all loot belonged to Lulimi, the Grand Chieftain. So this must remain a secret.

Hardly had the transaction been completed when a turmoil arose outside. Almost immediately a breathless courier, clad in the regalia of the Leopard Army, rushed into the hut and reported how Tarzan and another white man had escaped after having been captured.

Bobolo appeared to be furious at this defeat of the Taloned Cohorts, but inwardly he was elated. This circumstance fitted in well with his plan—a plan that would bring profit to himself and torturous death to the unsuspecting white man who was now in his clutches!

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Tarzan Watches

"Jahla wants more men to help recapture the white giant and his comrade," the messenger panted. "No! If he cannot take two men with his big army, let him suffer the wrath of Lulimi, our Grand Chieftain," shouted Bobolo, who was delighted with the turn of events.

In the close-knit organization of the Leopard Clan, Bobolo was a sort of governor of the village; and he was jealous of Jahla, who commanded the armed forces in the field. Now he saw a chance to defame Jahla and win favor for himself in the eyes of Lulimi.

He determined to take Old Timer to the fatal temple, where Lulimi kept himself secluded, like a modern "big shot" gangster immured in a mysterious penthouse. "Come," said the treacherous Bobolo, "and I will help you." The white man followed him out into the dusk.

As the two hurried along under the trees that lined the main street of the dismal village, four eyes looked down upon them. Two were the darting, excited eyes of a nervous little monkey. The others were the calm, appraising eyes of a powerful white giant!

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Old-Timer Trapped

As dusk enclosed the dismal village of the Leopard Men, Bobolo conducted Old Timer to the secret passage that led underground to the banks of the great river. Overhead, in the trees, the white giant and the little monkey moved with them—silently, cautiously.

"I am afraid; let us go back," Nkima pleaded. "Turn around when you wish," Tarzan answered sternly. But the monkey made no move to retreat. He was afraid to go on, yet he was even more afraid to go back. Here, at least, Tarzan's presence gave him comfort.

Now Bobolo removed the brush camouflage that concealed the entrance to the secret passage. Old Timer entered, believing that he was on the path to safety. A few minutes later, Tarzan dropped down, and he too entered the dark tunnel, followed by quaking Nkima.

After a while Bobolo and Old Timer emerged on the bank of the river. There, on the narrow strand, stood a host of taloned warriors of the Leopard Clan. Quickly they encircled the helpless white man. "To the Temple of the Leopard Clan!" Bobolo commanded.

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Old Timer shrank back in shocked surprise as the taloned horde encircled him. "You promised to help me escape," he whispered bitterly to Bobolo. "Have patience," replied the Leopard Man sub-chief; "I must take you to the temple. Then I help you get away."

Tarzan, who had been following through the secret passage, stood now within a few yards of this savage band. By a bold stroke he might be able to pluck Old Timer from their midst; but he was more interested in trailing the Leopard Men to their mysterious temple.

The white captive was flung rudely into a canoe and the paddlers took their places. The others launched a flotilla of small craft. The ghostly river procession began. To Old Timer these savages were so many Charons, conveying him across the River Styx to Hell.

There was no trail here, so the ape-man and Nkima took to the trees, guiding their progress by the sound of the paddles. After a long time the sound ceased. Across an expanse of calm water, Tarzan saw the island temple—mysterious, forbidding Mecca of Monsters!

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When Tarzan saw the dim lights of the Leopard Clan's island temple, he was determined to know what was within that grim structure. His was indeed a perilous ambition, for none except a Leopard Man had ever seen the interior of the temple and lived to tell the tale.

It was obvious to Tarzan that only by swimming could he reach the Leopard Men's holy of holies. He looked down into the water, knowing well enough what he would see there—great black forms bulking above the water—monstrous, sharp-fanged crocodiles! . . . .

. . . The canoes of the Leopard Men guards scraped the narrow strand that surrounded the temple. Old Timer was jerked ashore. While he stood encircled by his taloned captors, Bobolo hastened inside the hideous, gloomy temple and approached Lulimi, Supreme Chieftain.

"Have Jahla's warriors returned with the white giant and his companion?" Lulimi demanded. "No!" Bobolo replied, bowing slavishly; "Jahla has failed. The captives escaped. But the children of the Leopard God shall eat. Bobolo has brought a white man for the feast!"

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Tarzan Tested

"Jahla will be punished; you will be rewarded," roared Lulimi, who was grateful to the sub-chief Bobolo. Lulimi had invited many of his chosen henchmen to the impending ceremonies, and he would have been highly embarrassed had there been no human meat for the feast.

Still he was unsatisfied with only one victim for the cannibalistic orgy. "We will delay three days," he said; "then the white giant may be again in our grasp." "The white giant is powerful," called a voice nearby; "and I have come a long way to warn against him."

The voice was that of Sobito, who had just entered the hall. Sobito the witch-doctor was indeed a Leopard Man, as Tarzan had deduced during their encounter at Tumbai. Now Lulimi merely chuckled: "The white one may be mighty, but who is mightier than Lulimi? . . .

. . . At that moment, the Jungle Lord's might was about to be put to a supreme test. He was determined to reach the island temple, though his watery path was studded with ferocious servitors of death. Slowly, cautiously, he waded into the crocodile-infested river!

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Tarzan Swims Into Danger

As Tarzan waded cautiously into the crocodile-infested stream, the little monkey leaped to his shoulder. Nkima knew well the perils of his master's undertaking, but he was afraid to stay behind in the strange jungle where he would face other dangers alone.

"No," Tarzan objected in low tones; "you must stay here. This time Tarzan may die in the jaws of Gimla the crocodile. If I do not return by dawn, find Orando and his warriors and try to bring them here to destroy the Leopard Men. You can make Orando follow you."

Sadly, Nkima sprang noiselessly back to the tree and watched the dauntless Tarzan wade deeper and deeper into the reptile-studded river. Then the Jungle Lord eased his shoulders into the water and began to swim, with no more stir or sound than a gentle ripple.

The lethargic monsters slept on, atop rocks and logs, but there was the constant danger that Tarzan might encounter one, or several, cruising about. He swam with his hunting knife in his right hand, ready for action. Thus Nkima saw him vanish in the darkness.

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With utmost caution, Tarzan swam silently toward the island temple of the Leopard Men. As he approached it, he became aware of an ominous swishing in the water. Then, by the dim light from the timple, he saw a crocodile, its hideous jaws agape, bearing down on him!

With a quick turn he averted those deadly jaws. Then he whirled again and drove his knife into the creature's belly. Unerringly the keen blade found a vital spot, for it was Tarzan's business to know the vulnerable points of all the killer beasts of his jungle domain.

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Realizing that the lashing death throes of the crocodile would bring more of the reptiles to the scene, the ape-man struck out boldly and rapidly for the island. This was a time for vigorous swiftness rather than silent caution; and he came safely to the dismal shore.

The tiny beach was deserted. Fortunately the island was not well guarded, for the Leopard Men never dreamed that an enemy could come near this secret retreat of their Grand Chief. Now Tarzan gazed upon the forbidding temple and murmured: "I must know what's inside!"

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Tarzan Hears Plans

It was simple enough for the ape-man to scale the outer wall of the leopard temple. Then, clinging to the steep roof, he cut a hole in the thatch and gazed down into the eerie, frightful interior. This, he sensed, was the throbbing heart of the criminal brotherhood.

Voices drifted up to him. He heard Lulimi issuing sharp commands. He gathered that Old Timer had been taken to a secret chamber, and that he would be killed and eaten three days from now at some ceremony which would be attended by all the "higher-ups" of the Clan.

In fact, Lulimi had decided that by delaying the ceremonies, there would be time to invite his henchmen from the farthest corners of his criminal realm, so that all might be impressed by the white girl, who was to be inducted as high priestess of the Leopard God.

Tarzan saw his chance. If the assembly of chiefs could be destroyed, the Clan would be crushed. But he could not do it alone. He must have many fighting men. He wondered if Orando was succeeding in enlisting warriors. And was there time to rush them here?

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Leopard Men Defied

As Tarzan gazed down into the House of Horrors, a great determination welled up in his heart. Solemnly he dedicated his every power of mind and body—his life, if need be—to the destruction of the fiendish chieftain and his cohorts of the Leopard Clan.

Quietly the ape-man slipped down from the roof of the temple and raced to the tiny beach. He was reluctant to risk his life among the savage crocodiles. His life was no longer his to risk. It belonged to the innocents who had suffered the ravages of the clansmen.

Fortunately he discovered a small canoe, and soon he was paddling powerfully toward the opposite shore, where Nkima welcomed him. Tarzan leaped from the canoe and sprang treeward. "Follow me if you can," he called to the little monkey; "I have no time to waste."

Swift as a gust of wind Tarzan traveled through the trees to seek Orando's warriors. Shortly after dawn he came upon the army of Leopard Men; but, strangely, instead of hastening away he came nearer and cried mockingly: "If you are looking for me, here I am!"

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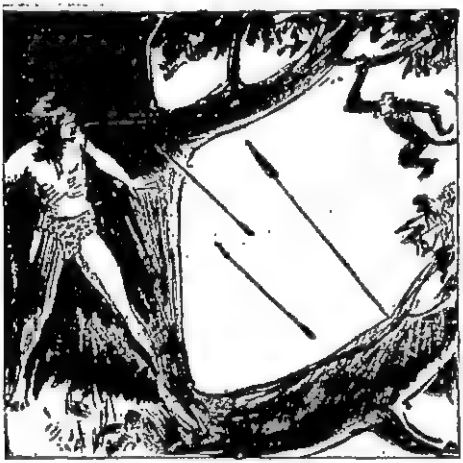
Warriors Missing



When Tarzan called down to the astonished Leopard Men, a wild shout went up from their ranks, followed by a hail of spears and arrows. The ape-man moved swiftly away, with shrieking Nkima in his wake. The taloned warriors set out in wild pursuit, as Tarzan had planned.

He was deliberately decoying them farther away from their stronghold so that their chief village and temple might remain almost entirely unprotected. But soon he left the Leopard Men behind. He could spare no more time from his search for his own army of warriors.

Never did man or beast make a swifter jungle journey than did this creature who was both man and beast; for Tarzan, reared by the apes, possessed all their physical powers, while his brain was the legacy of illustrious human forbears. He was both super-ape and super-man.

But his furious race seemed doomed to failure. Thirty-six hours passed—half of the allotted time—and still he found no trace of Orando's warriors. It appeared that across this affair the talons of the Leopard Men were destined to write "Victory" in letters of blood!

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Forces Rejoined

Three hours later, Tarzan caught the scent of man, and soon he beheld the object of his frantic search—Orando and The Kid at the head of a party of warriors. There were not more than two hundred of them, but the Jungle Lord was pleased with their stalwart mien.

He dropped down before them, and a shout went up from them, for here was their master, the white giant whom they believed to be the incarnation of a powerful spirit. In fact, it was their trust in his supernatural powers which had led them to enlist under his banner.

Under no human leadership would they have dared do battle against the dread Leopard Men. Quickly now Tarzan explained the situation to Orando and The Kid. The war party must make a forced march to the Leopard Clan's stronghold and destroy the assembly of chiefs.

Tarzan himself, who could travel much faster, undertook to return at once to the Leopard God's temple to watch events. He judged that his small army might not reach there in time. In the end, he might be forced to take some desperate action—single-handed!

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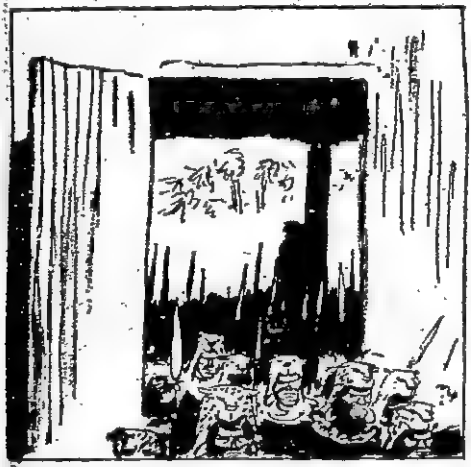
Lulimi's Plot

Tarzan tried to persuade Nkima to remain with the warriors, but the little monkey sensed great and dangerous events, and he felt safer near his master. So he joined the Jungle Lord in the perilous journey which was to decide the fate of the Leopard Clan—or Tarzan.

Even this light, agile creature had difficulty in keeping pace with the flying ape-man. His poor little arms ached as, hour after hour, the strange pair swung northward through the trees. "Let's forget the Leopard Men; let's sleep," Nkima begged. But Tarzan swung on . . .



. . . Meanwhile, Lulimi's henchmen gathered from all quarters of his criminal domain, to pay homage to the leopard god, and to receive instruction in new methods of murder and extortion. An electric excitement animated the malign assembly of jungle gangsters.

Lulimi stirred them to keen anticipation of the climax of the meeting—the cannibalistic orgy at which the white girl was to be inducted as high priestess. On the day of the feast, as the appointed hour drew near, he commanded: "Let Kali Bwana be made ready!"

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The New High Priestess

Lulimi's messenger hastened to the gloomy chamber of the inner temple where Kali Bwana awaited hopelessly the horrors of the night. Silently he beckoned with his taloned hand. The white girl followed. At the end of a corridor she was thrust through a doorway.

Kali Bwana found herself in a large room occupied by a dozen women. "This," announced her escort, "is the new high priestess of the Leopard God. Lulimi commands that she be prepared for the sacred rites." He turned then and vanished, closing the door behind him.

Immediately these lesser priestesses of the Leopard God surrounded her, angrily, resentfully. She was beautiful; and these degraded, yellow-fanged creatures hated beauty. Besides, they were jealous of the white one who was to be set above them in rank and favor.

With menacing cries they set upon her and ripped every stitch of clothing from her. The fear of Lulimi prevented them from doing her further harm; but there was no assurance that their hatred would not overcome their restraint. Actually their desire was to kill her!

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Talons of Death

When they had stripped the clothing from the girl, the priestesses flung her down upon a mat and proceeded to annoint her with a vile smelling oil, the base of which might have been rancid butter. This was rubbed in by rough hand until her skin was almost raw.

Next a greenish liquid, which stung like fire, was poured over her. Then they began to clothe her in ceremonial garb. First a loin cloth made from the skin of leopard cubs was adjusted about her slim, fair waist. Then, over one shoulder was draped a gorgeous leopard hide.

A rope of leopard tails gathered it loosely about her hips. Her wrists and arms and ankles were loaded with bracelets; and about her neck was placed a necklace of human teeth. The costume was topped by a diadem of leopard skin, supporting many plumes and feathers.

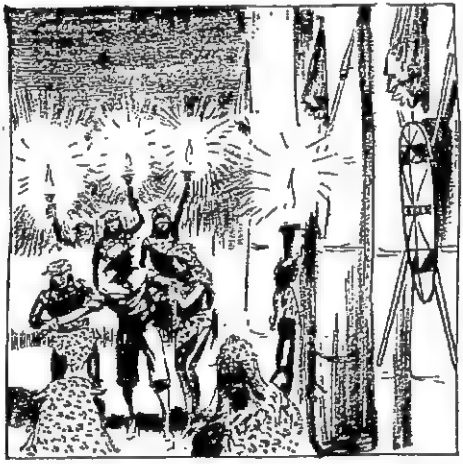
But the finishing touch brought a chill of horror to Kali Bwana. Long talons of gold were affixed to her fingers. These were Talons of Death; sacred symbol of the Leopard Clan. Was she expected to wield these talons against the victim of the human sacrifice?

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Old-Timer Doomed

Clothed in the ceremonial raiment of high priestess, Kali Bwana awaited, with bated breath, the summons to the cannibalistic orgy of the Leopard Men. There was no hope of escape. She must do the bidding to Lulimi, or be devoured by the leopard which was a god.

Old Timer, who was to be the victim of the cannibal feast, was dragged roughly from his dungeon in the secret recesses of the inner temple, and marched into the mammoth hall, where the fiendish sub-chiefs of the criminal brotherhood were assembled.



All about him savage eyes gazed upon him from beneath horrible leopard head helmets. Old Timer saw death coming but was unafraid. His captors, waving torchlights, shrieked in delight but he defied them.

The white man was convinced now that Bobolo's promises to help him escape were false. Since he had been brought into this holy of holies, he was sure that no power on earth could save him, for no one other than a Leopard Man could look upon these things and live!

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Leopard God Speaks

With keen satisfaction, Lulimi, the "big shot" of jungle gangsterdom, looked upon the assembly as proof of his power. He had invented all these rites and superstitions to enslave and unify the criminal Leopard Clan under his iron-fisted leadership.

Through the mass of Leopard Men, Old Timer was dragged before the throne of the mighty one. The eerie silence was broken only by the growls of the devil-faced Leopard which was a god, a fitting symbol indeed for the savage bestiality of this terrible cult.

Without a word to the white man, Lulimi turned dramatically to the beast. "Leopard god," he cried in a high, shrill voice, "the children of the Leopard god have captured an enemy. They have brought him here to the great temple. What is the will of the Leopard god?"

In the breathless silence, all eyes were turned toward Lulimi and the leopard. Then a weird thing happened, a thing that turned the skin of the white man cold and stiffened the hairs upon his scalp. From the snarling mouth of the leopard came human speech!

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Ceremony Begins

Old Timer's blood chilled as human speech came from the mouth of the Leopard god: "Great is the power of Lulimi, my high priest, my temple. Let the white man die."

A wild, frantic cheer rose from the multitude in the temple, but it was silenced by a gesture from Lulimi as words came again from the mouth of the beast: "But first let my people look upon the new high priestess who has been brought to us by Lulimi's power."

Instantly all eyes were turned excitedly toward the doorway to the inner temple, through which danced a girl, clad in barbaric ornaments. She was followed immediately by eleven others. Old Timer wondered which of these was the new high priestess.

Now the Leopard god spoke again. "Fetch the high priestess!" Slowly a figure, dimly seen, approached out of the darkness of the chamber beyond, the flare of torches playing up it. Old Timer stifled a cry of astonishment as he beheld the white priestess.

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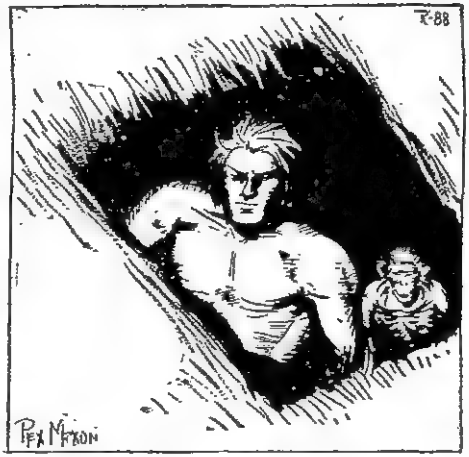
Tarzan Watches

Her eyes tight shut, Kali Bwana walked out upon the dais, afraid to allow sight to confirm her fears. She had come to Africa to seek a certain man. It was not improbable that he would be a victim.

With wide-eyed fascination the evil eyes of the Leopard Men feasted on the white girl's beauty. Her trance-like movements convinced them of her supernatural origin. Even Lulimi was so enchanted that he did not notice that the girl was approaching a danger zone.

Suddenly the Leopard god, with fierce, hungry growls, leaped at her. A cry of alarm went up from the spectators, then a sigh of relief, for the leopard was brought to a sharp halt by its chain before its raking talons touched the soft flesh of the shrinking girl . . .



. . . Through a hole in the roof, two uninvited spectators gazed down upon the horrible scene. One was a trembling monkey. The other was a bronzed white giant. But the mighty Tarzan realized his helplessness against this fanatic horde of taloned beast-men.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Kali Bwana Trapped

Tarzan knew that single-handed he could not save the girl and Old Timer from the Leopard Men. Besides, he was more interested in striking a mortal blow at the whole clan than in rescuing these two unfortunates who had become enmeshed in the tangle of cruel talons.

He believed—or hoped—that these ceremonies would last far into the night. There was still a meager chance that his warriors would arrive in time—but only if he hastened back and inspired them to superhuman speed. Tarzan slipped down from the roof . . .

. . . Meanwhile the girl summoned up courage to look at the intended victim of the sacrifice. Her eyes lighted up with relief, for this was not the man she sought. But he was one of her own race, and her heart was filled with deep pity. Now Lulimi stepped forward.

"The Leopard god has spoken," he shouted to the assembly, "but it is our law that none shall be killed without the approval of the high priestess." Then he turned his evil smile on Kali Bwana: "Raise right hand to show high priestess wish white man to die!"

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Kali Bwana Gives Signal

When Lulimi demanded that Kali Bwana signal her approval of the white man's sacrifice, the horror-stricken girl rebelled. "No!" she cried. Lulimi smiled. "Then you wish to be devoured by the Leopard god?" Old Timer heard, and whispered now to the girl.

"Do as he says. They'll kill me anyway. And if you play along with them, you might escape later." Kali Bwana knew he was right. For her own life she cared little, but upon her survival depended the happiness of another—the man she had come to Africa to find.

Slowly she raised her hand, amid the husky cheers of the assemby. Then Lulimi and the Leopard spoke once more to each other, but Old Timer was no longer impressed, for he realized that the supreme leader of the Leopard Clan was an accomplished ventriloquist.

Quickly now great cooking pots were set up. But in all the excitement, one Leopard Man was calm. That one was ambitious Bobolo, who was evolving a crafty scheme—a scheme which was destined to confuse Tarzan's vital plans.

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Bobolo Schemes

Preparations went forward for the feast. Fires were lighted under the cooking pots on the clay platform. Servitors of the temple passed among the Leopard Men, handing out gourds and jugs of strong native beer, which was gulped eagerly.

Greedy, ambitious Bobolo kept his eyes on Kali Bwana, who shrank far to one side of the dais, her brain reeling to the hideous pandemonium around her, half numb with fear and apprehension. His crafty mind was evolving a scheme to kidnap the girl for his own purpose.

He calculated that around her impressive and seemingly supernatural presence he might build up a cult and criminal clan of his own to rival the Leopard Men. In modern terminology, it might be said that he planned to "muscle in" on Lulimi's profitable racket.

Bobolo drank deep of the heady beer to bolster his courage for the dangerous undertaking. All around him his fellow clansmen were rapidly becoming intoxicated, and they were looking upon the white girl with leering glances. Bobolo knew he must act quickly.

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Treachery

While Bobolo awaited a chance to kidnap Kali Bwana, the Leopard Men quaffed their beer in great gulps. Soon they began to dance to the rhythm of a slow chant, rising in volume and increasing in tempo until the temple floor was a mass of howling, leaping savages.

The Leopard god, excited by the din and movement, strained at his chain, snarling fiercely. And now Lulimi, who had imbibed as freely as the rest, danced before the frenzied carnivore, leaping almost within reach, then springing back as the beast struck out.

Bobolo knew he could count on Old Timer's aid to kidnap the girl if he pretended that he was trying to save them both. He approached the white men's guards. "Go and joing the others," he ordered; "I'll watch the prisoner." The guards were happy enough to comply.

"You see, I am keeping my promise," Bobolo whispered to the prisoner; "I'll help you escape. Follow me!" Old Timer balked. "Not without the girl," he insisted. "She, too," Bobolo agreed. Old Timer smiled, unaware of the shadow of treachery which hung over him.

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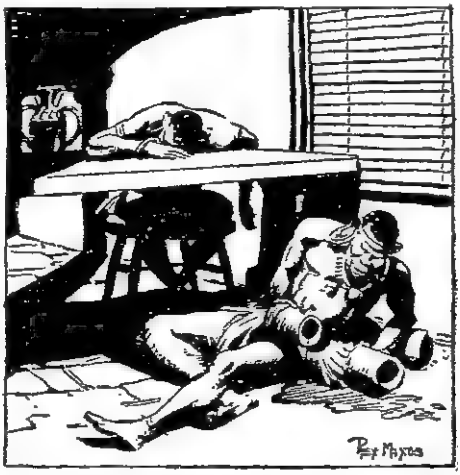
Deserted

Without attracting the attention of the drunken warriors, Bobolo led Old Timer to a secret room. Then he returned to the great hall and mounted the dais, where Lulimi lay in a drunken stupor. There he seized Kali Bwana by the arm and bade her come with him.

Meanwhile, Tarzan reached his marching warriors. "You must ravel faster still," he exhorted them. "Unless we reach the temple tonight, all will be lost. Already we have come far into the realm of the Leopard Men. If we do not destroy them, they will destroy us!"

"Stay here a while," Bobolo told Old Timer and the girl. "I will come back for you when all the others are so drunk they cannot see or hear us escape." The crafty subchief of the Leopard Clan went back to the orgy, then at the height of its madness.



Bobolo suddenly became frightened at what he had done. To bolster his waning courage he seized a large jug of beer and drained it—then another and another. In a few minutes he, too, had fallen on the floor in a drunken sleep, while the two whites waited in vain.

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Escape Plans

When they were alone together, Old Timer asked curiously: "What are you doing here?" "The Leopard Men broke up my safari and captured me." "You were traveling alone?" the white man gasped. "Yes," the girl replied; "I was looking for someone. Do you know Jerry Jerome?"

"No," Old Timer answered, surmising that Jerome was the man she loved. A twinge of disappointment stung his heart. Old Timer was a woman-hater, but something about this girl appealed to him. He did not realize it, but the flame of love was already lighted within him.

For a long time they sat in silence. Finally Old Timer spoke. "I'm afraid Bobolo isn't coming back. He may be dead drunk by now. We'd better try to get away." "Do you think there's a chance?" Kali Bwana asked eagerly. "One in a thousand," her companion replied.

The white man crept down the corridor and saw the Leopard Men lying in a drunken stupor. But some of them might awake at any moment. Then, there was the barrier of the crocodile-infested river. If he could find no canoe, he and the girl would be hopelessly trapped.

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Now or Never

Old Timer hastened back to the girl. "Quick!" he whispered; "it's now or never." He took her warm hand in his, and once more his infatuation flamed within him. Quietly they tiptoed down the corridor, the man groping nervously with his free hand.

He found a doorway; but what if this were the apartment of some temple inmate who had left the orgy and come here to sleep? Slowly, he pushed open the door. To his utter delight, it opened onto the veranda. They would soon be free of the horrible temple.

Carefully, Old Timer lowered the girl to earth. It was their good fortune to find a canoe on the beach, and soon they were embarked; but the craft was larger than they could safely handle. The slightest error meant death in the trap-like jaws of the crocodiles. . . .

. . . Had Old Timer foreseen the perils of their journey, and had he known that the mighty Tarzan was hastening to annihilate the Leopard Men, he might have waited. But even Tarzan himself was not certain that he would succeed in his bold and dangerous venture.

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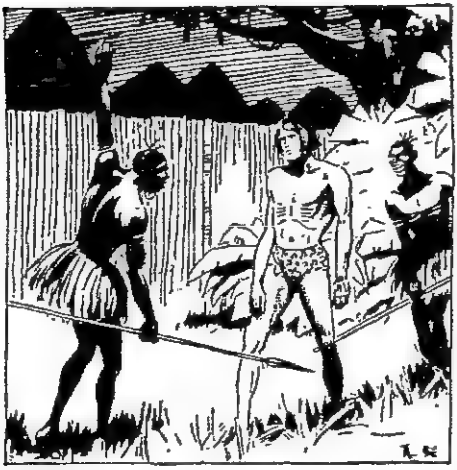
Tarzan's Army Arrives

"March! March!" Tarzan urged his warriors, "as if the very demons were after you!" That was not difficult for his black cohorts to imagine, for they were now in the domain of the fiendish Leopard Men, who combined the traits of demons, monsters, and men.

After a long while, the little army came to a clearing, in the center of which loomed a tall and formidable stockade. "That," said the Jungle Lord, "is the village of the Leopard Clan warriors. We must overwhelm it before we can enter the tunnel to the temple."



"The palisade is strong and high. We can never enter the village," one of the warriors objected. "I am Muzimo, the spirit," the ape-man answered solemnly. "I will open the gates. Then you must enter and fight. I, Muzimo, will lead you in victorious battle."

While the warriors gazed in astonishment, Tarzan raced across the clearing on quiet, flying feet. Suddenly his body rose like a bird. His hands gripped the top of the palisade. Thence he looked down and saw a sentry—but there was another he did not see!

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Trapped?

From his perch atop the palisade, Tarzan peered down upon the sentry. Suddenly he launched himself in a zooming dive. At the instant he landed on his victim's shoulders, his knife struck. The guard of the gateway died silently, except for a low, gasping grunt.

But as the body fell, it became entangled with the warrior's spear. The haft of the weapon broke with a sharp crack. Another sentry, hidden by the shadows, turned and saw the intruder rushing toward the gates. Then, from his throat issued a frantic cry of alarm.

At the same time, the second sentry charged, his sharp spear fixed to impale the ape-man. And already Tarzan heard wild yells answering the call of alarm. Instead of preparing to receive the charge of his shrieking antagonist, he calmly cut the ropes on the gates.

The Leopard Clan sentry dashed forward with a cry of triumph on his thick lips. His quarry could not escape through the gates, for the strength of five men was required to move those giant portals on their rusty hinges. He knew the lone invader was doomed.

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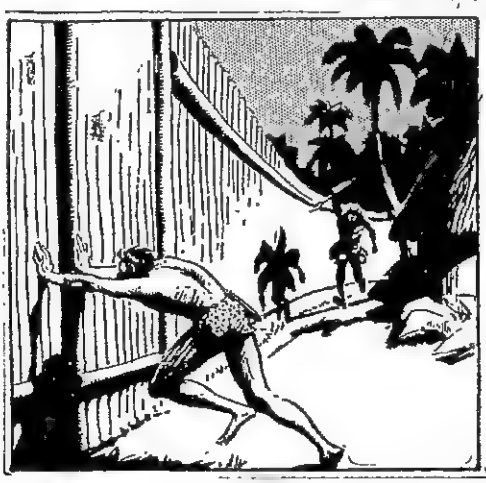
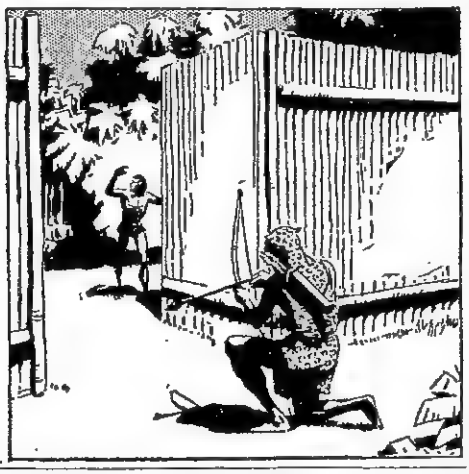
The Battle Starts



While the Leopard Man charged confidently, Tarzan threw his full strength against the heavy gates. To the amazement of his antagonist, the portals swung easily outward, for the strength of the mighty Lord of the Jungle was more than the strength of five men.



Now the sentry dropped his spear and quickly set arrow to his bow. But that shaft never took flight, for at that moment an arrow sped by the alert Orlando pierced the Leopard Man's chest. Then from the lips of the ape-man came a fierce war-cry and the command to charge.

Tarzan's warriors streamed from the forest as their commander called: "Victory—or death!" And he was answered by exultant cheers. Hardly had they passed through the gates of the Leopard Clan's military stronghold when a horde of warriors surged to meet them.

The enemy was more numerous than Tarzan had expected, for he had believed that only a small reserve remained here to guard the village. But he dared not evince any doubt of victory. So, with shouts of encouragement, he placed himself in the vanguard of his men.

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Fire!

The garrison of the Leopard Clan's stronghold clashed furiously with Tarzan's fierce avengers. Skulls cracked under the impact of massive bludgeons. Sharp spears impaled leaping warriors. Dreadful claws of steel—talons of death—plowed flesh and blood.

Those whirling talons and the hideous leopard uniforms of the monster men struck terror to the hearts of Tarzan's fighters, and it was only the ape-man's encouraging shouts and his own feats of strength and heroism that inspired them to continue the struggle.

Now Orando was seized with a happy idea. He raced to a campfire, plucked out a flaming brand, and applied it to a hut. The tinder-like structure burst into flames. The fire spread rapidly, and soon the village was enveloped by a devouring conflagration. . . .

. . . But, unknown to Orando, the billowing flames served as a message to bring reinforcements to the foe; for now one of the Leopard men in the temple awoke from his drunken slumbers and beheld the flame-lit sky. "Village afire!" he shouted. "Let's go help—quick!"

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Bobolo Starts

The shout of "Fire!" rang through the eerie recesses of the temple. Here and there groggy Leopard Men arose, their brains still dulled by the deadening fumes of native beer. Lulimi, the high priest, awoke with a start and was told of the threat to his warriors' village.

"Bobolo! Bobolo!" he called excitedly. When there was no answer, Lulimi accorded Bobolo the distinction of awakening him with a swift kick of his own sacred foot. "Take many men to fight the flames," Lulimi commanded; "if the village is destroyed, you die!"

Acting automatically under the stimulus of the threat, Bobolo collected all the Leopard Men who were capable of standing, hurried to the canoes, and set out for the burning village. In his dazed and excited state he quite forgot about Old Timer and Kali Bwana. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Old Timer was paddling desperately down the sluggish stream toward the great river, which he hoped would prove the highway of escape. Suddenly the girl cocked her ears, then announced with quivering voice: "I hear paddles behind. They're after us!"

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Recaptured

Cold sweat punctured the brow of Old Timer as he heard now the splash of paddles behind him rising to a swift crescendo. Throwing his full strength into the effort he attempted to turn the prow of the canoe toward the dark shadows of the right bank.

But the giant craft was too unwieldy to maneuver quickly. It seemed almost to stand motionless. Suddenly there was a jarring thud as it was struck amidships by another canoe. Then a second boat pulled up alongside, amidst a babble of angry questions and commands.

Old Timer recognized the voice of Bobolo as warriors leaped into the canoe and seized him. Fists struck him, powerful talons dragged him down. He was overwhelmed. In another moment his canoe was being manned by Leopard Men, returning him to the fatal temple.

But Kali Bwana was no longer with him. In the confusion, Bobolo had recognized his opportunity and seized it. Even in the darkness he had seen the girl's white skin, and he had dragged her into his own canoe. Now she was in his power—to serve his evil purpose!

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Bobolo's Plan

Having commanded one canoe to return the fugitive white man to the temple and the others to proceed to the burning village, Bobolo ordered his own loyal boatmen to flee down the river. He had decided to put into effect his bold and treacherous schemes.

With the white girl as a central figure and object of worship, he would organize a criminal cult of his own and challenge the rule of Lulimi's Leopard Men over the jungle underworld. He would make Kali Bwana a goddess. He would be her all-powerful high priest . . .

. . . Meanwhile, amid the leaping flames, Tarzan the war chief, assisted by his lieutenants Orando and The Kid, was leading his small army in furious battle against the garrison of the Leopard Men's village stronghold. But neither side could yet foresee victory . . .

. . . Any fortunate circumstance might turn the tide in either direction. That circumstance seemed to be provided by the landing, near the village, of the taloned monsters from the temple. Of all the Leopard Men, these were the cleverest, the bravest, and fiercest!

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In a last desperate drive Tarzan's small army fell upon the Leopard Men with demoniac fury. The battle line of the defenders cracked, and soon they were thrown into utter confusion. From that moment the fight was transformed into a slaughter of taloned monsters.

A few survivors fled in panic to the hidden tunnel which led to the river, hoping to escape to the secret temple of the Leopard God. Not far behind them raced Tarzan's warriors, determined to wreak terrible vengeance and erase the Leopard Clan from the earth.

The quaking Nkima had been watching the battle from a safe vantage point in the trees. Now that victory had been achieved, he leaped to his master's shoulder. When he could trust his voice not to tremble, he said proudly: "Nkima and Tarzan mighty killers!"

Nkima boasted too soon, for when the pursuers were still in the tunnel the fugitives emerged at the other end and saw the fighting men who had come from the temple. A cheer arose from their ranks. Now they could trap the white giant and his men in the dark passage!

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The reinforced Leopard Men rushed to block the mouth of the tunnel, but they were too late. Already the pursuers were emerging, led by Tarzan, their war chief. The taloned monsters fell back and disposed themselves for battle under the leadership of daring Tonago.

Tonago knew that now the existence of the Leopard Clan was at stake. It was a case of do, or die. He must find some means of stimulating his fighters to desperate battle. Suddenly he turned, ran to the beach, set all the canoes adrift, and then returned to the fray.

"Now there is no escape," he cried; "win—or die!" Immediately the resistence stiffened; but Tarzan's warriors were undaunted. They had tasted victory; nothing could stop them now. In half an hour, not a Leopard Man was left alive on all that dismal strand.

It yet remained to attack the temple, nerve center of the fiendish clan, but there were no canoes for transport. "Build rafts," Tarzan commanded, "and come as soon as you can. I'll go on," But he did not reckon with the hazards that awaited him at the temple.

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The Dance of Death

While Nkima clung to his shoulder, Tarzan hastened to the small canoe he had hidden. Soon he neared the temple, paddling swiftly. But without warning, the craft struck a submerged log, and the two passengers were hurled into the crocodile-infested stream. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Old Timer was brought back to the temple, where he was greeted with savage jeers by the remaining Leopard Men who were awakening now from their drunken slumbers. The Leopard god growled, and Lulimi, still dazed, fixed the captive with cruel, bleary eyes.

"Let the white man die at once, so he cannot escape again," cried Sobito the witch-doctor. Lulimi nodded and said: "First his bones will be broken and his skin will be clawed by our sacred talons.

Instantly half a dozen Leopard Men flung the white man to the floor and stretched his arms and legs far apart, then a drum began to boom weirdly. Four priestesses stepped forward and began to dance, flourishing heavy clubs above the prostrate form of their victim.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

A Swim for Life

While the priestesses danced around him, brandishing the clubs which soon would descend upon him and crack his bones, Old Timer gave no sign of fear. He was resigned to his fate. His chief regret was that he had been unsuccessful in saving lovely Kali Bwana. . . .

. . . Kali-Bwana, however, was secure in the hands of Bobolo and his traitorous henchmen, who were transporting her speedily to some secret place, whence she might never again emerge into the civilized world. She was a prisoner of dark Africa's darkest forces. . . .

. . . In all the world, there was only one man who might have saved Old Timer and Kali Bwana. That man was Tarzan of the Apes. But now Tarzan was in a situation no less perilous than theirs. The overturning of the canoe had flung him into a river teeming with crocodiles.

Nkima screamed in terror. The Jungle Lord reached out, lifted the monkey from the water and held the pitiful little creature high above his head with one hand as he struck out for the shore. But behind him glided the dark, muscular bulk of a hungry crocodile!

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As the jaws of the crocodile snapped shut, Tarzan lunged forward. He was not an instant too soon. The savage repile's cold snout scraped the ape-man's back, and sharp, deadly teeth clamped on the weapons which hung from his shoulder—a bow, spear and quiver.

Relieved o fthe restricting handicap of these weapons, Tarzan spurted forward once more. Before the beast could open and close its jaws again, h was out of range. Now he commanded Nkima to cling to his neck, for necessity dictated the use of both arms for swimming.

Like some creature born to water, Tarzan sped safely to the shore of the temple island. Without a pause to exult over his escape, he mounted at once to the roof of the gloomy structure and peered down upon the savage, barbaric drama which was being enacted below.

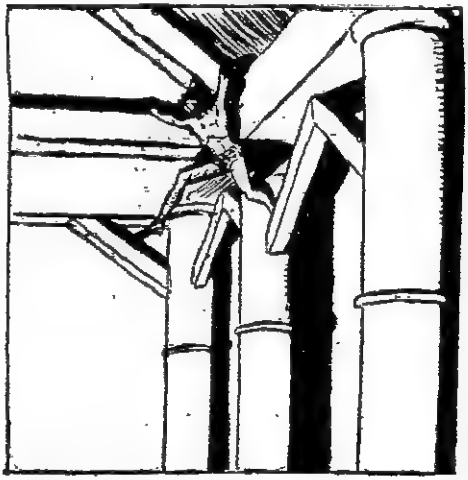
The temple drums suddenly ceased, and now Tarzan saw the priestesses walk slowly toward Old Timer, their clubs raised to strike. Fury welled up in his heart. At the same moment, he conceived a plan to save the helpless white man—a plan both bold and dangerous.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Plans Bold Move

Tarzan was one with the beasts of the jungle, but he had a human heart, capable of pity for innocent suffering, abhorring vicious brutality. And now, while he awaited his warriors to destroy the Leopard Men, he was willing to risk his life to save Old Timer.

Of all the Leopard Men who were about to witness the torture and death of the white prisoner, Sobito, the witch-doctor, was the most bloodthirsty. "Kill! Kill!" he shouted hysterically as the frenzied priestesses poised their clubs over their victim.



Now Tarzan put into effect his bold, mad scheme. Through the aperture in the roof he entered the eerie temple itself and swung from tie-beam to tie-beam, as silent as the smoke which arose from the flickering torches below. Around his neck hung Nkima.

When he came near to the dais where sat Lulimi, the high priest, he prepared to descend one of the pillars into the very midst of some two score Leopard Men, who were armed with all the weapons of jungle warfare—besides those claws of steel.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

But How Useless!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Old Timer saw the great clubs poised above him in the hands of the hideous priestesses. He steeled himself to meet the agony of the crushing blows, lest his tormentors should have the added gratification of witnessing the visible effects of his suffering.

"Strike! Strike!" cried bloodthirsty Sobito, the witch-doctor. As the hands of the priestesses tightened on the clubs, an ominous voice boomed in hollow accents from the rafters of the temple. "Sobito! Sobito! I am Muzimo, the spirit. I have come for you!"

Simultaneously, a giant white man, naked except for a loincloth, ran down one of the temple pillars like an agile monkey and leaped to the lower dais. The startling interruption momentarily paralyzed the blacks, partially from astonishment, partially from fear.

Old Timer was no less astonished, but for another reason; it was obvious that Tarzan had come to save him. The white prisoner was deeply moved. What a magnificent gesture! What superb heroism! But how useless against this savage horde of taloned monsters!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Will the Ruse Succeed?

Sobito was thunderstruck by the appearance of the giant white man. The witch-doctor was willing to believe now that he was the embodiment of a spirit, for who other than a spirit could discover the secret temple and defy single-handed this host of the Leopard Clan?

"You, Sobito, were my enemy in the village of Tumbai," the intruder continued. "You brought death to Nyamwegi, friend of Orando. Now we meet again, Sobito. I have come to take you to dwell in the nether-world of demons, there to endure a thousand tortures!"

The witch-doctor's knees trembled beneath him. Then, recovering himself, he ran to Lulimi, trusting the powerful high priest to find some means of protecting him. Now Tarzan whispered to Old Timer: "Be ready to follow me. I'll go through the rear of the temple."

Like a lightning flash, the ape-man leaped to Old Timer's side, hurled the priests from him and lifted him swiftly to his feet. "Quick!" he commanded. But now Lulimi's fear had turned to frenzied anger. "Seize them!" he screamed to his taloned warriors. "Kill them!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Sobito Dies

Followed by Old Timer, Tarzan leaped to the dais on his way out of the horrible temple. Sobito, believing the spirit-man was about to seize him, jumped back. He jumped too far, and came within range of the Leopard God. The savage beast sprang full upon him!

Thus died Sobito in just retribution for his myriad sins. The frenzied Lulimi continued to urge his warriors to seize the fugitives, but not a man moved. The events of the past few moments had convinced them that the white creature was indeed a powerful spirit.

As the fugitives moved through the doorway, Nkima, who had remained in the rafters, high above danger, leaped down to Tarzan's shoulder. "Good, good!" the little monkey cried; "we great fighters." Tarzan ignored him, for much remained to be done.

On the temple veranda, Tarzan demanded: "Where is the white girl?" "Bobolo, a subchief, stole her," Old Timer replied; "if I don't find her, I'd as soon die myself." The ape-man shook his head grimly. "The jungle is vast; there are many places to hide her."

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Searching for Kali Bwana

On the beach Tarzan cast adrift all the canoes of the Leopard Men except one by which he and Old Timer would escape. Thus the clansmen were imprisoned on the temple island, encircled by crocodile-teeming waters, until Tarzan's warriors should come to destroy them.

The fugitives had not gone far when Tarzan ordered a landing. "Go on down the river," he told Old Timer, "get out of the Leopard Men's country, for there still may be roving bands about. I'll go inland to look for the girl. Bobolo has probably left the river." . . .

. . . Tarzan's surmise was correct. At that moment, Bobolo's party was landing with the captive white girl far down the river. The crafty Bobolo planned to take her to the jungle fastnesses inhabited by the Betetes, a tribe of vicious, warlike pygmies.

There for a few days she would be safe from searchers. And now, as dawn glazed the tropic sky, Kali Bwana found herself treading once more a gloomy forest trail. Where she was going, the weary, helpless girl did not know. She hoped it was to a swift death.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

A Pygmy Jungle

Over gloomy trails Bobolo and his men led Kali Bwana into the dense, dismal depth of the jungle, where great beasts prowled and the little men lived. Here the tunnel-like trails were low, for the pygmies did not have to clear the passages so high as other men did.

After what seemed an eternity of dull misery to the girl, the travelers were halted by a shrill small voice. "What do you want here?" the voice demanded. Kali Bwana looked. In their path stood a diminutive warrior, with bow and arrows, a savage figure.

Despite her mental agony the girl almost laughed, so ridiculous did the small warrior's defiance seem. But the pygmy was not to be taken lightly as a foe. His mind was crafty; his body stronger than his size indicated; and his arrow was tipped with deadly poison.

"We come to visit Rebega, you chief," Bobolo said solemnly. "Follow me," the pygmy commanded; "you will be welcome if you bring food." He turned a hideous smile upon the white girl, and his parted lips revealed sharp-filed teeth, the mark of a cannibal!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

More Treachery Planned

Rebega, chief of the pygmy village, regarded the approaching strangers with suspicion and malice. Hardly were they within hailing distance when he called: "Your hands are empty. I see no presents for Rebega." "You'll have presents if you do as I say," Bobolo replied.

"What?" snapped the pygmy. "Keep the white woman hidden here for a few days," the other returned. "No," grunted Rebega, "our own women give us enough trouble." "But I will give you much food," Bobolo promised; "meal, plantain, fish, meat — great stores of food."

Rebega was pleased. His tribe was ravaged by hunger, for a great drought had fallen upon the land. The fruits had dried on the trees. Game had left the forest. So, after arranging to bring food next day for a great feast, Bobolo and his warriors departed.

Hardly were they out of sight when Rebega, chief of the cannibal pygmies, turned his eyes on the girl with more interest than he had shown before. Yes, Bobolo would bring food, but he would bring none so tasty as this white girl.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

All for Kali Bwana

Bobolo and his warriors returned to the river, their minds full of plans to raid some downstream village to acquire the food which the pygmies demanded for keeping Kali Bwana hidden for a few days. Eagerly they seized paddles and pushed out into the stream . . .

At that moment, Old Timer was busily propelling his large canoe through the turgid river. Tarzan had cautioned him to flee the country of the Leopard Men, but he was ignoring that warning. Instead, he was seeking some trace of Kali Bwana and her captors.

Old Timer's venture might easily prove suicidal, but his love for the beautiful girl outweighed all reason. The vision of her melancholy face shone before him like some brilliant light, blinding him to all hazards, illuminating a precious goal he might never reach.

But the light of his love sharpened his eyes for every clue to the missing Kali Bwana. Thus he caught sight of Bobolo and his villainous crew paddling out into the river. A minute later the black men saw him and shouted excitedly: "Get him! Get him!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Timely Interference

Old Timer was without weapons for defense. His only chance was flight, but even that was hopeless. The canoe of his enemies, well-manned with strong-armed savages, could easily overtake him. But at least he could try. Old Timer dug his paddle into the water.

Bobolo's warriors, however, bore down on him powerfully. With eager eyes on their quarry, they neglected the ordinary precautions which should have governed their excited pursuit. A treacherous current caught their delicately balanced craft and flipped it over.

Horrible screams filled the air as the overturning canoe disgorged its crew and delivered them to the lurking crocodiles. The tragic accident turned the scene into a terrible picture and soon not a single warrior was left alive.

Being only human, Old Timer exulted at the destruction of his enemies. But actually, their death might seal Kali Bwana's doom. Now Bobolo could not bring food to her pygmy custodians as he had promised. And the little people were cannibals.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Old Timer Lost

Kali Bwana was placed in charge of a vicious little pygmy woman called Wlala, who hated the white girl's tall beauty. Within the small ill-smelling hut, the exhausted prisoner lay down to seek the peace of oblivion in sleep. Wlala beat her awake with a stick.

In a fury born of desperation, Kali Bwana seized the stick from the tiny hand and turned it against her tormentor. Wlala screamed. Immediately, pygmy warriors appeared at the doorway with bows drawn taut and deadly poisoned arrows fixed on the white girl.

"Shoot! Shoot!" Kali Bwana cried to the uncomprehending pygmies. Death appeared a welcome relief from her misery. But the next moment she was sorry. She must live, for Jerry's sake. While there was life, there was hope, though escape now required a miracle. . . .

Old Timer was no worker of miracles. He was not even a good woodsman. He had started out enthusiastically on the trail from which he had seen Bobolo's warriors embark, but after a while he became hopelessly lost in the dark tangle of unfamiliar jungle.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Pygmies Grow Impatient

Tarzan, too, was searching avidly for Kali Bwana, but with no better success than Old Timer. He had no clues, and the forest was vast. Once he halted to carve out a bow and arrows, for he expected to fight to save the girl from her captors—if he found her.

Next day, he was surprised to come upon a band of apes which he had thought far away in his own country. He stopped to talk to their leader, Zu-tho, who was his friend. But Zu-tho could tell him nothing of a white she; so Tarzan took up his search once more. . . .

As the sun sank wearily toward the western reaches of the jungle, the little people of Rebega's village grew restive. Two days had passed, and Bobolo had not brought the promised food. Soon they would be relieved of their obligation to keep the white girl safe.

The last ray of light vanished. An eager clamor arose and the pygmies assembled around their chieftain. "Bobolo lied!" cried one; "now the white girl is ours." Rebega nodded: "bring her forth!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Kali Bwana Doomed

Kali Bwana was dragged from her hut by the small, strong warriors and brought before Rebega. The little people smacked their lips and laughed and jeered at the captive who was soon to die. The girl knew what was about to happen to her, but she was too dazed to care.

The pygmy women brought out cooking pots and lighted fires. The men danced a little, but not long, for they had been on short rations for days. Their energy was at low ebb. Now there was some dispute as to who should slaughter the captive.

Rebega was afraid. Not knowing that Bobolo was dead, he feared the wrath of the big black. Finally it was agreed that the women should kill her. Wiala, remembering the blows the white girl had struck her, volunteered for the job. "Tie her hands and feet," she demanded.

The captive was thrown to the ground and bound hand and foot. Kali Bwana breathed a prayer—not for herself, but for the loved ones she had left behind, and for Jerry, the man she had come to Africa to find. Then the poor girl closed her eyes and awaited her doom.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Is Old Timer in Time?

As the pygmies watched tensely, Wlala went about her task of murder with utmost deliberation, savoring each moment of her triumph. From the belt of one of the warriors she drew a long knife and advanced slowly toward her helpless victim. . . .

Meanwhile, Old Timer, trudging through the forest, heard voices, muffled and indistinct, from the black void ahead. His heart beat faster. He advanced more cautiously until he came to the palisade of Rebega's village. Between the loose poles he watched the scene.

The dancing warriors did not interest him. He was looking for Kali Bwana. Perhaps she was hidden here in a hut. While the pygmy warriors danced, he could search the miserable dwellings of the little people; so now Old Timer slashed the rope that held the gates.

Then there was a little break in the circle of pygmies, and through that opening he beheld a sight that turned him cold with horror. Kali Bwana lay there, bound hand and foot. Beside her knelt a savage looking devil-woman with a long knife poised to strike!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Mysterious Arrow

As Old Timer saw the hideous tableau revealed for a moment to his horrified gaze, the she-devil seized Kali Bwana by the hair and forced back her head. Then the long knife flashed in the light of the cooking fires.

The white man burst through the gates and ran toward the ghastly scene. He was unarmed except for a pocket knife, but his actions were dictated by love rather than reason. And now, as the sacrificial knife flew toward its victim, a shout issued from his lips.

To the astonished pygmies it sounded like the war cry of attacking natives. At the same instant a mysterious arrow passed through the heart of Wlala, and the knife dropped from her dead hand. Old Timer, no more than the pygmies, knew whence that arrow had come.

For a moment the small warriors stood in stupid astonishment, but the white man realized that their inactivity would be brief when they discovered they had a lone and unarmed opponent to deal with. Then he would join Kali Bwana as a prisoner marked for death!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Kill the White Man!

In a desperate attempt to deceive and impress the enemy, Old Timer half turned and shouted back toward the open gate: "Surround the village. Let no one escape, but do not kill unless they kill me." He spoke in a dialect which was common to the tribes of the vicinity.

"Stand aside," he commanded; "let me take the white woman, and you will not be harmed." But he did not wait for permission. Leaping to Kali Bwana's side, he raised her in his arms. Then it was that Rebega, the pygmy chieftain, seemed to awaken from his stupor.

He saw only one man. Perhaps there were others outside the village, but did he too not have warriors? Did not their poison-tipped spears and arrows bring swift death to all living creatures? "Kill the white man!" the chieftain screamed.

He leaped forward to the attack, but again an arrow whirred mysteriously from the darkness and passed through the body of Rebega, and he sank to the ground. Three other pygmy warriors, however, had already launched themselves toward the helpless white man!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Pygmies Terrified

As the three small warriors sprang at Old Timer, three more arrows in lightning succession brought them down. Instantly, terror filled the breasts of the remaining pygmies, and prompted a pell-mell flight to the greater security of their huts. . . .

. . . In a tree above the scurrying pygmies, Tarzan smiled; for it was the ape-man who had saved Old Timer. In his long search for Kali Bwana, the Jungle Lord had arrived just as she was about to die, and his quick bow had done its work well. . . .

. . . Now Old Timer threw his precious burden across his shoulder and bolted for the open gates. Behind him he heard the rending of wood and a crash, but he did not know what had happened nor did he seek to ascertain. His sole interest was in saving the girl he loved. . . .

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. . . His duty done, Tarzan was about to hasten into the forest to join the fugitives. But as he turned to descend, the branch on which he was standing broke suddenly and crashed to the ground, carrying the ape-man with it. As he struck, he lost consciousness.

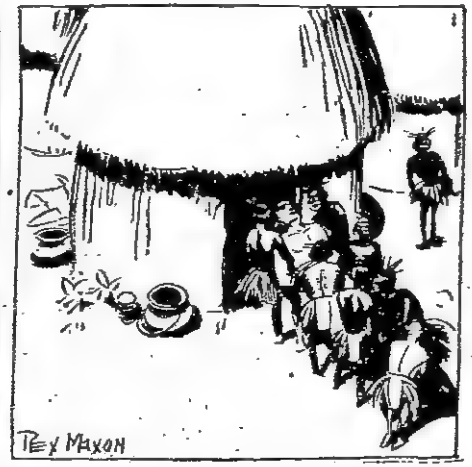
TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Is Captured

When Tarzan recovered consciousness, he found his body overrun by pygmies who were just completing the act of trussing him up. Not knowing how well they had done the job, he strained against his bonds and the mighty surge sent the pygmies flying in all directions.

The cords held fast, and the little men began to argue whether he should be slain now or later. It was decided to wait, for there was no time for a feast. The recent mysterious events had made them nervous. Tonight every warrior must be on guard against attack. . . .

. . . High in a tree, Nkima hugged himself in grief and terror, principally terror, for the little monkey thought more of his own plight than that of his master. He was convinced that, without Tarzan, disaster would soon overtake him in this strange forest. . . .



Now a score of the pygmies half carried, half dragged their prisoner to a hut, where two remained as guards. The Jungle Lord was the helpless captive of a people who, despite their miniature bodies, were as cruel and merciless as any tribe of giant cannibals.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Weird Cry Is Heard

As the pygmy warriors discussed the strange advent of the giant they had captured, they heard the uncanny notes of a weird cry, such a cry as they had heard occasionally all during their lives, sounding mysterious and awe-inspiring from the dark distances of the jungle.

Never, however, had they heard it so close. It sounded almost in the village. Their fears were confirmed by Tarzan's guards, who ran to them, wide-eyed and breathless. "It is a demon we have captured!" they cried; "he has changed himself into an ape. Did you hear?"

Tarzan, of course, had no power to transform his body, but in truth he had voiced that weird, blood-curdling cry which was the ape-call of distress. That was circumstantial evidence of sufficient strength to convince the pygmies that the giant possessed magical powers.

"Let us go and kill the creature," said Nyalwa, who because of his bravery had been chosen temporary chief of the cannibal pygmies; "no matter what he is, we shall be safer when he is dead."

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Nkima Attempts Rescue

As the pygmies started off to kill Tarzan, that weird ape-call rose once more from the prisoner's hut; and a moment later, out of the dim distance, came an eerie cry that seemed a counterpart of the first. The warriors shook their heads and retired to the campfire.

There they held a long council, consisting of a maximum of talk and a minimum of thinking. Meanwhile, Nkima grew braver and decided to risk a visit to his imprisoned master. With chattering teeth the little monkey entered the gloomy hut and leaped to Tarzan's broad chest.

"I have come to gnaw the cords that hold you," he announced. "That you cannot do," replied the ape-man; "otherwise I should have called you long ago." "Why not?" demanded Nkima; "my teeth are sharp." "Besides the rope, they twisted copper wire on my wrists and ankles."

"I can gnaw the rope, and take off the wire with my fingers." Tarzan shook his head: "I'm afraid your fingers are not strong enough." But Nkima had no chance to try his strength, for now the pygmies sallied forth once more toward the hut to kill their prisoner!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Pygmies Held by Fear

Tarzan's keen ears caught the sound of stealthy footsteps. "They come!" he whispered to Nkima. The monkey crept to the doorway and saw the pygmy warriors creeping up to kill their prisoner. "The little men come!" he screamed in terror. Then he fled precipitately.

The puzzled Betetes glimpsed the scurrying Nkima. "The white demon has changed himself into a monkey and escaped!" a warrior cried. Nyalwa, who was afraid of the captive, seized eagerly upon the suggestion. "Then we can go back. If he has gone, we cannot kill him."

"We should look inside," urged a warrior who was jealous of Nyalwa's leadership. "We can look tomorrow when it is light," Nyalwa argued. "You're afraid," the other returned. "I'm not!" "Then why are you standing still? You cannot go into the hut by standing still."

While the pygmy warriors argued and worked up courage to slay the captive, Nkima scaled the palisade and raced through the forest. The little monkey was afraid, but his fear was submerged by the excitement of his undertaking. Nkima had a mission to perform.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Lies Helpless

While Nkima sped through the forest on his mysterious mission, Lyalwa was finally humiliated by his comrades into risking an entrance into Tarzan's prison hut. Prodding ahead with his spear, he stepped inside. The five warriors crowded to the entrance behind him.

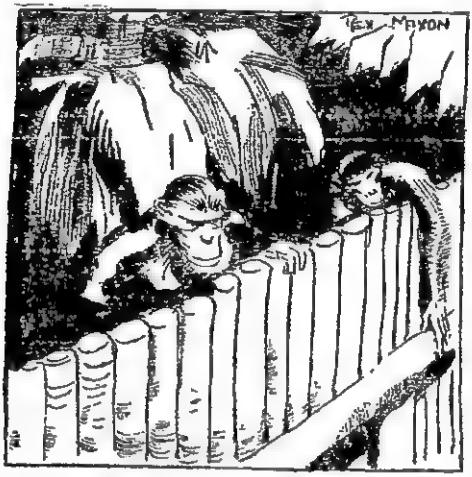
Suddenly the terrifying ape-cry burst from the captive's throat. Nyalwa bolted and collided with his comrades. They all rolled out on the ground in a screaming, grunting jumble. Then they scrambled to their feet and rushed back to the campfire for a consultation.

"He is still there," panted Nyalwa; "that is what I went to learn. I did what I said." "You should have killed him," sneered his rival, "but you failed. Now I will tell you a way. We will surround the hut and hurl our spears. The walls are thin. He will die!"

"Just what I was about to suggest," said Nyalwa. And now, after more argument, the little men crept back and encircled the flimsy hut where Tarzan lay helpless. While they awaited Nyalwa's signal, they took a firm stance and raised their poison-tipped spears!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Nkima to Rescue



As the pygmy warriors stood awaiting the signal to hurl their spears into Tarzan's prison hut, a chorus of angry growls just beyond the palisade stilled the word of command on Nyalwa's lips. The little men glanced toward the palisade and saw dark forms surmounting it.

"The demons are coming!" shrieked one. "It is the hairy men of the forest!" cried another. Massive figures scaled the barrier and dropped into the village. In the vanguard was a little monkey screaming: "This way, Zu-tho. This way is our friend Tarzan!"

Thus Nkima had fulfilled his mission. The ape band had heard the call of distress which had issued from Tarzan's throat; and they had started at once to aid; but they might have arrived too late had not the little monkey guided them accurately to the village.

A huge ape rolled with giant strides toward the hut, followed by six enormous bulls. This, thought Nyalwa, was the last chance to prove his right to be chief. "Fight!" he shrieked; and the pygmies launched their poison spears at Tarzan's would-be rescuers!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Saved!

Fear paralyzed the muscles of the little warriors and their spears fell far short of the targets. The giant apes strode on, and the pygmies fled in terror. And now from the hut came a calm, deep voice in the language of the apes. "Here, Zu-tho. Tarzan is here."

Zu-tho stopped and peered into the dark interior of the hut. His enormous frame was too large for the small doorway. With his great hands he seized the hovel by its doorposts, tore it from the ground, and tipped it up on its back, revealing the tight-bound prisoner.

"Carry me into the forest," the ape-man directed. Zu-tho lifted the white man in his arms and carried him to the palisade. The other bulls followed, growling fiercely. As they had come, they departed. A moment later the dark shadows of the jungle engulfed them. . . .

. . . As the apes bore him away, Tarzan's mind was on Kali Bwana and Old Timer. Several times he had come near to death in saving their lives. But now once more, beyond his aid and guidance, they were exposed to the myriad dangers of men and beasts in the African wild.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Haven in Tree

As Old Timer carried the girl away from the pygmy village into the forest, his heart surged with love. He had found her! He had saved her! Even the terrors of the jungle which lay ahead were forgotten in the ecstasy of his gladness; but soon he must face grim reality.

They hardly spoke, so tense was each of them. At last Old Timer set her down. They could make little progress now while darkness hung over the forest. They must seek some restful refuge from the beasts that stalked this trail and from the pygmies who might pursue them.

After a long search, the man found three nearly parallel boughs. He cut small branches, laid them crosswise, and covered them with leaves. This was Kali Bwana's bed. Then he groped about until he discovered a place for himself in the lower branches of the tree.

Presently he heard the regular breathing which denoted that his exhausted companion slept. But Old Timer lay awake, thinking of her, wondering if they would ever reach safety. Then, from the girl, came mournful, plaintive sounds. "Jerry! Jerry!" she sobbed.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Jealousy Dawns

When dawn poured over the forest, the fugitives let themselves down from their treetop refuge and resumed their journey. Old Timer made no reference to the fact that the girl had sobbed the name "Jerry" in her sleep; but he was jealous of this mysterious rival.

Was Jerry her husband, her fiance? Old Timer was afraid to ask, and the girl volunteered no information. There was a certain grim remoteness about her, as if her mind were set on some distant, all-absorbing objective from which no earthly force could swerve her.

She showed keen interest, however, in the miracle by which they had escaped from the pygmies. Who was their unseen rescuer who had halted their enemies with swift arrows and opened their way to flight? Where was he now? Why had he abandoned them in the jungle? . . .

. . . There was reason enough why Tarzan did not come to their aid now. He was helpless. His friends the great apes had carried him to a forest glade, and there they had worked for hours, but their big fingers were powerless to remove the wire which bound him!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Baffled

The copper wire cut deep into the flesh of Tarzan's wrists and ankles, but the physical pain was nothing compared with the mental torture of his helpless and hopeless situation. Nkima's finger were too weak, and those of the apes too awkward, to remove the wire.

The little monkey and his giant cousins brought food and water to Tarzan, and the great apes were a protection to him against prowling carnivores, but the Jungle Lord knew this could not last long. Soon the compelling instinct of the apes would cause them to leave.

The faithful Nkima would remain with him; he would bring food and water, but he would be no protection from the beasts. At the first glimpse of Dango, the hyena, or Sheeta, the leopard, or Numa, the lion, the little monkey would flee screaming to the trees.

Despite his baffling predicament, Tarzan gave no sign of panic or perturbation. Instead, his fertile brain calmly reviewed the possibilities of solving his problem. Presently a cunning plan flashed into his mind, and he called the great strong Ga-yat to him.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Plans

When Tarzan thought of a plan to free himself, he called Ga-yat and the big bull came lumbering to his side. "I am Ga-yat," he announced, after the manner of the great apes. It was a much shorter way of saying, "You called me, and I am here. What do you want?"

"Ga-yat fears nothing," was Tarzan's manner of approaching the subject. "Ga-yat is not afraid; Ga-yat kills," growled the bull. "Ga-yat is not afraid of the black men," the Jungle Lord continued. "Ga-yat is not afraid," which was a much longer way of saying "No."

"Only a white man or a black man can remove the bonds which keep me a prisoner," declared Tarzan. The big ape bristled: "Ga-yat kills the Tarmangani and the Comangani." "No," objected Tarzan; "Ga-yat will go and fetch one to take the wires from Tarzan. Bring him here."

"Ga-yat understands," said the huge anthropoid after a moment's thought. "Ga-yat will go bring the man-thing here," he assured Tarzan with a sober nodding of his ugly head. With no further word, Ga-yat turned away, and Tarzan watched him disappear into the dim forest.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Love Comes Out

As Ga-yat vanished into the forest, Tarzan settled down with stoic patience to await the outcome of the great ape's mission. He neither wasted his strength in trying to break the bonds which he had found unbreakable, nor dissipated his nervous energy in futile worry. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Old Timer and Kali Bwana trudged on as rapidly as possible through the jungle. Now and then they stopped to rest, but these halts were brief. "We must keep going," said the man. "It's not safe here. We're still too close to the Betete country."

Kali Bwana felt a pleasant warmth toward this man who had saved her life. Through him she might still find Jerry. Impulsively she placed a hand on his arm. "You have done so much for me," she said. Her touch was like a spark to the powder of the man's deep love.

He wheeled and seized her, pressed her close and kissed her. She struck at him and pulled herself away. "How—how dared you!" she cried; "I hate you!" Old Timer looked into her blazing eyes for a long moment. "I love you, Kali," he whispered, "my Kali."

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Love Repulsed

After she had repulsed his ardent declaration of love, girl and man walked on in frigid silence. Often Kali Bwana's eyes were upon him. She was thinking, but what her thoughts were, she did not reveal. When they came to a little open spot, Old Timer said, "We'll camp."

The girl made no comment as he set about the task of building a shelter. She helped him, following his example without asking directions. "I'll have to have weapons to hunt," he said finally; "and since there's no hardware store around, I'll have to make them."

With his knife he shaped a bow, rough but practical, and strung it with the pliable stem of a slender creeper, such as he had seen the natives use for the same purpose in an emergency. When it was finished, he began to whittle an arrow, working deftly and rapidly. Then a staff for her and a club for himself.

Kali Bwana watched him with secret admiration, but on the few occasions when he chanced to look up, she quickly turned her eyes away. But there were other eyes watching them both from the edge of the jungle—red-trimmed, savage eyes beneath beetling brows!

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Kali Bwana Braves Ape

Kali Bwana wanted to hate this man — this ragged, unkempt creature who had taken her in his arms, kissed her. How impudent! Yet, there was something fascinating about him. Again her eyes wandered to his face. Then she became angry with herself and turned away.

As she turned she stifled a scream and leaped quickly to her feet. "Look!" she cried; "look!" At her first cry the man raised his eyes. Then he, too, leaped to his feet. "Run!" he shouted to the girl; "for God's sake, Kali, run!" But brave Kali Bwana did not run.

She stood there waiting, clutching the futile walking staff he had cut for her. Old Timer waited, too, a heavy cudgel in his hand. Almost upon them, rolling toward them with awkward gait, was an enormous bull ape, the largest and fiercest he had ever seen.

The man glanced sidewise and was horrified to see the girl still standing there. "Please run away," he implored; "I can delay him, but I can't stop him, and you must get away before he can get you." The girl did not move, and the great beast was advancing steadily!

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Kali Bwana Alone

Despite Old Timer's pleas, Kali Bwana stood firm in the face of the advancing bull ape. "Please run," he begged once more. "You did not run when I was in danger," she answered calmly. He started to reply, but the words were never spoken, for then the ape charged!

The great beast swooped down on them like some mighty Goliath, but Old Timer was no David. The man struck with his club. The ape bristled and snarled angrily. Brave Kali Bwana rushed in and pounded the attacker with her slender staff. Her efforts were futile.

The big ape grasped the man's stick, tore it from his hand and flung it aside. His other paw sent Kali Bwana spinning with a blow that might have killed her if the man had not broken its force by seizing the shaggy arm. Now these two were helpless before the foe.

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Then the ape picked up Old Timer as if he had been a rag doll and rolled off toward the jungle. When the girl staggered to her feet, still dazed by the effect of the blow, she was alone. The man and beast had disappeared. She called aloud, but there was no reply!

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Kali Bwana Alone

Kali Bwana reeled, still dazed from the ape's blow. She would have followed the beast which had borne Old Timer away, but she did not know in which direction it had gone — she would have followed and fought for this man. What a change this brief episode had wrought!

A few minutes before, she had been trying to hate him. Now she would have given the world to have him back, for she—loved him! The realization came to her now in this moment of dreadful dismay. But Old Timer was gone, and she was alone in the eerie jungle . . .

. . . The [illegible] was waning as Tarzan's keen ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps. He had heard them before, either Nkima or his ape companions, and he voiced a low growl that apprised the others. In fear, the shes and balus gathered close to the big bulls.

All listened in tense silence. They sniffed the air, but the wind blew from them and they could detect no revealing scent. The great shaggy beasts bristled, ready to fight, for in their jungle home any intruder was a foe until he had proved himself a friend.

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Old Timer Arrives

As Tarzan and the apes watched alertly, a mighty figure emerged from the forest. It was Ga-yat. Under one arm he carried a manthing. Zu-tho growled. He could see Ga-yat, but he could not smell him. Zu-tho trusted his nose rather than his eyes.

Presently, however, Ga-yat's scent reached his nostrils, but with it was mingled the scent of the man-thing. The apes were annoyed and angered, for through countless ages the race of man had been their enemy. The beasts moved forward, growling: "Kill the Tarmangani!"

"The Tarmangani belongs to Tarzan," growled the ape-man; "do not harm what is Tarzan's." Ga-yat lumbered forward and dumped Old Timer unceremoniously to the ground at Tarzan's side. "I am Ga-yat," he said; "here is a Tarmangani. Ga yat saw no black men."

Now for the first time Tarzan saw Old Timer's face. "You!" he cried; "I told Ga-yat to bring a man here to free me from this copper wire, but I had no idea he would get you. Where is the girl? If she is alone, she is in danger. This jungle teems with leopards!"

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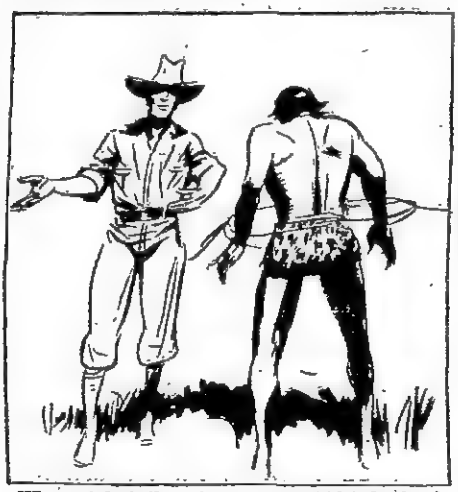
Tarzan Freed

Hurriedly, Old Timer began to untwist the copper wires which bound Tarzan. As he worked, his breast was filled with many emotions. First, there was the amazement inspired by Tarzan's friendship with the great apes and his ability to communicate with them.

And he marvelled when he learned how the Jungle Lord had saved him and Kali Bwana from the cannibal pygmies the night before. But through all these tangles of wonder and astonishment ran the thread of fear and concern for the girl, who was alone now.



When at last the wires were untwisted, Tarzan sprang up free. "We go now to the girl," he said calmly. "But I don't know just where she is," Old Timer declared: "when the ape was carrying me I couldn't always see where we were going. I may not be able to find her."

"I can," Tarzan replied; "I will follow Ga-yat's spoor. It is still fresh." The other man nodded, but he was not convinced. He thought it would be a slow process to pick out the footprints of the beast all the way back. By then, Kali Bwana might be no longer alive.

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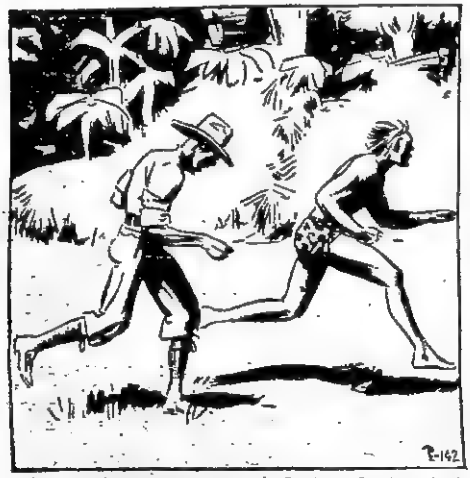
Kali Bwana Search



"Come!" Tarzan ordered, and started at a trot across the glade toward the jungle. Old Timer tried to keep up with him, but soon discovered that he was too weak from hunger and exhaustion. "You go ahead," he called to the ape-man; "every minute counts now."

"If I leave you, you will get lost," Tarzan objected; "but wait, I have it!" He called to Nkima who was swinging through the trees above them, and the monkey dropped to his shoulder. "Stay near Tarmanganl," he commanded; "and show him the trail."

Nkima disapproved. He was not interested in the white man, and he preferred to be near Tarzan in this strange and dangerous jungle. But at last he understood that he must do as his master wished. "Follow Tarzan," the ape-man directed, and disappeared into the forest.

Now and then he caught the scent of leopards, in which this wilderness abounded. It was as if Nature were warning him of the overwhelming odds against him in his effort to reach Kali Bwana before one of these savage beasts sprang upon her and struck her down.

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Kali Bwana Faces Death

While Tarzan sped to her aid, wondering if he would arrive in time, Kali Bwana was filled with hopelessness. What a mess she had made of things, she thought. Her ill-conceived search for Jerry had failed, and now surely death would write the finale to her adventures.

But her mind was occupied chiefly with Old Timer. She felt she would never see him again, and the thought brought a choking sob to her throat. She picked up the bow he had made and pressed it to her lips. Then she crept into the shelter and gave herself up to grief.

The tears soon burst the dam of her pent-up emotions and gave relief to her overburdened heart. Then courage rose once more within her. She must carry on. While she lived, there was hope, slight though it might be. Now she must have food to give her strength.

The bow he had made would furnish her means to secure meat, if she were lucky. With this thought in mind she arose and went out to pick up the crude arrow. But as she emerged from the frail hut she saw a huge leopard facing her at the edge of the forest.

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Leopard Stalks Kali Bwana

Kali Bwana was stunned into immobility by the sight of the big leopard. As the beast's yellow eyes discovered her, it dropped to its belly, its face grimacing in a horrid snarl. Then it started to creep cautiously toward her, its tail weaving sinuously.

The leopard could have charged and destroyed her without these preliminaries; but it seemed to be playing with her, as a cat toys with a mouse. Now it crept nearer and nearer. The girl carefully picked up the crude, unfinished arrow and fitted it to her bow.

She knew how futile a gesture it would be to launch that tiny missile. Even if she scored a lucky hit, it would only wound and enrage this juggernaut of the jungle. But she was courageous, and she would not give up her life without defending it to the last.

The beast came closer, preparing to charge. Many things passed through her mind; but outstanding above all the rest was the image of Old Timer, whom she believed dead. She pictured him now, welcoming her to the shadow land of death!

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Terrific Struggle

As the leopard crept closer, Kali Bwana saw a figure emerge suddenly from the jungle—a giant white man, naked except for a loincloth. He ran toward the beast, which did not see him, for its eyes were on the girl. To her horror Kali Bwana saw that the man was unarmed.

The leopard raised its body slightly from the ground. It set its hind feet beneath it. It was about to start the swift rush that would end in death for her. Then the man launched himself through the air straight for the back of the grim beast. The girl shuddered.

Kali Bwana's impulse was to close her eyes to shut out the horrible scene she knew must ensue as the ferocious leopard turned and tore its rash antagonist to ribbons. There was a swift intermingling of spotted hide and bronzed skin, of legs and arms, teeth and talons.

Above all rose the hideous growls of the belligerents. And the growls of the man were as savage as those of the beast. Kali Bwana anticipated only one possible climax to that elemental conflict of the jungle—death for the man, then for her!

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Cry of Victory

From the midst of the whirling mass, Kali Bwana was astonished to see the man rise suddenly to his feet, dragging the leopard with him. His powerful arms encircled the throat of the creature, while the beast struck and struggled to free itself from that iron grip.

Tarzan had to fight the beast with bare hands. If he had used one hand to wield his knife, he might merely have wounded it, and the maddened, confused brute could have struggled free and leaped upon the girl. But now the beast was in the clutch of death.

It no longer growled; slowly its struggles ceased; it went limp—Sheeta, the leopard, was dead. Tarzan cast the carcass to the ground. Then he placed a foot upon it, and the forest echoed with the victory cry of the bull ape.

Kali Bwana shuddered. She thought to flee, for she believed this wild man of the forest was as terrible and dangerous as the leopard he had slain. He turned toward her. She knew it was too late. Quickly Kali Bwana raised her bow and arrow to hold him off.

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Kali Bwana Safe

That he should be feared was no new thing to Tarzan of the Apes. "You may put down your bow," he said quietly; "I shall not harm you. Your friend will be here presently." Kali Bwana lowered the weapon. "My friend?" she repeated in surprise. "Whom do you mean?"

"The man who is called Old Timer." Kali Bwana gasped. She had been sure he was dead. But now she was dazed with joy. "Thank God!" she murmured, and sank limply to the ground. A few minutes later Old Timer emerged, panting, from the forest, accompanied by Nkima.

He ran at once to the girl, fearing that she had been hurt. "Are you all right?" he asked, his voice husky with emotion. "Yes," Kali Bwana replied. Her manner was constrained. Being a girl, now that the man was safe, she sought to hide her true emotions from him.

Tarzan, however, was uninterested in their private affairs. "Ti guide you out of the jungle to safety," he announced. Kali Bwana shook her head. "There is something dearer to me than safety," she said; "I will not leave the jungle until I've found Jerry Jerome!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Jerry Found

When Kali Bwana announced that she would continue her search for Jerry Jerome, Old Timer recoiled momentarily, then said quietly: "I'll go with you." Such was the quality of his love that he would even help her find the mysterious man whom he considered his rival.

"I will help you, too," Tarzan offered; "but first I have a rendezvous with my warriors whom I left to complete the destruction of the Leopard Men. Tarzan's first duty is to his people of the jungle, who have been long in the grip of that criminal clan."

That night they camped on the trail. At dawn they pressed on toward the point where Tarzan had told Orando and The Kid to meet him. As the mighty Jungle Lord appeared in the camp of his fighting men, a lusty, delirious cheer of welcome rose from ten score throats.

As Orando and The Kid came forth to greet him, Old Timer called merrily to his partner, "Greetings, Kid." But when Kali Bwana saw The Kid, her eyes went wide. Then she rushed sobbing into his arms. "Jerry! Jerry! At last I've found you!"

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Old Timer Heartbroken

With unbelieving eyes Old Timer watched the girl in The Kid's arms and heard her sob, "Jerry! Jerry!" Old Timer's heart sank. His best friend, the man he had known only as The Kid, was Jerry Jerome, his rival for Kali Bwana's love. What cruel tricks fate can play!

For a long time Jerry and the girl were engaged in animated conversation. Old Timer stood at a distance, his whole being laden with disappointment. Finally Jerry called to him: "Come over here." Old Timer saw Kali's eyes glistening with joy and friendliness.

"You two know each other," Jerry grinned, "but you've never been formally introduced. This is my sister Jessie . . . "Old Timer's heart skipped a beat. Sister? Oh, how kind was fate after all! But then he remembered how she had spurned his declaration of love.

Tarzan paid little heed to this drama of human hearts. He was listening to Orando's recital of the final assault on the Leopard Men. "Thanks to you, O Mighty One, they are destroyed," Orando concluded. "But what of their army in the field?" Tarzan asked anxiously.

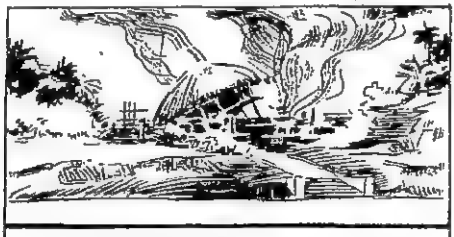
TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Love Conquers

"We did as you ordered," Orando told Tarzan, "and the Leopard Clan army is no more!" Meanwhile, the white girl was relating to Old Timer the story of her mission to Africa. "Back home, Jerry shot a man to protect the girl he loved. He thought he was a murderer."

"Jerry ran away—to save the girl from notoriety rather than to escape punishment. The man didn't die then, but was killed later in a brawl. The whole thing blew over. I discovered that Jerry had come to Africa, I came to find him. Through you I did." She smiled.

"Soon you will be home," Old Timer nodded sadly. "You are coming with us," said the girl, looking straight into his eyes; "because I love you, you will come!" . . . That afternoon, a canoe freighted with happy humans moved down the broad river toward civilization.



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In the distance, smoke rose from the smouldering ruins of the Temple of the Leopard Men—grim evidence that Tarzan, too, had fulfilled his mission. Through his mighty efforts, the evil clan had been destroyed; and peace reigned once more in his jungle homeland. THE END

THE TARZAN TWINS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Adventure

A puffing train labored through rugged mountains, chugged out across a tree dotted veldt, and thrust challengingly toward the mysterious heart of primitive Africa. From a car window, two boys kept eager vigil. "We haven't seen a lion or tiger yet," sighed Dick.

Doc answered with a trace of scorn. "If you'll pardon the American slang, dear English cousin, I think Africa's a washout, a flop—so much baloney. I can't see why our mothers ever were afraid to let us come out from England alone. This looks as safe as Hyde Park."

"I'll bet Tarzan will show us some excitement when he meets us at the railhead," Dick said warmly. "If he doesn't," Doc grinned chidingly, "I'll hold you responsible. He's your distant cousin or something, not mine. Maybe this is an off season for adventure in Africa" . . .

. . . But Doc would have changed his mind had his eyes been able to pierce the mile on mile of jungle that separated him from Tarzan. At that moment an angry militant cry was bursting from the giant's throat. It was a call to arms! Tarzan of the Apes was on the warpath!

THE TARZAN TWINS By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Ill Tidings

Tarzan's piercing war cry was answered again and again, as by some garrulous echo. Soon a host of stalwart ebony warriors began to appear magically from the deep forest. These were the Jungle Lord's faithful Waziri, ever ready to fight and die for their beloved master.

Tarzan spoke to their headman, Muviro, as he pointed to the exhausted courier who knelt at his feet. "He brings news that a strange tribe has raided Kudamo's village and stolen five maidens. Those who invade Tarzan's country must feel the iron hand of Tarzan's justice!"

As the Waziri followed him into the jungle, Tarzan turned to Muviro. "When our task is completed, we shall hurry on, for I must not fail to be at the railhead when the two young bwanas arrive. They are unacquainted with Africa's perils. Their ignorance invites danger!

Now the courier from Kudamo's village, too exhausted to follow, called after the ape-man: "Take care, O Great Bwana. The strange raiders are evil people. I saw well their filed teeth. They are eaters of the flesh of men!" Tarzan heard, but he did not slacken his pace.

THE TARZAN TWINS By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Things Can Happen

Tarzan the man-beast was on the hunt—with men as his quarry. The cannibals crossed streams, often doubled their tracks, confident of their ability to deceive pursuers; but no trickery could conceal their trail from him who was sovereign Lord of the primitive wild.

As he followed, hour after hour, the scent and evidence of the raiders' passing became warmer and fresher. At last the ape-man and his bristling warriors stood outside the strongly palisaded village of the offenders. "Open your gates," he roared. "Tarzan demands entrance!"

. . . While Tarzan was making his dangerous demand, Dick and Doc had lapsed into boredom. But Dick suddenly called out: "Look! Look!" Nearby leaped a herd of springbok, those graceful gazelles which constitute the dancing ballet of Africa's grim drama.

"Humph! Jumping goats!" groaned Doc. "But say, look ahead there." Doc leaned out of the window and saw that the glistening rails were leading them into a dark, gloomy jungle. "Now this is the real stuff," the boy cried. "Things can happen here." And Doc was right!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Something Happened

Dick was delighted as the train chugged into the mysterious jungle. "Now we'll see some lions and tigers." "Dunce!" Doc chided, "there are no tigers in Africa. "Well, we ought to see something," his cousin insisted. But the tangled forest wall seemed a dead thing.

The boys did not realize that behind this motionless screen lay the Africa of dark mystery, where the savage life of men and beasts moved silently. They were bored, and for amusement Doc resorted to the sleight-of-hand. From his pocket he drew an American quarter.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed. "We have here an ordinary quarter, twenty-five cents, the fourth part of a dollar. Now watch me closely." He placed his other palm over the coin, then raised his hands up high. "Abracadabra! Presto! Change cars and be gone!"

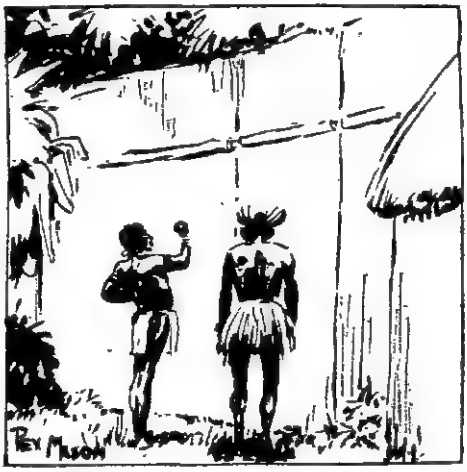
He opened his hands. The coin had vanished. "Hurray!" cried Dick, who was always an appreciative audience. But soon Doc's magic palled and the boys reverted to silence. Then, quite suddenly and without warning, the monotony was broken. Something happened!

THE TARZAN TWINS Accident By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Dick and Doc were startled by a sudden grinding of brakes. The car in which they rode seemed to leap into the air. It lurched, and bumped and rocked, throwing both boys to the floor. They were sure it was going to overturn and roll into the dark jungle! . . .

. . . Meanwhile, in the wilderness Tarzan was standing before the palisaded village of the cannibals. "Open your gates," he repeated. And within, Galla Galla, the chieftain, trembled, for he had not thought it possible for any man to follow the dim trail of the skillful raiders.

"What shall we do? He will punish us," quavered the chief, turning to Intamo, the witch-doctor. "We shall do nothing," Intamo declared. "Our palisade is strong and high. Besides, I have made magic, so that no attackers can break it down or scale it. We are safe."



Assured by Intamo, the chief called out: "We will not open our gates!" The ape-man made no reply. Instead he spoke sharply to Muviro. "We attack!" Then the Mighty Fighter and his Waziri streamed to the palisade, expecting to be greeted by a shower of spears and arrows!

THE TARZAN TWINS Revenge By Edgar Rice Burroughs

With one mighty leap, Tarzan sprang atop the palisade. But the Waziri, who had not the advantage of a childhood among the apes, were forced to use a system taught them. In each group, two warriors formed a sling with their hands, to catapult a third upward.

Thus the Jungle Lord and his warriors dropped down among the cannibals, who were too overawed to offer resistance to one who had nullified the witch-doctor's magic by scaling the palisade. Tarzan roared at the chief. "You invaded my country. You must be punished!"

For Galla Galla and Intamo, Tarzan contrived a penalty far worse than any physical chastisement. He ordered each of them tied to a tree, that they might be humiliated in the eyes of their people. But Tarzan might have spared them this shame had he foreseen their reprisal.

"Cursed be Tarzan and all his kin!" the evil Intamo murmured under his breath. But the condemnation of Galla Galla took a more practical form. On his thick, dry lips trembled silent, fateful words. "Tarzan will pay in flesh and blood. I will have revenge!"

THE TARZAN TWINS Derailed By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The malignant minds of the disgraced cannibal chief and his witch-doctor seethed with thoughts of dreadful vengeance as Tarzan warned grimly: "If your Bagalla raiders invade my country again, death shall be your punishment, for Tarzan is mighty, and Tarzan is just!"

Then the ape-man called Muviro aside: "Return the stolen maidens to their village, then follow me. I must hurry to meet the young bwanas at the railhead. Two civilized boys must not be left alone for a moment in the heart of Africa. Their safety is in my hands!"

. . . But at that moment the safety of Dick and Doc was in the hands of Providence. When it seemed certain that their railway car would overturn, it righted itself and stopped suddenly. The boys scrambled out to join the other excited passengers to see what was the matter. The train had been derailed!

It would be hours before the journey could be resumed and the two young tenderfeet turned toward the forest. At close range it seemed more interesting, more mysterious. And over the boys spread that strange magnetism by which the jungle has ever lured men into its tangled net!

THE TARZAN TWINS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Jungle Claims Twins

The lure of the jungle was seeping slowly into the minds of the boys. "Wonder what it's like in there," remarked Dick. "Looks spooky," Doc replied. "I'd like to go in and see it." "So would I. There's no danger; we haven't seen anything in Africa that could hurt a fly."

"We wouldn't go far," said Dick. "Come on!" Doc urged. But they had gone only a few steps when a train guard hailed them. "Say, whatever you do, don't go into that forest. You'd be lost in no time." "Lost!" Doc whispered scoffingly; "he must think we're crazy."

The warning made them all the more anxious to investigate. They sauntered to the end of the train, then passed to the other side. There an opening appeared in the tangled vegetation, flanked by solid ranks of sentinel trees. "Just a little peek," Doc suggested.

They stepped into the opening, which proved to be a path. Ahead, it curved left, and the boys were intrigued to see what was beyond the turn. Then another turn, and another claimed their attention. Curiosity drew them onward. The sorcery of the jungle had claimed them!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Sinister Forces

Penetrating deeper into the jungle, with no danger apparent, the boys' confidence mounted. "The fellows at school didn't call us the Tarzan Twins for nothing," said Doc, swaggering slightly. "But Tarzan is my relative, not yours," Dick reminded with pride.

In a way, these boys were twins. They resembled each other strongly, for they were the sons of twin sisters, one of whom had married an Englishman, the other an American. And the boys were attending an exclusive school in England, preparing for an American college.

When their schoolmates began calling them the Tarzan Twins, Dick and Doc decided to live up to their names. And they scandalized the dignified faculty and their aristocratic school fellows by scurrying around in campus treetops, emitting wild, Tarzan yells.

The ape-man's invitation to visit him had filled them with pride. Now they fancied themselves junior Tarzans. And that was the cause of their undoing; for they did not realize that the safety of civilization blinds the race of men to the sinister forces of the primitive wild!

THE TARZAN TWINS Trail Lost By Edgar Rice Burroughs

As the jungle gloom threatened, Dick suggested: "We'd better not go in too far." "Oh, just a little way," urged Doc; "maybe we'll come to a native village." "Suppose these were cannibals?" "Shucks," scoffed the American lad, "there aren't any cannibals now. You afraid?"

"Who, me? Of course I'm not afraid," Dick replied valiantly. "All right, come ahead then," and Doc led the way along the little path that bored into the depths of the forest, then joined a wide, well-beaten trail. Suddenly Dick pointed into the trees. "Look!" he whispered.

Doc glanced up and saw a monkey surveying them solemnly. Presently it began to chatter to several others. "My cousin Tarzan would know what they're saying," Dick observed. "Maybe he'll teach us," Doc suggested—"but perhaps it's better we don't know."

As the boys approached, the monkeys retreated, jumping and jabbering. Dick and Doc followed, absorbed by their antics, forgetting time and distance. Thus it was that they failed to notice a branch of the big trail, and several smaller paths that joined it at intervals!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

King of Beasts

When for a long time Dick and Doc had followed the winding game trail—for such it was!—a still small voice seemed to whisper something into Dick's ear. It was that old spoil-sport, Conscience. And it said: "Better start back! Better start back!" He looked at his watch.

"Gee!" he exclaimed; "let's turn around. It's almost dinner time. It'll be dark soon. Wonder how far we've come?" "Oh, not very far," Doc replied, but his tone was not so positive. "Anyway," he added, "I'll bet it would be great in here at night." At that moment a sound broke the jungle peace.

It was a terrible sound that started with a coughing noise and grew to a terrific roar. The little monkeys disappeared as if by magic. The boys drew closer together. They were brave boys; but brave men tremble when that awful voice breaks the silence of the African jungle.

. . . In all Africa there was only one man who was the equal of the King of Beasts. That man was Tarzan. But he was far away, swinging toward the railhead, his mind dwelling lightly on plans for amusing his young visitors—while an ironic fate was greeting them for tragedy!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Lion Stalks Twins

Tarzan was hungry. But the Jungle Lord did not have to employ the complicated processes by which civilized men satisfy their dainty appetites. With silent tread he stalked a keen-eared antelope. A swift arrow whirred through the languid air. The antelope fell. And thereupon Tarzan ate his dinner.

The man-beast feasted on some of the raw flesh, then he buried the rest as a food cache for the return journey. Like the animals, Tarzan killed only to eat, and he carefully refrained from wasting food. He smiled as he pictured Dick and Doc at a dinner of raw meat . . .

. . . At that instant Dick and Doc themselves were in danger of becoming a meal for savage Numa, the lion. When they recovered from the consternation which followed that frightful roar, they fled in the direction from which they had come, toward the safety of the railway.

But when they reached a fork in the trail which they had passed heedlessly a short time before, they hesitated bewilderedly for a moment, then dashed on—along the wrong path! And behind them on padded feet moved fierce Numa, the scent of prey in his quivering nostrils!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Boys Flee in Terror

Fleeing from the awful roar, Dick and Doc made good use indeed of the athletic training which had hardened their muscles and expanded their lungs. But soon they slowed down, for each was troubled by the same doubt. "I didn't think we'd come this far," Dick frowned.

"It's beginning to look like we've missed the trail back to the railway," Dick agreed; "but you said it would be great to spend a night in here." "It would," Doc insisted, "but I don't want the train to leave us. You know that noise we heard sounded to me like a lion!"

"Why didn't you wait and see?" his cousin chided. "You said this morning on the train you'd like to see a real lion." "I didn't see you waiting," Doc shot back; "I never saw anyone run so fast in my life." "I had to," the other boy replied, "to keep up with you!"

Not far away, at a slow trot, Numa, the lion, followed the scent that ever aroused hatred in his heart—the scent of man, his enemy! Numa was not ravenous, for he had feasted well the night before, but he thought it wise to mark down a fresh prey for the coming night!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Numa Stalks Prey

As the boys continued along the trail that tunneled the gloomy jungle, they perceived no further evidence of the lion which had caused their headlong flight. Doc's swagger returned. "I'm not afraid of any old lion. All you've got to do is look 'em right in the eye an'—"

"And what?" Dick interrupted. "An' they put their tail between their legs and beat it." "An umbrella's a good thing to frighten a lion with," Dick offered. But now Doc's attention was elsewhere. "That big rock; we didn't pass that. That means for sure we're on the wrong road!"

The boys decided to retrace their steps back to the other fork, certain that it must lead to the railway. At the point where they turned, the trail ran straight for a hundred yards. And there, just at the end of the stretch, a great black-maned lion emerged into full view!

Dick and Doc stood frozen in their tracks. The lion stopped, too, and surveyed them. He was aroused by the sight of such young and tender prey. Baring his fangs, the great fierce beast opened his mouth in a terrific, earth-shaking roar —then moved toward his quarry!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Numa Attacks

When the roaring lion moved toward the terrified boys, Dick whispered, as though fearful the lion would hear him: "Quick, the trees!" As they sprang for the nearest tree, Numa broke into a trot. And poor Doc caught his toe beneath a root and fell headlong to the ground!

. . . Now Tarzan of the Apes, swinging through the trees, came within sight of a drowsy African town. This was the railway terminus, a scrawny, heat-withered bud of civilization at the end of that long stem of steel which stretched from the coast. Beyond was wilderness.

Tarzan glanced at the sun and calculated the time with uncanny accuracy. Soon he expected to hear the shrill, triumphant whistle of the train which was bearing Dick and Doc to him. Fortunately for his peace of mind he could not know the present plight of his young charges.

. . . As Doc fell in the path of the charging lion, Dick turned back and helped him to his feet. An instant later the boys were clambering swiftly into the lower branches of a great tree. Roaring angrily, Numa sprang into the air, his talons unsheathed to drag them down!

Lion Foiled

The springing lion missed the boys, but by a margin so narrow that a claw touched the heel of Dick's shoe. With an agility born of desperation they climbed high above the angry beast of prey. "Why didn't you look him in the eye and make him turn tail?" Dick demanded.

"I was going to, but he wouldn't stand still," Doc replied; "why didn't you bring an umbrella to frighten him?" Beneath them now, Numa, the lion, stood glaring up with blazing yellow-green eyes, exposing yellow fangs, and keeping fateful vigil over his intended victim.

Fortunately for the boys, Nature had not endowed Numa with the ability to climb. But perhaps a quick death was preferable to this long wait which must surely end in death. To remain in the tree would be to starve, or to fall asleep and topple down. All paths led to doom?

But Numa was not of a mind to prolong this game of human versus animal wits. Numa knew a trick which should bring it to swift conclusion. He strode majestically back along the trail; but around the first turn he halted, wheeled about, and lay down out of sight.

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Hopelessly Lost

Unaware that the crafty lion was lying in wait for them, Dick suggested: "Let's climb down and look for the path. It can't be far, and it's beginning to get dark." Doc shook his head. "We might stumble on that old lion again. We don't know where he'll be wandering."

After a period of silence, Dick cried out: "I've got it! We'll swing through the trees like my cousin Tarzan. Come on! This is the way to the train." Dick led off, working his way gingerly along a branch of a tree, carefully seeking foothold below and handhold above.

"I don't call that swinging," said Doc. "Well, smarty, let's see 'you' swing." "You're Tarzan's cousin—if you can't do it, how do you expect me to?" "Humph," growled Dick, "I've got to have a little practice." But despite their awkwardness, the boys made progress.

Twilight had fallen, and it was no easy matter to follow a straight line through dense jungle when the sun was not visible. So it was not strange that within a hundred yards the boys had so altered their course that they were penetrating deeper into the perilous wild!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Trapped in Jungle

Unaware of their error in directions, the boys were traveling farther and farther from the railway, where lay their only chance of safety. And now the sudden tropical night dropped down on the forest, engulfing them in its black folds. Below them a lion roared.

Out of the dark void rose the weird scream of a panther. Something stirred in the trees above. The night life of the jungle was wakening, with its sound of stealthily moving bodies, with its terrifying noises—each of which was a symbol perhaps of lurking death! . . .

. . . Farther away than Dick and Doc imagined, the derailed train which they had so foolishly left several hours before was returned at last to the tracks. A guard blew his whistle. The passengers scrambled into the coaches. Not even the bravest would risk being left behind.

With a sharp jerk and a series of staccato chugs, the train got under way and was soon gliding swiftly through the jungle night. Thus was severed the last slight thread that bound the young adventurers to the outer world. They were captives of that monstrous wilderness!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Fear Grips Tarzan

At that very moment, when the train was speeding on its way without them, Dick and Doc were establishing themselves fearfully in the crotch of a giant tree, surrounded by the terrifying night sounds, and the creeping night perils of the vast African jungle.

. . . Meanwhile, with growing concern, Tarzan of the Apes awaited the long past due arrival of the train which he believed was bearing Dick and Doc to him. His concern grew to genuine alarm when he learned that the train had been halted in the dense wilderness.

But he smiled with relief when, after long hours, the shrill whistle of the locomotive broke the stillness of the night. As the train puffed into the shed and screeched to a stop, the apeman hurried along the line of cars, eager to welcome his young visitors.

When all the passengers had descended, and Dick and Doc were not among them, fear gripped the fearless Tarzan—fear for the safety of those two artless boys. They must have been left behind in the wilderness, where dwelt death for those who knew not jungle ways!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Desperate Search

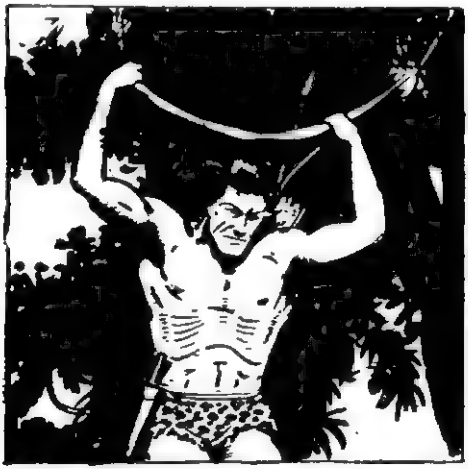
Tarzan made hurried inquiries of trainmen and passengers; but their information was confused and contradictory, for the security of civilization has robbed men of the powers of keen observation which are so vital to those who dwell in the primitive wilderness.

Two trainmen reported mistakenly that they had seen Dick and Doc long after the jungle derailment. Several passengers said they had seen them alight at various way stations. To Tarzan only one thing was certain. The boys were lost somewhere in the hazardous jungle!

But how could he hope to cover that great expanse in time to save the boys from the stealthy perils which engulfed them? They might survive a day, two days, or even three—but no longer! Now, as he considered plans of action, his faithful Waziri warriors arrived.

Grimly Tarzan issued swift commands for a desperate search. The worshipful Waziri beheld the sadness of their master and they vowed they would not rest until they had discovered the two young bwanas but not one of them expected to find the boys alive!

THE TARZAN TWINS New Danger By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Tarzan swung into the forest to begin his vague wanderings in search of Dick and Doc. For the first time in his life his steely nerves tingled as he pictured the hundred possible menaces of men and beasts which might even now be threatening the boys. . . .

. . . But at that moment, Dick and Doc were safe enough in the crotch of a great tree, where utter exhaustion had driven them into a fitful slumber. At dawn they awoke, cold, miserable, hungry. Despite his discomfort Doc grinned bravely. "It wasn't so bad," he insisted.

"Humph!" grunted Dick: "I wish I were home in my own bed." "Oh, this old jungle isn't so bad." Doc blustered; "no lions or anything got us, did they?" But Doc did not realize that daylight brought the peril of prowling jungle men—more menacing than jungle beasts. . . .

. . . Not far away a sleek black warrior moved silently along a jungle trail. He was armed with shield, bow and arrows, and a spear, after the manner of savage fighting men. But his most striking peculiarity was his pointed, filed teeth—the mark of a cannibal!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Whistle in Jungle

The cannibal warrior, making the rounds of his snares, was of the tribe of Galla Galla, who had sworn vengeance on Tarzan because the ape-man had punished him for a raid in a peaceful tribe. And it was into Galla Galla's dismal country that Dick and Doc had wandered! . . .

. . . Cautiously the boys climbed down from their high perch, fearful that the lion which had charged them the day before might still be lingering in the vicinity. Once more they set out and soon came to the game trail which they believed would lead them to the railway.

They were certain that their train had left them, but there would be other trains. Though they were traveling in the wrong direction, Doc was so positive they were on the right road that his spirits rose high, and the optimistic lad broke into a gay whistle.

Ahead of them Zopinga, the cannibal warrior, came to an abrupt halt. For an instant he stood listening intently, then he dropped to his hands and knees and placed his ear against the ground. Soon he arose, tense and alert, seeking to interpret the approaching sounds.

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Walking To Death

Just before Dick and Doc came into sight the cannibal warrior stepped into the green wall of the jungle trail. The leaves and branches dropped back, forming an impenetrable screen, behind which Zopinga waited while the Tarzan Twins confidently pursued their course.

Now Zopinga adjusted his shield and took a new grip on his light hunting spear. The warrior did not see the boys until they were almost opposite him, but when he did the grip of his spear hand relaxed and a look of satisfaction overspread his evil countenance.

Seeing that he had nothing to fear from two unarmed white boys, he waited until a turn in the trail took them from his view, then he dropped out and followed them. Zopinga was greatly elated. What matter now that his snares had failed to entrap a single victim?

Had all his traps been filled the reward would not have equaled this windfall which had come without effort on his part. The victim of his snares he would have had to carry home; but this new quarry walked on their own legs most accommodatingly, toward his home village!

THE TARZAN TWINS Blocked! By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"We must be pretty near the railway," said Doc, "unless——" "Unless what?" Dick demanded. "Unless we might be on the wrong trail," the other ventured. "Golly, don't say that," Dick frowned; "if we're lost we'll have to stay in the jungle until—until we die!"

The boys moved on in silence, each intent upon his own gloomy thoughts, while behind them, just out of sight, came the cannibal warrior Zopinga. But the lads stopped suddenly. Before them lay a clearing, in the center of which a palisade of poles surrounded an enclosure.

Through the open gates they saw a group of huts with cone-shaped, grass-thatched roofs. Among these huts moved half-naked black people. After one look, the boys faced each other in silent consternation. It was Doc, as usual, who first regained control of his thoughts.

"Maybe they're friendly natives," he suggested. "Maybe they're cannibals," Dick returned; "let's sneak back the way we came." Simultaneously they turned to retrace their steps, and there, blocking the trail, stood Zopinga, scowling savagely and gripping his spear!"

Invited to Lunch

The Tarzan Twins gazed in consternation at the scowling black warrior who blocked their retreat from the vicinity of the strange village. "Golly!" exclaimed Dick. "Gee!" Doc cried; "What shall we do?" "We ought to be nice to him," replied the ever-diplomatic Dick.

"Good morning!" said Doc politely, with a smile that was more than slightly strained; "nice morning, isn't it?" Zopinga, the warrior, who had stood silent thus far, broke into a torrent of words which the boys could not understand. Then he resumed his immobile position.

"Well," Dick remarked casually, "I guess we'd better be getting along." He started to move past Zopinga. Instantly the sharp point of the savage's spear was at his stomach. Dick stopped. Zopinga pointed toward the village and prodded Dick with the menacing weapon.

"I guess he's inviting us to lunch," suggested Doc. "Whatever he's inviting us to do, we'd better do it," Dick responded. Reluctantly the boys turned toward the dismal village. They might have fared better had fate left them among the ferocious beasts of the jungle!

Tarzan in Danger

Proudly Zopinga drove his captives toward the gates, whence streamed a mob of hideous tribes people—children and adults—jabbering excitedly. The teeth of the savages were filed to sharp points, but fortunately the boys did not know this was the mark of cannibals.

The children threw sticks and stone at the strangers, and each time a hit was scored, the savages laughed uproariously. Emboldened by the applause, an ugly boy rushed at Doc from the rear and swung a stick at his head with sufficient force to crush the white boy's skull. . . .

. . . Though the captors of Dick and Doc were sworn enemies of Tarzan, the ape-man might have effected their immediate rescue had he known where to find them. But the mighty Lord of the Jungle was many miles away, scouring the perilous forest with unwonted feverishness.

At this very moment, Tarzan himself was in danger. Under the stress of his anxious search for the boys, he was heedless of that vigilant caution which was his sole insurance against sudden death in the jungle. And now a great black panther stalked him on silent feet!

The Panther Springs

His every sense and faculty intent upon his search, Tarzan was unaware of the panther slinking behind him. Even his keen nostrils gave him no hint, for the ferocious brute was down wind, and, with the wily caution of his kind, the great cat drew near his prey!

Tarzan paused, believing he had detected the dim trace of a traveler through the jungle. He bent over to investigate. Behind him, the panther's muzzle quivered nervously over his sharp fangs. Then, suddenly, the great black beast crouched and sprang full upon him! . . .

. . . At that moment, Doc, too, stood in the shadow of death as the savage youngster aimed his bludgeon at the white boy's head; but Dick leaped in front of him, seized the little fiend's wrist and dealth him a right to the jaw which would have been the pride of any fighter.

The black boy fell sprawling upon his back. Doc turned just in time to witness Dick's intervention; and now the two boys instinctly drew together, back to back, for mutual protection, because each was sure that the wrath of the savages would descend furiously upon them!

Boys Face Menace

As the two boys stood waiting for the wrath of the savages to burst upon them following Dick's attack on Doc's assailant, Dick said gloomily: "I suppose we're in for it now; but I had to do it. He'd have killed you." "Good Old Dick," the other whispered earnestly.

The savages were so surprised that for the moment they did nothing. Then they began to laugh and jeer at the discomfited youth sitting on the ground nursing his head. The laughter broke the tension. And now Zopinga herded his young captives through the village.

Prodding them with his spear, he hustled them into the presence of a big black who sat talking with several fierce warriors beneath a large tree. "This guy must be the chief," Doc commented. "Wish we could talk to him," said Dick; "maybe he'd send us back to the railroad."

"I'll try," declared Doc, "Say, Big Boy," he addressed the chief; "do you savvy English?" The black scowled and poured forth a torrent of words in a Bantu dialect. Had the boys been less ignorant of African ways, they might have seen the glint of menace in his shifty eyes!

Terrifying Consequences

When Doc was unsuccessful in his first attempt to talk to the savage chieftain, he suddenly brightened and tried again. "Hey, parley voo sang glaze?" Dick began to laugh heartily. "What's so funny?" Doc demanded. "Your French," the other lad replied with a chuckle.

"I must be improving," said Doc; "nobody ever recognized my French as French before." "Your friend doesn't even recognize it as speech," said Dick; "why don't you make signs?" "That's a great idea," the American lad responded. "Here goes! Now watch me!"

Doc waved his hand to attract the chief's attention. "Look here, old Rain Cloud." Then the boy attempted to describe their plight in sign language. Finally he pointed in the direction he thought the railway lay and laboriously imitated a locomotive—"Choo! Choo! Choo!"

The chief stared at him, then tapped his forehead significantly with a forefinger. "He thinks you're crazy, and he's not far wrong," observed Dick. "I'll get a rise out of him yet," Doc announced. And then he made an innocent error which had vast and terrifying consequences!

Curse on Tarzan

When he was about to abandon hope of communicating with the savage chief, Doc brightened suddenly. Now, by an ill-starred inspiration, he had thought of a way of establishing their identity and impressing the scowling black, who certainly had been none too friendly.

With a proud gesture, he pointed to Dick and to himself, then flung his hand out toward the vast forest, and declaimed grandly: "Tarzan!" He was trying to convey the idea that he and Dick were connected with the mighty Jungle Lord and wished to be conducted to him.

Doc presumed that the chief would hasten to pay his respect to those who used the name of the Great White Bwana as a password. Instead, a shocked expression of fear came into the eyes of the black man, and changed rapidly to the steely glint of cruel, fanatic hatred.

With an excited flutter the tribal witch-doctor whispered into the ear of the chief: "Perhaps these young ones are of the family of Tarzan. Remember, O chief, the curse I pronounced on Tarzan and all his kin; and remember, thine own vow of vengeance against the ape-man!"

Boys in Danger

Doc had presumed that the mention of Tarzan's magic name would prove a passport of safe conduct amidst these savages. Actually it produced an opposite effect. Now the chief and the witch-doctor were engaged in animated conversation that plainly was of sinister intent.

The boys did not know that this was Galla Galla, the Bagalla chief, and the evil Intamo, to whom Tarzan had meted out just punishment for a raid on a peaceful tribe; and that hatred of the mighty Jungle Lord had become a flaming passion in their savage hearts.

"We shall take vengeance against Tarzan through these young ones," Intamo whispered, "for plainly they are his friends or his kin." Galla Galla shuddered as he answered: "Tarzan will kill us!" "No!" Intamo smiled: "I can render the mighty Tarzan powerless!" . . .

. . . While plans of dreadful revenge were taking root in the witch-doctor's crafty mind, it seemed that fate was about to destroy Tarzan without human intervention, for now the black panther which had been stalking him was flying through the air to fall upon him!"

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Escapes Panther

As the panther sprang, it could not refrain from a snarl of anticipated victory, for it was certain of its prey. But that triumphant snarl was a split-second warning to Tarzan. There was neither time nor need for him to look back to determine the source of his danger.

No logical reasoning determined the ape-man's consequent behavior. He acted with the sure instinct of the hunted beast, and with a swiftness which few beasts could duplicate. There seemed no measurable interval of time between the panther's snarl and Tarzan's reaction.

His muscles snapped taut and flung his body to one side of his former position. But even his incredible swiftness was not sufficient to escape entirely from that bolt of black lightning. A sharp, nail-studded claw landed heavily on Tarzan's shoulder and scraped his flesh.

But as the beast darted its head around to sink relentless fangs into the body of its prey, Tarzan leaped to his feet. And now the panther, infuriated by failure of the first attack, voiced a terrifying scream, whirled quickly, and rushed the ape-man at close range!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Fiendish Plan

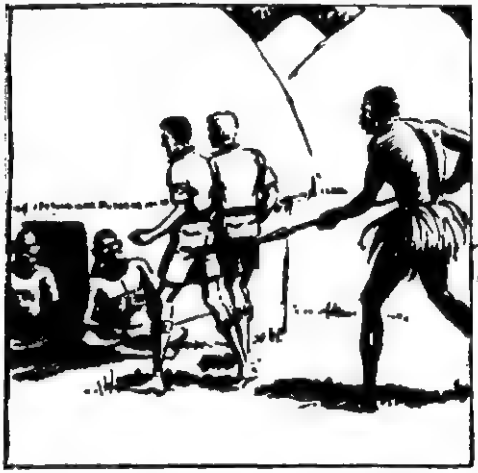
When the panther rushed at him, Tarzan leaped into a tree, as if he had been released from a catapult. Had he not been anxious to resume his search for the Tarzan Twins, he would have finished the fight with the beast on the ground. But now he resorted to strategy.

Before the giant cat could follow him into the tree, the ape-man leaped down upon the beast's back. A few seconds later the panther lay dead, its jugular vein severed by Tarzan's hunting knife. And now once more the Jungle Lord took up his discouraging search. . . .

. . . Dick and Doc stood anxiously watching the excited conversation between Intamo and Galla Galla. "I'll bet a dollar to a double-holed doughnut that these guys are up to no good," Doc whispered. "Old Feather Duster there is pumping the chief full of very bad ideas."

Doc was right. Galla Galla was smiling now with fiendish glee and nodding approval. "Wise Intamo! When Tarzan dies, according to your plan, we shall have a great feast of celebration." The cannibal chief smacked his lips. "These young ones should be very tender."

Valley of No Return



The chief issued a few curt instructions to Zopinga, who stepped forward and drove the boys roughly along the village street toward its far end. There the savage halted before a hive-shaped hut with a single opening, on each side of which squatted an armed warrior.

Zopinga motioned Dick and Doc to enter, and as they dropped on their hands and knees to crawl inside, he accelerated their speed with the sole of a calloused foot and sent them sprawling into the darkness, which was only a bit less thick than the foul stench of the den.

Crouching close together on the filthy floor of the hut, they could hear Zopinga talking to the guards; and they found it exasperating to be unable to understand. They knew now that they were captives, but were unaware of the horrible fate that was planned for them.

In the other end of the village Galla Galla was issuing eager commands to a group of warriors. "Scatter through the great forest until you come upon Tarzan. When he asks if you have seen the two young bwanas, direct him to the Vale of Death, the Valley of No Return!"

Twins Are Terrified

For a time, the boys were silent in the darkness of their prison hut. The suddenly Doc put his lips close to Dick's ear. "Do you hear anything?" "Yes," Dick answered; "it sounds like something breathing over there." "It is," Doc confirmed, his voice trembling slightly.

"I can see something moving against that wall," the American lad added. Their eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom, and slowly things were taking form. Dick strained his eyes in the direction of the sound. "I see two of them. Do you suppose they're men, or—"

"Oh what?" Doc demanded. "Lion's or something," Dick suggested weakly, for he believed the savages were thoroughly capable of penning them in with beasts. Doc drew a knife from his pocket, but his fingers trembled so that he had difficulty in opening the blade.

"It's getting up!" he whispered. The boys sat now with eyes riveted upon the dark bulk that moved against the back wall. It seemed large and ominous, though it had not yet assumed any definite form they could recognize. "It—it's coming toward us!" Doc chattered.

Doc Stiffens Dick

Fearfully the two boys watched the indefinable figures approaching through the darkness. "Say, I believe they're men," Dick announced. "I can see better now. They are men—probably prisoners, too. Just the same, keep your knife handy!" his cousin warned.

Soon they saw that the two forms were black men—one large, one very small. "Keep away!" Doc called, flourishing his knife. "They don't understand," said Dick; but then, in barely intelligible pidgin English, one of the blacks announced that he spoke excellent English.

"Gee!" exclaimed Doc with a sigh of relief. "I could almost kiss him!" With great difficulty the boys began to converse with the big black. "What are they going to do with us?" Dick asked. "Make us fat." "What for?" "Make us fat to eat," the black explained simply.

"Cannibals!" murmured Dick; "oh, golly, Doc, it's awful." "It hasn't happened yet," his cousin replied with a grim smile; "and it's up to us to see that it doesn't happen. We mustn't give up, Dick—not until they begin to ask which is preferred, light meat or dark!"

Boys Face Terrible Fate

Even the shocking discovery that their captors were cannibals could not long depress the Tarzan Twins. Their dauntless spirits rebounded to the vital question: What to do? It was Dick, imbued now with Doc's American optimism, who made the first practical suggestion.

"The first thing is to learn the language," he said; "then we'll know what's going on. And if we escape we can ask our way." "Sure, we might meet a traffic cop," grinned Doc. Disdaining to answer, Dick turned to their big black fellow-captive. "What's your name?"

"Bulsla," replied the black, who then announced that his own native dialect was similar to that of their captors. The boys started at once to learn his simple tongue, and applied themselves diligently until darkness came, with its terrifying noises of the jungle night.

Through the opening of the hut they saw twinkling fires, encircled by savage dancers, stirred to frenzy by the ominous rhythm of tom-toms. This, thought Dick, was a rehearsal for the frightful ceremony by which he and Doc were to be ushered from this mortal world!

THE TARZAN TWINS By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Twins Can't Eat

To drive the savage chant of their captors from their minds, Dick and Doc returned to the study of the native language under Bulala's instruction. And now the other prisoner, the shy pigmy, became interested in the experiment and crept out of his dark corner.

Ukundo the pygmy was a full grown man, but he was no higher than the shoulders of the Tarzan Twins. He was brighter, however, than Bulala, and so it was largely his own dialect that the boys learned. Soon the lesson was interrupted by a guard with a bowl of food.

Though half-starved, Dick and Doc could not eat the repulsive, malodorous mixture; but Bulala and Ukundo gobbled noisily. Now the night chill crept into the hut. The boys drew close together; and at last they fell asleep, cold, hungry and exhausted.

About midnight they were awakened by a thunderous sound that rolled out of the jungle. "Hear that?" whispered Doc. "It's a lion," Dick replied gloomily. "It wouldn't do us any good to escape. It would be like jumping from the frying pan into the fire!"

THE TARZAN TWINS Ill Tidings By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The frightful roar of the lion reminded the boys that even if they escaped from the cannibals, death would stalk them in the jungle. "I don't think we have much chance getting out of this," said Dick; "but I'd rather try than sit here and wait to be eaten, like Bulala and Ukundo are doing."

"According to what I can understand of Bulala's gibberish," Doc answered; "they're probably saving us for a big feast." The boys would have been horrified had they known the big feast was planned to celebrate the expected success of the witch-doctor's scheme to lead Tarzan to his death!

Soon the boys began to move about to warm themselves, but they succeeded only in awakening the two blacks, who laughed when Dick and Doc complained of the cold. Hulala assured them one was always cold at night; and as he and Ukundo were almost naked, the twins were ashamed of their grumbling.

The tropical sun rose at last, bringing warmth and new vitality. The boys were so hungry they could have eaten anything, but nothing was brought to them. At noon two warriors came and gruffly ordered all four of them out of the hut. "Big chief him want see us," quavered Bulala; "very bad!"

Few Days' Reprieve

With their two black fellow-captives, the Tarzan Twins were herded once more before the cannibal chief. Galla Galla uttered several guttural sounds, which Bulala interpreted: "Him say what you want in him country?" "The main thing we want in his country is a way out of it," Dick replied.

"Tell him we want to get back to the railway, or to Tarzan," Doc instructed. At the mention of Tarzan's name, the bleary eyes of the chief filled once again with a strange combination of fear and hatred; and now the evil Intamo asked the boys through Bulala: "What are you to Tarzan?"

"Tarzan is my cousin," Dick replied proudly; "and if you don't treat us well, he'll punish you." The smiling Intamo hastened to whisper to the frightened chief: "It is as I have said. The gods have sent these boys to us to make good the curse I pronounced on Tarzan and his kin."

Galla Galla felt better at Intamo's reassurance; and now the crafty witch-doctor turned and addressed the Tarzan Twins: "You will stay with us a few days, then you will see your kinsman Tarzan." But under his breath he added—"in the nether world of spirits, where walk the dead together!"

Fountain Pen Crisis

The boys' hopes returned when they ministerpreted Intamo's remarks to mean that soon they would see Tarzan. "Now," Bulala translated, "chief say he want you clothes for presents." The boys started to protest, but Bulala advised: "If you no give, chief him take!"

In place of their garments the chief offered a handful of rags. "I'm going to take the things out of my pockets," said Doc; "they'll probably swipe everything, but we must try to save our knives." The first things that came out of his pocket was a fountain pen.

Galla Galla reached out his hand for it. "Tell him it's a bottle with a nice drink in it," Doc snapped. "Here, I'll show him. Looky, old tar baby." Doc removed the cap. "Tell him to put this end in his mouth and pull the lever," Galla Galla did as directed.

A peculiar expression overspread his evil face and then he began to spit, to the astonishment of himself and his warriors, for Galla Galla was undeniably spitting blue. Suddenly the cannibal leaped up like a madman and stretched out his hands as if to strangle Doc!

Sudden Decision

Apparently Galla Galla feared he had been poisoned by the ink which Doc had tricked him into spurting into his mouth, for he leaped toward the boy in great rage. "Tell him it won't hurt him," yelled Dick. Tell him white men drink it to make them strong." Then the chief was well pleased.

The boys had now emptied their pockets, but each clung to his knife, attempting to hide it from the eyes of the greedy Galla Galla. They valued the knives dearly, for they were not entirely trustful of the savage's purpose, and they might be driven yet to some desperate, belligerent encounter.

The chief had already extended a filthy, pinkish palm toward Doc, who needed no one to interpret the cannibal's demands into gimme, gimme, gimme. Doc made no move and Galla Galla was becoming more insistent, demanding in peremptory tones that the white boy deliver the knife forthwith.

Then it was that an idea came to the American lad, an idea which was little short of inspiration. Doc's eyes snapped and sparkled; and, characteristically, he acted immediately, with no inkling of the tremendous effect his action was to have on the uncertain future of Dick and himself.

Boys Face Chief

Acting swiftly on his plan to save his knife fromthe insistent demand of the cannibal chief, Doc called to Bulala: "Tell him to watch closely and I'll show him a great trick." "Big medicine?" asked Bulala. Doc seized upon the words. "Very big medicine!" he cried.

Even the chief was impressed as the white boy exposed the knife to view in his right hand, then covered it with his left palm. "Abracadabra! Allo, presto, change cars and begone!" he shouted. "Now you see it, now you don't." He opened his hands. The knife had vanished!

Dick was amused to see the chief's bewilderment at Doc's sleight-of-hand. The the cannibal looked about for the knife, Doc reached out and apparently extracted it from the black's ear. The astonished savage leaped back so quickly that he fell sprawling over his stool.

The blow to his dignity had a bad effect on his temper. He rose to his feet fairly bubbling with rage, and now Dick trembled for poor Doc. He knew not what outlet the savage's wrath would take, and for the life of him he could think of no way to stem that seething anger!

Sleight of Hand

Galla Galla was more interested now in robbing the boys of their possessions than in venting his rage upon them. Angrily he demanded that the boys remove their clothes at once, and they had no alternative except to comply. Then they took the rags the chief offered.

Dick and Doc wound the calico strips around them after the manner of the lion cloth which was Tarzan's only garment in his wild homeland. The boys were filled with secret pride, as they always were when they could duplicate anything connected with the Jungle Lord.

All this time they had managed deftly to conceal their knives, and Doc was more determined than ever not to give up these valuable weapons of defense. But now Galla Galla renewed his demands, so, once more, Doc repeated his act of making the knives disappear.

The chief's eyes narrowed. "Chief him want know where 'em go!" said Bulala. Envious Intamo, the medicine man, awaited the answer eagerly. Should the boys' magic prove more powerful than his trickery he was ready to urge that they be killed at once!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Bulala Trembles

When the cannibal chief demanded to know whither the knives had disappeared, Doc looked around to gain time until he could think of some reply which would end Galla Galla's search. Certainly he did not wish to reveal the sleight-of-hand that had bewildered the tribe.

Doc's eyes fell upon the black youth Paabu who had tried to brain him the day before. Stepping close to him he pointed into the boy's ear. "I am a great magician. Our big medicine is there," he said impressively, "and it won't come out until we are with our own people!"

Intamo, the witch doctor, smiled and whispered into Galla Galla's ear: "Their magic is false. They are deceivers. Let us kill them at once and be done with it." "No," the chief replied, "they shall die only when we have news that Tarzan has died, according to our plans."

While Intamo pressed his pleas, Bulala twisted his head, and his keen ears caught the whispered words of the two cannibals. Bulala's thick lips quivered, and his stout heart was filled with horror. Now he would have astonishing and terrifying news for the Tarzan Twins!

Bulala's News

Despite Intamo's plea that the Tarzan Twins be killed at once, Chief Galla Galla shook his head and ordered them returned with their two fellow captives to the prison hut. The boys noted that Bulala was acting strangely, as if he had beheld some ghostly apparition.

In the hut he lost no time telling them the source of his horror. "Me hear Chief and witch-doctor. They know Tarzan him come look for you. When he coming, somehow they kill 'im. Then they kill 'em you!" Dick and Doc stared at each other in wide-eyed, terrified silence.

Slowly the realization dawned upon them that not only their own lives, but the life of Dick's cousin, the celebrated Tarzan, was at stake. "We've got to get out of here," declared Doc between clenched teeth. "Somehow we've got to escape and warn him before it's too late!" . . .

. . . At that moment, Tarzan was in no danger, but in his feverish search for some trace of the Tarzan Twins, he was drawing nearer and nearer to the district where the warrior-couriers of the wicked Galla Galla were scouring the wilderness to encounter the mighty ape-man!

Tarzan Approaches Trap

Presently a vagrant breeze bore to Tarzan's keen nostrils the scent of man. He knew at once that it was a black man, and not the two white boys for whom he was searching so frantically; but at least the savage might have seen something of the unfortunate youngsters.

The ape-man swung swiftly through the trees, then dropped down directly into the path of the surprised warrior, who was one of Galla Galla's messengers. The savage was doing nothing to earn the enmity of Tarzan; still he trembled at sight of the mighty ape-man.

Without waste of words, Tarzan asked: "Have you seen two lost white boys?" "Yes, bwana." "Where?" Tarzan snapped eagerly. "Four days march toward the setting sun. They are in the hands of the evil Moogawa people, who are planning to kill the poor young bwanas."

"Which trail leads most quickly there?" Tarzan demanded. "I cannot tell you, bwana," the black replied, "for there are many turns, but I will lead you." "Go!" the ape-man commanded, and followed the treacherous warrior—toward the horrible trap which had been set for him!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Vale of Death

In the belief that he was being led to the region where the Tarzan Twins had been seen, the ape-man followed the strange warrior toward the mysterious trap which had been set for him; and every step took him farther from the cannibal village where the boys were captives.

Constantly Tarzan was urging his guide to greater speed, until the savage was near exhaustion. Then the mighty Jungle Lord lifted the surprised warrior to his back and continued his impatient journey at a swifter pace. For three days they traveled with hardly a pause.

They came at last to a dismal valley, weird and forbidding in its bleakness. "You do not need me more," said the warrier. "The way is plain now. Across the valley is a trail which leads to the Moogawa country. There you will find the young bwanas—alive, or dead!"

With a gesture of thanks to the savage, the ape-man entered at once upon his traversal of the eerie valley. And the treacherous warrior remained behind to behold the harrowing fate which was to befall Tarzan in the Vale of Death, the Dreadful Valley of No Return.

Twins Tremble

As Tarzan raced across the dismal valley, he saw on the sun-baked earth the whitened, broken skeleton of what appeared to be a man. Then another and another. That should have been a warning, but Tarzan was accustomed to evidences of sudden death in the African wild.

He continued his course with the confidence born of strength and agility. No man could conquer him; and the sinister forces of desert, plain and jungle bowed down before his might. But never had he encountered the fiendish, powerful Thing which he was soon to meet!

A-tremble with awe, Galla Galla's deceitful messenger Baadu watched the ape-man's every move. Momentarily he expected to see the malevolent Thing stalk forth to destroy Tarzan as it had destroyed all who had ventured into the valley. Nor did Baadu have long to wait! . . .

. . . Meanwhile, during Tarzan's journey to the Vale of Death, the career of the Tarzan Twins had taken a fateful turn. Soon after they were returned to their hut, the evil Intamo appeared. "Golly! quavered Dick; "this is the fellow that wants to kill us right away!"

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Death Approaches

"Come out!" Intamo demanded, and the boys obeyed fearfully, believing their last hour had come. Outside they found Galla Galla and Paabu. The black boy was full of terror and woe, for in his head were supposed to rest the knives which had vanished.

Through Bulala, the interpreter, Galla Galla announced immediately: "Intamo say your magic no good—your big medicine not in Paabu's head." "I say it is," Doc retorted with a fine show of assurance; "didn't you see me put it there?" "We find out," the chief said.

"How you find out?" demanded Dick, and then as a sudden thought popped into his mind; "Golly! You don't mean—." "How you find out what's in a nut?" answered Galla Galla; "you crack it!" "But you'd kill him!" cried Doc, horror stricken.. Intamo broke into a smile.

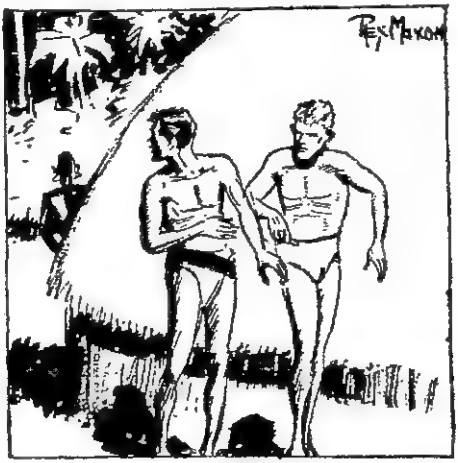
"And," nodded the witch doctor, "if we not find big medicine in Paabu's head, we kill you!" Dick and Doc stared at each other in silent horror. It seemed that the life of some other human being was to be crushed out by every step they took toward their own fate!

Inspiration

Screaming in terror, Paabu was dragged to the open space before the chief's hut. There Galla Galla and Intamo were determined to crack the boy's skull to see whether Doc's "big medicine" was really inside. The tanned faces of the Tarzan Twins were blanched with horror.

Now, while two warriors held the half-fainting black boy, the witch-doctor, armed with a knob-kerrie, made mystical passes and mumbled a weird incantation. "Can't we do something to keep Intamo from breaking his head open with that club?" whispered Dick desperately.

"Makes me feel like a murderer," groaned Doc. "You will be—almost—if they go through with this thing," said Dick; "but if you tell them the truth, they'll kill us." Doc grunted: "When they don't find the knives inside his coco, they'll kill us anyway. We can't win!"



"Well, if we have to die anyway, there's no need letting them kill that poor kid. Let's tell them it was what you call a lot of baloney." Then another inspiration struck Doc. "I've got it!" he cried: "for the love of Mike, slip me your knife! Quick! Now watch my smoke!"

Tarzan Challenged

Slipping Dick's knife inside his loin cloth beside his own, Doc leaped forward just as Intamo was about to bring his club down on the black boy's head. "Wait!" the American lad cried; "you need not kill Paabu. I can prove that our 'big medicine' is inside Paabu's head!"

"With an impish glance at Intamo, Doc continued: "I'm a great witch doctor. I don't have to crack Paabu's skull, like Intamo, to get the 'medicine' out." Then he stepped closer and, with a deft sleight-of-hand movement, appeared to extract the knives from the boy's ear.

A murmur ran through the crowd in recognition of Doc's wondrous powers, nor did any of the cannibals fail to see that his magic was stronger than Intamo's. Now Doc was smitten with another of his brilliant ideas which had made him famous as a practical joker.

He stepped close to the witch-doctor, holding the knives on his open palm. Now Intamo suspected some new humiliation. Suddenly the fire of hatred for the white boy flared into a murderous rage. His bony fingers gripped his bludgeon and raised it high above Doc's head!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Challenges

When Intamo leaped at Doc, it was the hand of the cannibal chief who stayed his murderous club. "They must not die," he warned, "until death robs Tarzan of the power of vengeance." And Intamo answered: "Even Tarzan cannot live through the Vale of Death!" . . .

. . . But Tarzan's traversal of the Dreadful Valley of no Return had begun most peacefully. True, the floor of the valley was strewn with skeletons, but in all the sun-parched expanse there seemed no living thing to challenge or disturb the ape-man's swift progress.

But suddenly, from the opposite fringe of jungle emerged a towering, mottled elephant, tossing his trunk in wild abandon and trumpeting furiously. That monstrous shriek was possessed of a weird, unearthly quality, like the wrathful cry of some demon thing of another world!

Tarzan was untroubled. Of all the beasts of desert, plain and jungle, he loved best these ponderous, gentle creatures. He called out now in tones by which he had learned to soothe the wildest elephants. But the giant thing flung high its trunk and roared a mighty challenge!

Elephant Charges

Still undisturbed by the strange elephant's mighty challenge, Tarzan continued on his course. Evidently, he thought, the giant beast mistook him for an enemy, but with his uncanny ability to establish fellowship with animals, he expected to prove he was a friend.

The mottled beast came slowly onward with strange, rolling gait like some monstrous engine of destruction, his great trunk lashing in violent rhythm with his bellowing. The jungle Lord called to him again in soothing tones, but the creature appeared not to hear.

At the jungle's edge, Baadu awaited the awesome encounter. According to savage lore, this beast was Gudah the Terrible, in whom dwelt the most fiendish of demons. Gudah was the guardian of the Vale of Death, who destroyed every living creature that entered his domain.

When the elephant gave no sign except of furious hostility, Tarzan stopped short in surprise. Only then did he catch the beast's eye, and see therein the fire of utter, raving madness! In the next instant, Gudah hurled himself suddenly forward in a frenzied charge!

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Death Nears Tarzan

When Gudah, the mad elephant, charged him with screaming fury, Tarzan sought safety in headlong flight. The Jungle Lord was the bravest of men; he had no fear of death, but neither did he care to risk his life in foolish heroics when the hazard would serve no good purpose.

He knew well that only by a miracle could he conquer this mad dreadnaught of the jungle; but he did expect to escape by flight. The ponderous elephant is swift in short charges, but few living things could equal the lightning speed of the jungle-reared ape-man.

Never, however, had he encountered an elephant so swift as Gudah. The beast's madness seemed to stimulate his muscles to incredible activity. But Tarzan, continuing his chosen course, slowly increased the interval that separated him from Gudah's pounding feet.

Then fate suddenly weighted the balance in favor of Gudah. Tarzan stepped on a razor-edged stone hidden by the stubble. Though the soles of his feet were tough as leather, the stone cut deep into his flesh and rendered him lame. Thus Gudah drew near to triumph!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Twins in Greater Danger

After Tarzan had been rendered lame by stepping on a sharp stone, the mad elephant Gudah slowly lessened the distance between them. The ape-man stoically ignored the piercing pain, but his wound reduced the dashing speed which was his only hope of escape. . . .

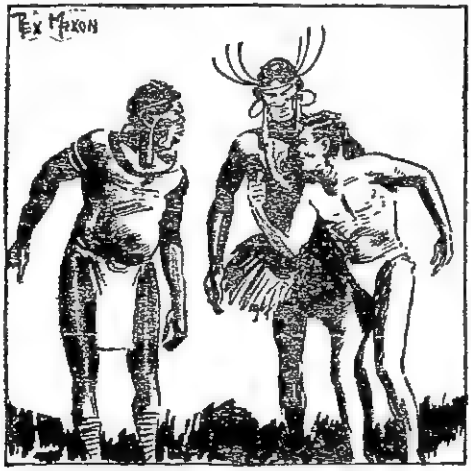
The Jungle Lord saw now that crushing death was descending rapidly upon him. For himself, he could accept death serenely, but if he died, the Tarzan Twins would die too, for he believed that only he could save them from the perils of jungle beasts and jungle men! . . .

. . . The Tarzan Twins are in greater danger now than they realized. True, the cannibal chief, for his own purpose, had saved Doc from being slain by Intamo, but the boy's reckless impishness was paving the way to new difficulties. Now Doc held up the knives for all to see.

After a deft sleight-of-hand pass, he clapped both hands over Intamo's ear, then exposed his palms to show the knives had vanished, apparently into the witch doctor's head. Intamo screamed: and in that frightful moment he vowed to kill the white boys at all costs!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Fatal Moment Approaches



When Doc had made the knives vanish apparently into the witch-doctor's head, he turned to Galla Galla. "You saw me take the big medicine from the head of Paabu and place it in the head of Intamo. If you want to make sure it is in Intamo's head, crack his skull!"

Intamo was aghast. He knew that such an idea might grow upon the chief until he put it into execution. There was only one way to make sure he wouldn't—that was to murder the white boys secretly, because Galla Galla insisted that they must not die until Tarzan was dead! . . .

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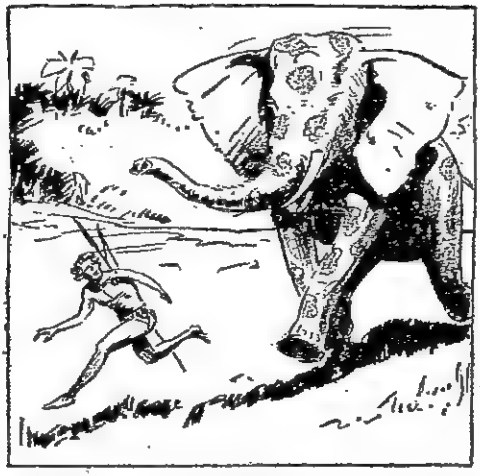
. . . That fatal moment seemed to be approaching rapidly for Tarzan. With an unavoidable limp, after stepping on the sharp stone, he fled from Gudah the Terrible, but now there was little hope that he could avoid being swept up in that powerful trunk and crushed.

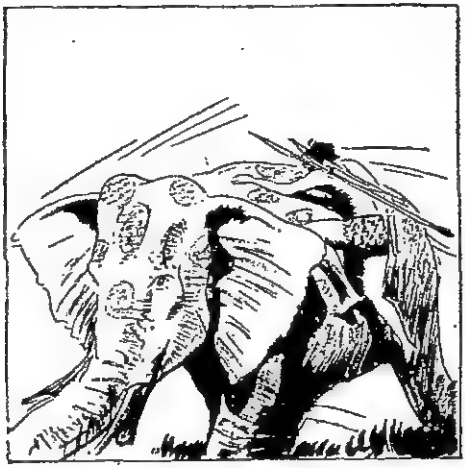


In the distance grew a solitary tree, the sole refuge in all this dismal valley. But it was too far away. Already the mad beast-thing was upon him. Gudah uttered a wild cry of triumph. At the same moment that deadly trunk lashed out to seize his fleeing victim!

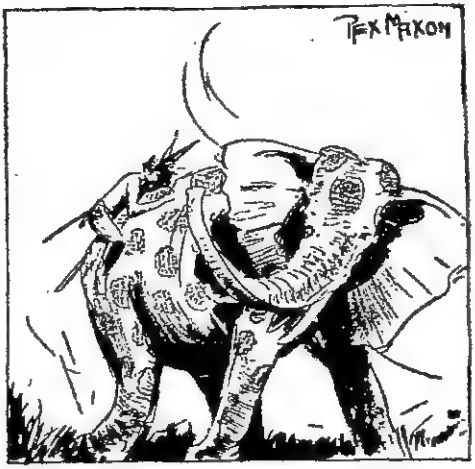
Elephant Infuriated

When the powerful trunk of the frenzied elephant lashed out to seize him, Tarzan with lightning agility leaped suddenly to one side, and Gudah charged past. But that was only a temporary respite, for the elephant whirled and returned to the chase.

The ape-man foresaw a continuous repetition of this evasion and pursuit until at last his lameness exposed him to seizure. Now the handicaped ape-man decided upon another, but equally hopeless, maneuver. He turned and stood still in the face of the jungle juggernaut!



Once more Gudah was upon him. Once more Tarzan jumped lightly aside. But now, as the elephant rushed past, Tarzan summoned all the power of his springy muscles and leaped atop the elephant's back! Gudah shrieked his annoyance and swung his trunk to sweep off his molester.



But Tarzan slid back to the elephant's hind quarters, out of the orbit of that whirling trunk. He hoped to retain his position there for a while to rest his wounded foot; but now the infuriated elephant reared high in the air, and Tarzan knew he must soon fall to the ground.

Tarzan Felled

As the mad elephant rose upright, Tarzan clung desparately to that rough, mottled skin, but Gudah shook violently and Tarzan slid off. Gudah whirled. His trunk struck Tarzan's shoulder. The ape-man fell. Then the beast raised a giant foot to crush his victim to dust!

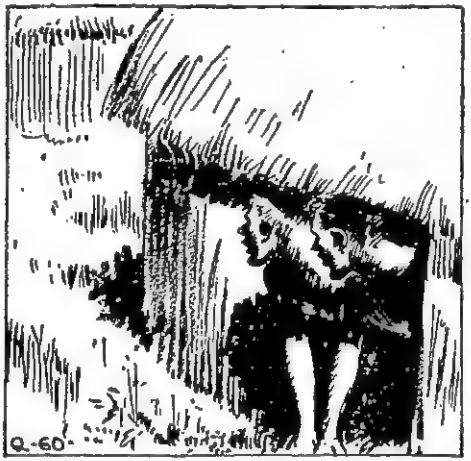
Baadu, the cannibal warrior, watching from the distant jungle, saw Gudah, the Terrible, raise his foot. He saw that foot descend, and he heard the elephant's wild cry of triumph. That was enough for Baadu. He concluded that the unconquerable Gudah had claimed another.

Baadu knew well the accustomed climax of the drama which had been played so often in the Vale of Death, and he need not see it again. He was more anxious to bear the joyous news to Galla Galla, his chief; for Baadu expected a suitable reward for his entrapment of Tarzan.

With gloating delight, Baadu coursed homeward through the forest. His hastening footsteps beat out a throbbing rhythm on the jungle trail, and in time with his footsteps he mumbled: "Tarzan is dead; Gudah killed him! Tarzan is dead; Gudah killed him!" . . . . . .

Dire News

With excited cries Baadu clamored at the gates of the village of his people. "Open! Open!" he shouted. "I bring news. Tarzan is dead! Gudah killed him!" Even before the chains of the gates could be loosened the news flew on winged tongues until the village was in an uproar.

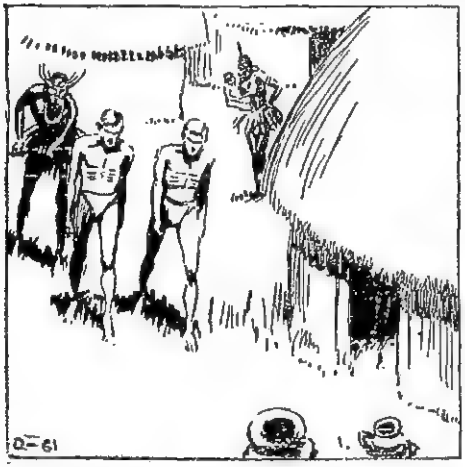


Dick and Doc heard the clamor, and they now knew enough of the language to comprehend the refrain which beat now upon their ears: "Tarzan is dead. Gudah killed him!" The Tarzan Twins were filled with dismay. "It was our fault—all our fault," Doc groaned miserably.

"Yes," Dick agreed; "if we hadn't been foolish enough to get lost in the jungle, none of this would have happened. I suppose this is the end of us, too." Even the usually optimistic Doc had no word of encouragement now. The news of Tarzan had cast a pall over him.

Soon the boys were ordered once again before the cannibal chief, and in their presence Galla Galla addressed Baadu: "It was you who led Tarzan to his death. Your reward shall be the choicest morsels at our feast." Baadu looked at the boys and smacked his thick, ugly lips!

Twins Plan Fight



As the boys returned to their prison hut, complete gloom descended upon them for the first time since their capture. The actuality of their fate had never seemed more than a bad dream, but now it was borne into them as something very real, very terrible and very close!

They realized now that in the bottom of their hearts they had counted on the mighty Tarzan rescuing them from the clutches of the cannibals. Now that hope was gone. "Gee," sighed Doc, "I wish we had died instead of Tarzan. He's much more important to the world."

"We have to die, too," Dick reminded mournfully. Dick's hopelessness stirred stubborn Doc to new belligerence. "Humph! This is a fine way for the Tarzan Twins to act. No, Dick, we can't give up this way. We've got to be true to Tarzan's memory. We've got to fight!"

But while they wracked their brains for means to give effect to their fighting determination, plans went forward for the fateful feast. Galla Galla dispatched swift messengers to friendly cannibal tribes inviting them to the celebration at which the white boys were to die!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Fearful Fate Approaches

The Tarzan Twins noted the air of excitement which pervaded the village and they knew the cannibals were preparing for the feast. Bulala confirmed their opinion. "Him make ready for eat 'em. Maybe tonight; maybe tomorrow night. Pretty soon me 'n' you we say goo'bye!"

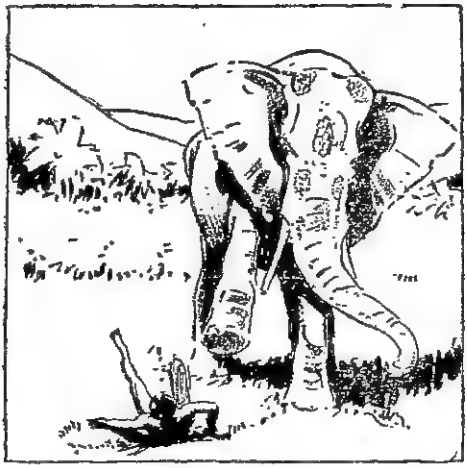
As a last resort, Doc, through one of the guards, sent a message to the chief to this effect: "You have seen my great magic. I will use it to kill you if you continue with your plans to kill us!" Galla Galla was fearfully impressed, but Intamo heaped ridicule upon him.

"White man's magic is no good," he insisted. "The boy put his big medicine in my head. It does no harm. Tarzan was a great magician. He had the strength of a demon. He could travel in the trees and talk with the apes. But Intamo cast a spell upon him—and he died!"

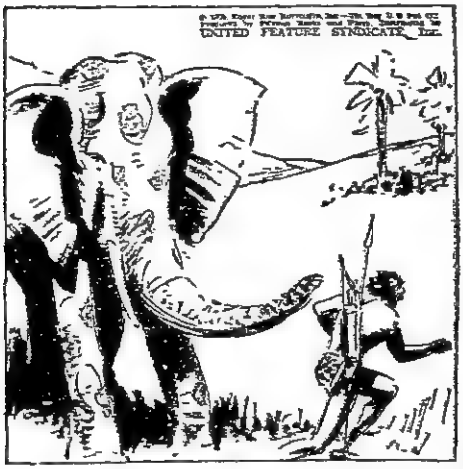
Galla Galla was satisfied, but Intamo knew that he changed his mind often. So the evil witch doctor was delighted when, after long hours of dealing with the problem, he hit upon a method of disposing of the hated white boys that night. He would put poison in their food!

Race With Death

With a vial of potent poison concealed in his bony hand, Intamo haunted the place where the evening meal was to be prepared for the white boys and their two fellow prisoners. "It was I who sent Tarzan to his doom," he chuckled, "and now his kin shall die!"



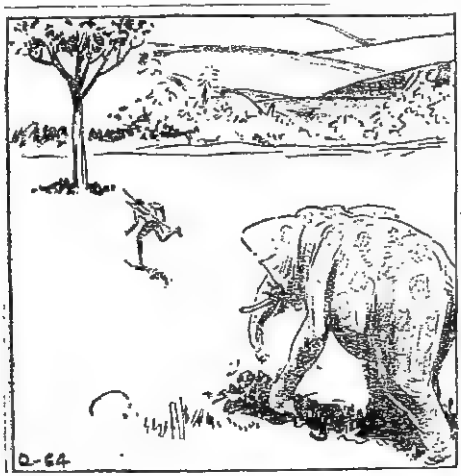
. . . But Tarzan was not dead! Baadu, the Bagalla messenger, had been too hasty in his conclusions. When mad Gudah, the giant elephant, brought down his foot to crush his victim into the dust, the agile Tarzan twirled his body just in time to avoid the fatal blow.



Once more the ape-man rose to his feet and ran desperately for the lone tree, his only hope of refuge in all this dismal, sun-baked Vale of Death. Gudah's surprise enabled Tarzan to gain a slight lead, but soon the mad beast was bearing down upon him in frantic pursuit.

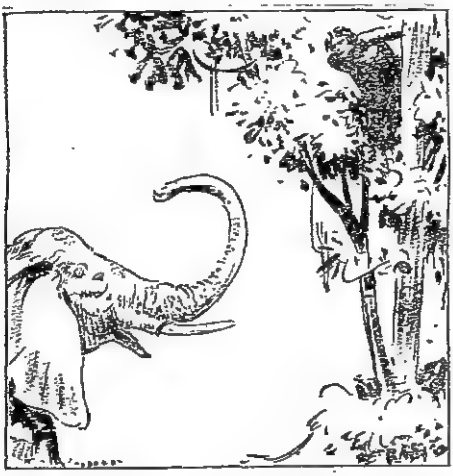
Despite his lameness, the Jungle Lord ran swiftly, summoning from his muscles the very peak of their electric energy. But the terrible Gudah was no less determined to claim the victim which had eluded him. There was a race of Titans, with the result in gravest doubt!

The Mad Elephant



The pace of the pursuing elephant slackened. Though he was swift at short distances, his muscles could not long carry his ponderous body at top speed. Now the tireless Tarzan was gaining, though he knew that his increasing lameness would soon cancel his advantage.

With a final, desperate spurt he attained the tree and leaped upward into the slender branches. The surprised beast stopped short, swayed uncertainly, and surveyed the scene of his failure. Then he raised his trunk in a spasm of furious trumpeting that shook the earth.

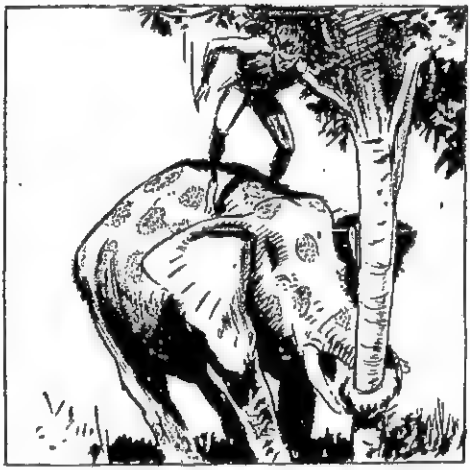


Again Tarzan tried to calm the demon's fury, but he soon saw that this was no temporary madness. The ape-man judged that, either in battle with another elephant or from a falling tree, this beast had received a brain blow which had rendered him permanently mad.

Tarzan believed now he could rest his wounded foot. But Gudah gave no respite to those he had marked for destruction. Slowly he advanced to the tree and wound his trunk around the pole. Then with a mighty heave and tug, the incredible Gudah ripped up the tree!

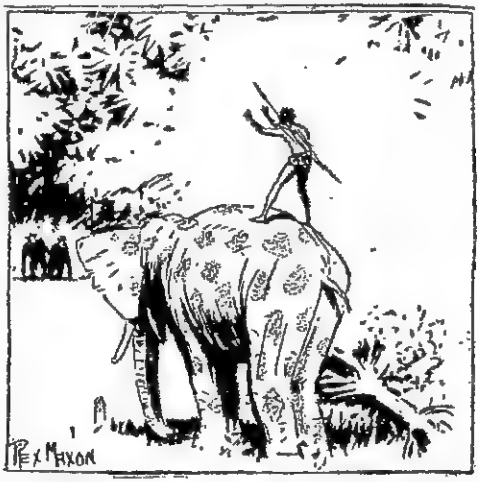
Reprieve From Death

As the mighty Gudah tore the tree from the loose soil, it seemed that the creaking and ripping of wood was indeed the death-knell of Tarzan of the Apes. In this harrowing moment, Tarzan, with no thought of evoking aid, instinctively emitted the piercing ape-cry.



As the tree fell, Tarzan leaped once more to the back of the mad elephant, seeking there a brief reprieve from the sentence of death. As before, the beast started to rear upright to dislodge the man-thing, but fierce, wild cries from the jungle brought him to a sudden halt.

Gudah whirled in the direction of the sound. But Tarzan had already recognized those fierce battle cries, and he was prepared for the sight that greeted his eyes—a band of twenty great apes emerging from the jungle and racing speedily across the Vale of Death.



Tarzan's heart was warmed by this response of his foster-brothers to his distress call, but he knew they would die in vain if they attempted to aid him. So now he cried out to them: "Save yourselves! Go back! This beast will kill you —as he is about to kill me!"

Amazing Combat

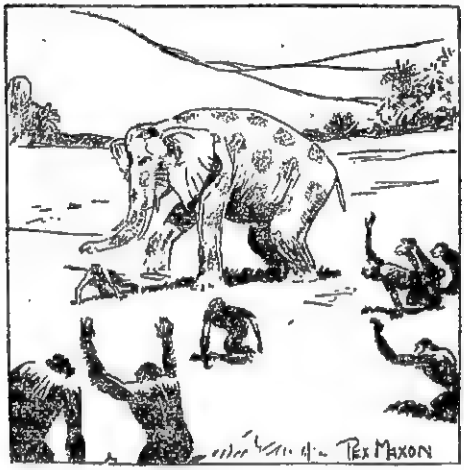
As the mad elephant stood still, surveying these new invaders of his valley, the leader of the ape-band called to Tarzan: "Who are you, Hairless One, who speaks the language of the mangani? Who are you who dares to cry the cry the mangani cry when danger threatens?"

The ape-man answered: "I am Tarzan of the Apes." After a lapse of silence, grunts and low growls of approval ran through the group of apes. Then they fell to chattering among themselves, and soon their leader lumbered forward to address the ape-man on top the elephant.

"I am Maktah, mightiest fighter of a mighty tribe. We have heard of Tarzan, who is mightier than Maktah. Maktah and his bulls will fight with Tarzan. Together we kill Gudah, who has killed many of us." The Jungle Lord shook his head. "If you fight you will die!"

At that moment the unaccountable Gudah reared upright. Tarzan tumbled to the ground. Gudah whirled to trample him. Tarzan leaped up; Maktah roared to his warrior apes. Instantly ape-man, apes and elephant were engaged in a most amazing combat.

Hopeless Conflict



Tarzan's perilous plight stirred his ape allies to battle-madness, and now they threw themselves recklessly into the fight with the raging elephant. With fierce, blood-curdling shrieks Maktah and his warrior apes launched what soon appeared to be a suicidal attack.

With his great trunk Gudah lashed out at the swarming foe. Two apes went down, mortally wounded. But three others leaped bravely at the mammoth's trunk as if flying through the air to clutch the branch of a tree. Gudah raised them high and dashed them to the ground.

While the frenzied elephant was thus occupied, four more apes clambered up his sides. They sank their sharp fangs into that rough, thick hide. To the colossal Gudah, these were little more than pin pricks, but he was annoyed, and quickly he rid himself of his tormentors.

Once more Tarzan attempted to dissuade the apes from the futile attack, but the great Hairy Ones were filled with unquenchable fury. Eagerly they returned to the fray. Now Tarzan could not stand aloof while his allies fought; so he too joined that hopeless conflict!

Tarzan Puzzled

With stirring cries, the ape-man led his battle-mad cohorts in a concerted attack on Gudah the Terrible; but the great beast was invulnerable. Two more apes died valiantly in that fruitless assault, and the others were forced to retreat. Gudah was still master.

As the elephant stood surveying his foes uncertainly, Tarzan faced an appalling dilemma. With his allies as a screen, should he flee and resume his search for Dick and Doc, or should he remain and fight with the warrior apes in this desperate, seemingly hopeless struggle?

To the Tarzan Twins he was bound by ties of flesh and blood and a noble human heritage. But the bonds of loyalty and gratitude linked him as well to his ally apes, his foster brothers of the jungle. He trembled now in the balance between man and beast—for Tarzan was both!

. . . The plight of the Tarzan Twins was approaching a point where it soon would be beyond human interference, for Intamo, the witch-doctor, stood now over the pot in which the boys' evening meal was being prepared. He emptied into it the vial of dreadful poison!

Poisoned Food

As darkness fell, fires were lighted in the cannibal village. Great pots were brought out, filled with water and set to boil while the savages shouted gleefully in anticipation of the feast. "If I had more time," sighed Doc, "I'm sure I could figure a way out of this."

Presently a black warrior thrust into the prison hut the bowl of food which Intamo had poisoned. "I'm hungry," said Doc, "even if this may be our last meal." He was just about to plunge his fingers into the unappetizing mixture when he halted and pricked up his ears.

"What's that?" he whispered. The other three prisoners listened. Some one, or some thing, was approaching from behind the hut. Immediately the boys' suspicions were aroused, for certainly there seemed no need of secrecy in a legitimate visit to the dark prison hut.

Gone now was their interest in food. Dick and Doc drew their knives and waited. Slowly Dick rose to his feet, his knife ready. Doc placed himself at his cousin's side. "Demon!" whispered Ukundo. "Leave him to me then," said Doc; "but if it's a lion, you can have it!"

Dread Warning

Ukundo, the pygmy, cocked his ear again toward the strange sound. "Demon—or man!" he said. Presently a low "S-s-t!" sounded from the shadows. "Who are you?" Doc demanded. "I am Paabu," whispered a voice. The black boy came nearer and crouched against the hut.

"You saved my life," he said; "so I come to warn you. Intamo put poison in food. I tell you so you can live a little longer and make strong magic to get away. In two, three days they kill you. Tonight they take Bulala and eat him when moon comes up. That is all. I go."

"Wait! If we were poisoned, they couldn't eat us without dying themselves," objected the ever-logical Dick. "No matter," Paabu replied: "Intamo like to see everybody at feast die. Then he take everything belong to tribe and be very rich. Witch doctor is very bad man."

Doc was uninterested, for now a desperate plan was forming in his mind. "Paabu," he whispered; "can you bring us weapons—spears, bows and arrows, long knives?" He awaited the answer breathlessly, for in it depended their only hope. "No," said Paabu, "cannot bring!"

Dangerous Paths

While Doc was trying vainly to persuade Paahu to bring weapons, two gruff Bagalla warriors came and took Bulala away to be slain for the fiendish cannibal feast. His departure was a bitter blow to the boys, for they had come to have a real affection for the big, aimable black.

As he was led away, the two guards at the prison hut followed. They did not wish to miss the festivities, and they had no fear that the remaining three captives would escape. The village palisade was sufficient barrier, and beyond was the dreadful jungle night.

Now Doc called Paahu into the hut. "Look," he whispered, and drew his knife from his loincloth. Paahu jumped back, for he feared the "big medicine" which Doc had used in his sleight-of-hand tricks. "I will give it to you," Doc said; "and you will be a witch doctor."

Paahu leaned forward eagerly. "But first you must bring the weapons," Doc demanded. After a short silence, the black boy answered: "I bring!" "Attaboy!" the American lad exclaimed gleefully. But there was still small cause to cheer. He was traveling a dangerous path!

Tarzan Spirit

With determined assurance, Doc now undertook the second phase of his plan. "Ukundo!" he snapped. The pygmy looked up. "Ukundo!" continued the white boy; "we must escape—tonight, as soon as Paabu brings the weapons." Ukundo shook his head sadly: "Cannot escape."

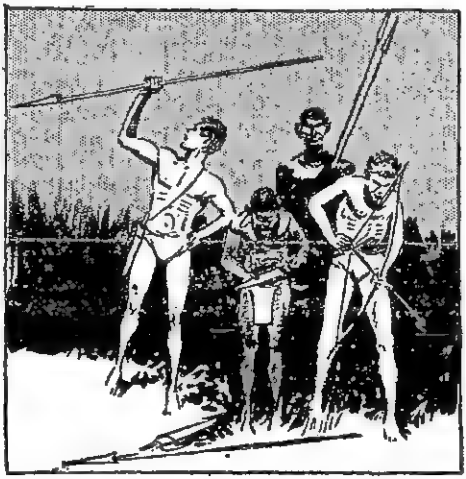
"We can!" Doc insisted. "While the cannibals are busy with their party, we'll get out of the village and . . ." "Cannot go into jungle at night," the pygmy objected; "jungle full of demons; demons kill!" "Oh, no," grinned Dick; "demons run as soon as they lay eyes on Doc."

"I'm a great witch-doctor, Ukundo," Doc resumed; "but white man's magic is no good to show me the way through the jungle. If you will do that, my magic will kill all the demons in sight." The pygmy regarded the white boy with awe, "Ukundo will go with you, bwana!"

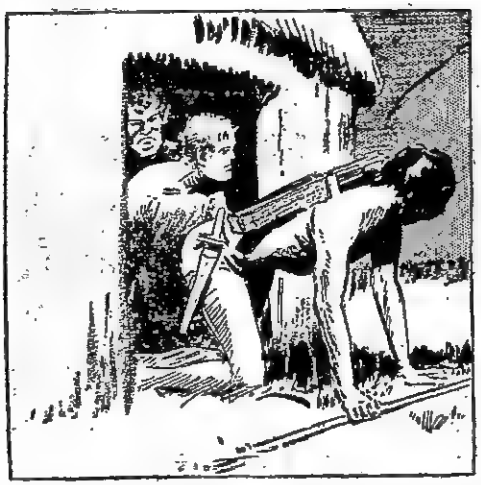
But as soon as he had agreed, another doubt assailed his mind: "How we get out of village?" It was Dick who replied: "Maybe we'll have to fight, Ukundo. If we must die, let's die fighting!" With almost reverential awe, Doc whispered: "That's the old Tarzan spirit!"

Twins Are Armed

After the Tarzan Twins had been witing for half an hour in a ferment of anxiety, Paabu returned with the weapons—spears, long knives and bows and arrows—and Doc rewarded him with the pocket knife which the black boy believed would make him a great witch doctor.



As the boys clutched those savage weapons of the jungle, their nervousness faded and gave place to a certain confidence and pride, for these were such weapons as the great Tarzan had used in his many thrilling battles with the beasts and men of the African wild.



Cautiously they crept out of the hut, followed by the doubting Ukundo. They were enveloped entirely in darkness, but in the distance the cannibals were stirring a blazing fire beneath a great pot. That pot, they knew, was being made ready to receive their friend Bulala.

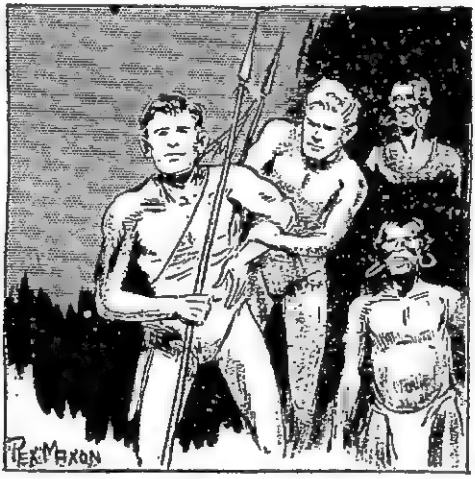
Doc assumed command, but instead of leading his cohorts toward the village gates, he began a circuitous detour toward the scene of the cannibal festivities. "Where you go? Gate other way," whispered the panicky pygmy. Doc snapped back: "We're going to save Bulala!"

Intamo Threatens

Doc feared now that Ukundo would balk at the project of rescuing Bulala. If the pygmy should desert them their hopes for escape would vanish. Assuming a Tarzanesque air of authority, he whispered: "You forget that I am a great witch doctor. My magic will save us!"

The ways of white men were a mystery to the pygmy, but now his confidence was restored. The little party resumed its shifting march through the shadows. Dick and Doc felt safe for the moment, for they believed that all the cannibals were assembled around the campfires.

But they were mistaken! At that very moment a dim figure emerged from a nearby hut and came directly toward them. And in the hand of that sinister phantom they saw a large, heavy war-club. Doc gripped his spear. "Attack!" he whispered to his comrades-in-arms.



Doc was about to lead a swift charge when the more cautious Dick thrust out an arm and restrained him. "Don't!" he pleaded. "Even if we overcome Intamo it won't do any good. Before we can stop him, he'll let out a yell that'll bring the whole tribe down on us."

Intamo Attacks

As the sinister figure approached, Doc was in a quandary. If they attacked the savage, he would cry the alarm. It was Dick who saved the situation—temporarily. At his suggestion, the three runaways quickly concealed their weapons, though keeping them within reach.

Now they squatted in front of the cache, assuming an innocent air, as if they were watching the village fete. The approaching cannibal was almost upon them before he perceived them. His surprise was evident, for he stopped suddenly with an angry grunt.

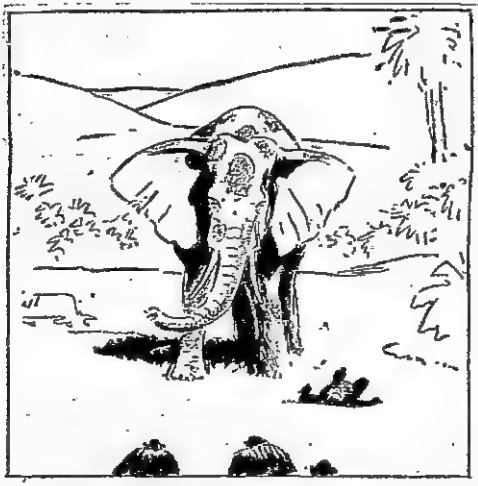
"Why are you not in your hut?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper. The three recognized him simultaneously, and knew why he had come, and why he carried the murderous war-club. It was Intamo, the witch-doctor, who had vowed to kill the Tarzan Twins by his own hands!

"Which is the white boy witch-doctor?" he asked sternly. Doc knew Intamo had a special grudge against him, but he did not hesitate to accept responsibility. "I am he. What do you want of me?" Intamo did not answer. Instead, he leaped forward with his raised bludgeon!

Tarzan's Fate

Intamo was surprised to find the boys had not died of his poison. But now he would redeem that failure. His war-club swooped upward above Doc's head! With a cry Dick jumped to his feet and sprang between the savage witch-doctor and his intended victim.

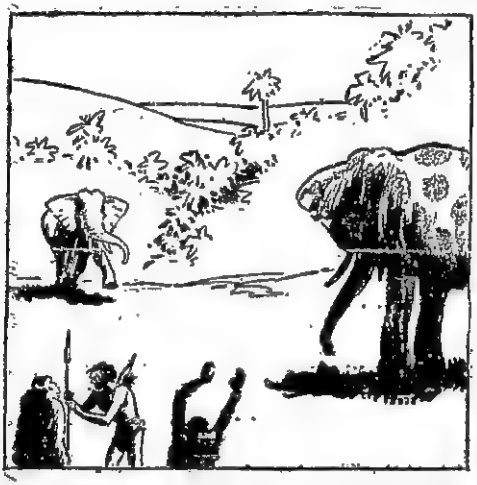
With his spear raised in both hands, he sought to break the force of that wicked blow. The knob-kerrie crashed upon the strong spear shaft and glanced to one side. But Intamo, with a powerful sweep of his arm, brushed the lad aside and swung his club again! . . .



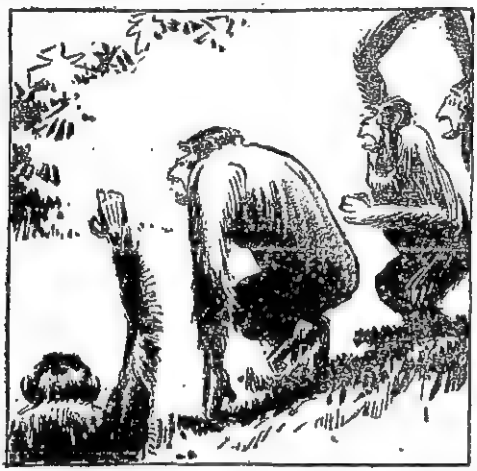
. . . Meanwhile, the plight of the mighty Tarzan was little less grave. The mad elephant Gudah stood surveying him and his ape allies, and Tarzan knew the demoniac beast was preparing for a new attack. Perhaps he himself would be the next to die by Gudah's wild fury!

As the apes crouched to receive the attack, a shrill trumpeting resounded in the distance. Tarzan turned to see another giant elephant emerging from the jungle! Was this beast an ally of the mad Gudah, rushing across the Vale of Death to assure him quick victory?

Tarzan Amazed



The appearance of the second elephant, which he believed to be Gudah's ally, gave Tarzan occasion to urge once more that the apes retreat. The two beasts, he knew, were unconquerable; and they would only be infuriated by the wounds which he and the apes could inflict.

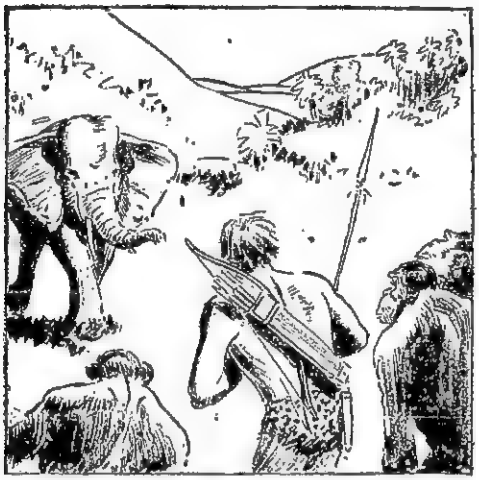


But the sight of the fresh foe only kindled anew the flames of battle—fury that burned in the hearts of Maktah and his warrior apes. "We kill—kill—kill!" they screamed, and their minds could harbor no other thought. "Tarzan help us kill Gudah! Kill! Kill! Kill!

Once more Tarzan considered whether he should remain and fight with the apes, or flee and resume his search for the Tarzan Twins. In either case his honor would be blemished, for he owed a duty both to Dick and Doc and to the hairy friends of his jungle youth.

Seeking some means of solving his dilemma, he turned toward the other elephant which was sweeping with rolling gait toward the battlefield. The iron-nerved Jungle Lord was surprised, but now he could hardly suppress a gasp as he beheld the second beast nearby.

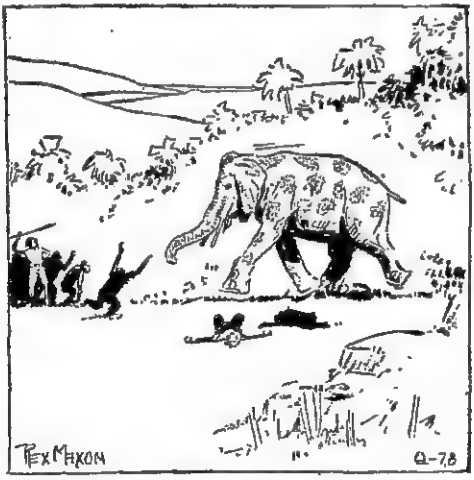
Gudah Attacks



With amazement Tarzan saw now the elephant rushing toward him was not a foe, but a friend. By many markings he recognized him as the great fine beast he had known from childhood. This was the elephant he had first called Tantor, which was the ape-name for all elephants.

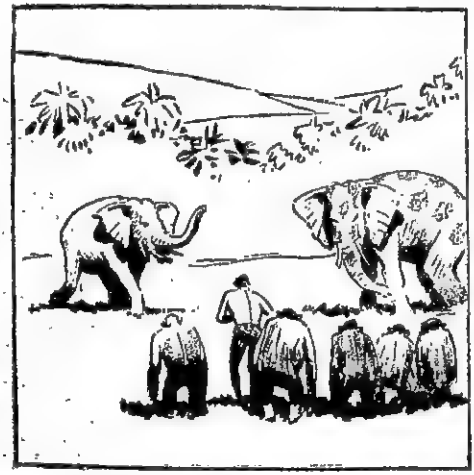
Many a time as a boy he had ridden on Tantor's broad back, rocking soothingly along a jungle trail. With a smile he recalled how Tantor often dozed until he tickled the great beast gently behind the ears. How he loved Tantor—and how Tantor had loved the boy!

In eager welcome he called out: "Tantor! Tantor!" and the big elephant trumpeted a happy reply. The Jungle Lord knew now that his old friend was coming to aid him, but he could hardly reconcile this swift, agile beast with the gentle, sleepy Tantor of his youth.



But mad Gudah saw and heard the onrushing Tantor and knew him for a foe. With the sure instinct of the cornered beast, he determined to destroy his nearest foes before engaging the elephant. And the most dangerous of these was the hairless thing which was both man and ape!

Tarzan Trapped



As Tarzan's elephant friend Tantor sped toward the battle, Gudah the Terrible rushed straight at Tarzan, whom he recognized as his most dangerous foe among all the ape-things. The Jungle Lord turned quickly to dodge that powerful engine of destruction.

But the frenzied, confused apes behind him impeded his swift maneuver. Tarzan was trapped! Then Gudah's serpentine trunk lashed out and clutched him. With a wild cry of triumph, the monstrous brute swung the ape-man into the air to dash him to the ground! . . .

. . . Far away, in the cannibal village of Galla Galla, wings of death fluttered over the Tarzan Twins. But as Intamo swung his club at Doc the second time, a small, panther-like figure launched itself upon the breast of the witch doctor and bore him to the ground.

Twice a muscular arm rose and fell; twice a dull blade gleamed in the fitful light from a distant fire. Ukundo arose from the prostrate form, but Intamo lay still. "Gee, that was a close call," stammered Doc. "And," moaned Dick, "we're only just beginning!"

Twins Baffled

With their enemy Intamo out of the way, the runaways resumed their perilous march toward the hut where Bulala awaited the cannibal cooking pot. Around the great pot the savages were engaged in a frenzied dance to the wild, throbbing rhythm of tom-toms.

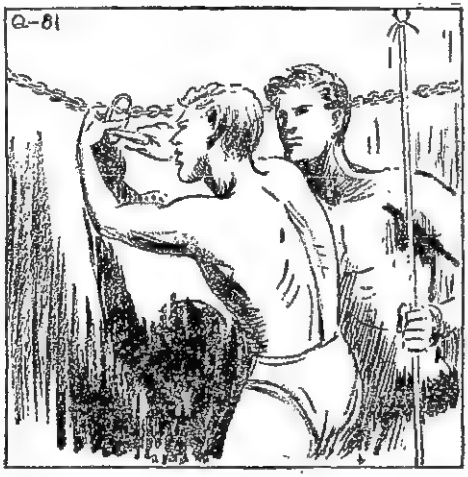
Fortunately the blacks were so absorbed in their beastly festivities that the boys were able to proceed uninterruptedly to the very door of Bulala's hut. No guards watched him, for the Bagallas could not conceive of anyone fleeing into the demon-infested jungle night.

"We have come to save you!" Doc whispered into the darkness. Bulala was astounded. He crept forward and began to kiss the hands of the white boy in happy gratitude until Doc was forced to command him to hurry. Then they gave him his allotment of weapons.

Warily they crept along the rear of the deserted huts and came to the village gates, which they found secured by a chain and an old-time slaver's padlock. Here, it seemed, they were doomed to failure. "Now, smarty," Dick muttered; "try your fancy magic on that!"

Refugees Cornered

The padlock on the village gates seemed an invincible obstacle. The nerves of the Tarzan Twins were on edge now. At any moment they might be spied by the wandering eye of one of the cannibal warriors. If they were captured again, they would surely be killed at once.



In frantic haste Dick tried to pick the lock with his pocket knife, but his efforts were futile. Then suddenly Doc almost gave vent to a cry of relief. He discovered that the shiftless tribesmen had fastened the end of the chain to a post with a bit of grass rope.

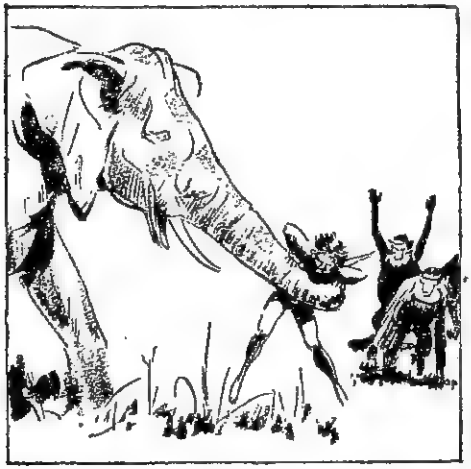
Since a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, this proved a very weak link indeed. A single stroke of the knife severed the rope. But that very move toward freedom was also a step toward recapture, for the stout chain clattered noisily to the ground!

Instantly the warriors halted their dance. "The gates!" cried the chief. Shrieking hideously and brandishing their spears, the savages swarmed forward. The four fugitives flung themselves frantically against the gates, but the massive wooden portals refused to budge!

Cannibals Pursue

As the howling, blood-thirsty warriors bore down on them, Doc urged his companions to another concerted attack on the gates. In a frenzy of hopelessness they hurled themselves upon the barrier. This time it gave way and released the four fugitives.

Swiftly they sped across the clearing toward the black shadows of the jungle, for their feet were winged by terror of the hideous death clutching so close behind to drag them back into its awful embrace. But no less swift were the fiendish cannibal warriors! . . .

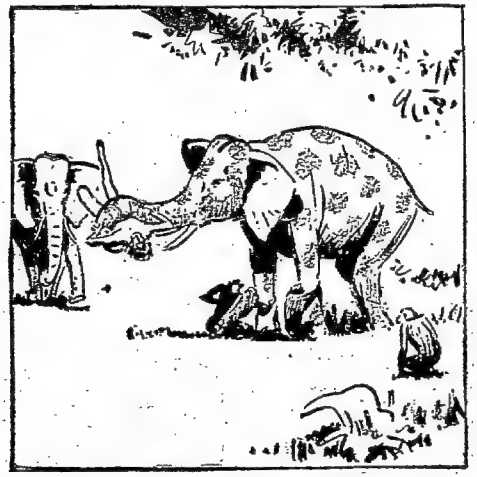


. . . The white boys and the Bagalla tribesmen had long believed that Tarzan was dead. When they had received the news, it was false; but it seemed now that the mad elephant Gudah had been appointed by fate to translate that fiction into the ghastly substance of reality.

While the apes shrieked in frenzy, the huge brute held Tarzan helpless in the coils of his great trunk. Apparently Gudah was savoring each moment of the ape-man's distressing ordeal before making an end to his victim by dashing him to the floor of the Vale of Death!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Faces Death



When Gudah the Terrible seized Tarzan in his trunk, the apes were dismayed by the impending death of one whom they called master. And now with fury and utter abandon they flung themselves upon their common foe. But they were as starlings attacking an eagle.

Two met death under Gudah's massive feet. Another was pierced by a sharp tusk. Maktak, the leader of the warrior apes, leaped up to clutch one of the elephant's ears. It was his plan to climb up and gouge out the eyes of the beast. But Gudah shook him off.

Meanwhile Tarzan could see no hope. Under other circumstances he might have looked death in the face with a challenging smile, but now he was filled with self-reproach because he failed in his mission to save Dick and Doc from the perils of the wild. . . .

. . . In their flight from the Bagalla village, it seemed that the Tarzan Twins could be saved only by a miracle, for they were not as fleet as their pursuers. Already the imaginative Dick envisioned recapture and a horrible death in the cannibals' boiling pots!

Jungle Terrors

As the fugitives plunged into the jungle, fortune favored them, for now their pursuers halted. No Bagalla would venture into the night forest, alive with demons. So, the Bagallas stood, shouting threats and insults at the runaways, who stumbled along a crooked trail.

Presently Galla Galla, the chief, led his people back into the village and closed the gates. "Tomorrow," he said, "when the first light comes, we will go forth and bring them back. They will not go far tonight where lions hunt and panthers lie in wait to spring!"

The pygmy Ukundo, master of jungle craft, led the little party by ways that no other might have found. An uncanny instinct seemed to guide him where, by crawling on all fours, a way might be found through what appeared an impenetrable mass of tangled vegetation.

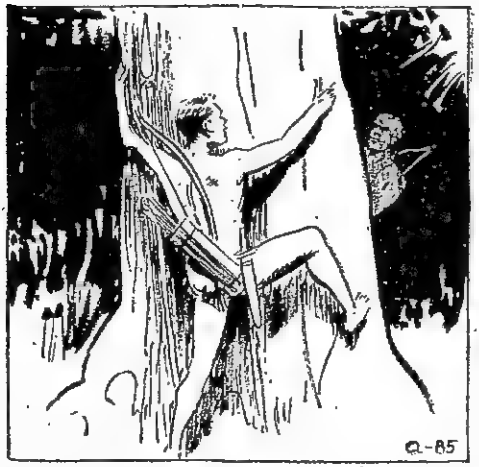
For half an hour the quartette moved along in silence. Then Ukundo halted suddenly, sniffed the air and listened. "Lion!" he whispered. "Lion coming—fast! Climb trees! Quick!" But in the enshrouding darkness the bewildered Twins could see no trees!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Lion Menaces Twins

Ukundo's advice to take to the trees to avoid the approaching lion was of little value to Dick and Doc, for in the pitch darkness of the jungle night they could see no trees. They groped aimlessly about them, but their searching fingers found no tangible thing.

"Hurry!" urged Ukundo; "lion comes. He is starving!" Now the boys received their first confirmation of the pygmy's keen hearing. A huge body crashed through the underbrush. Then Doc's eager groping hands came in contact with the bole of a large tree.



"Here, Dick!" he called; "here's a tree. This way!" A moment later Dick answered: "All right. I've found it. Climb! Hurry up!" The noise in the underbrush seemed very close now. Doc attempted to scramble up the giant trunk, but his arms could not span it.

When Dick, too, failed to get a hold, the boys reached up through the darkness for a branch by which they might raise themselves above the rushing lion, but they found none. A hideous growl sounded almost in their ears. Dick realized the beast was upon him!

Tarzan's Plight Worse

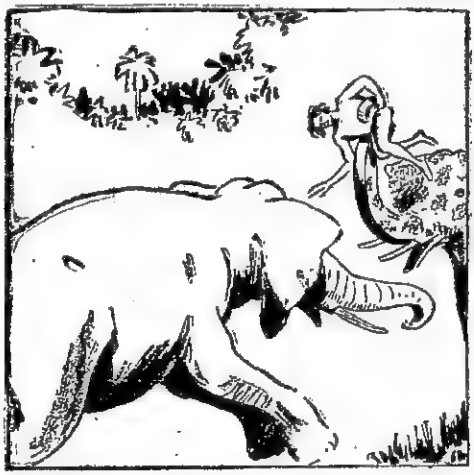
When Dick realized that the ferocious hunting lion was upon him, he swiftly obeyed the first impulse that seized him. He wheeled about, facing the animal he could not see, and thrust his spear violently outward in the direction of that blood-curdling growl.

At the same instant he felt a heavy body strike the weapon, and the poor boy was hurled to the ground. Nearby, his cousin heard that frightful turmoil, followed by a deafening, earthquaking roar. "Dick! Dick!" he called frantically. But there was no answer! . . .

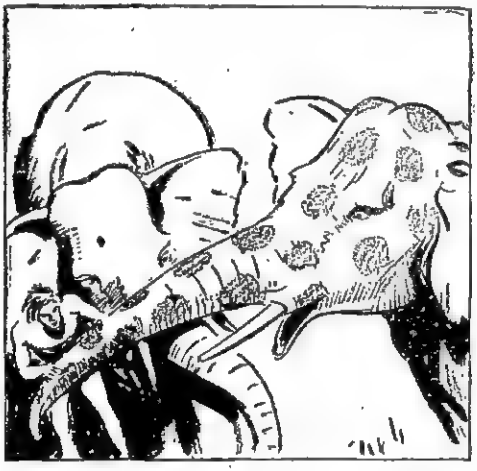
. . . Dick's encounter with the lion had at least the virtue of swiftness, whereas Tarzan's plight was a lingering torture, both physical and mental. Tighter and tighter Gudah contracted his trunk, until Tarzan expected momentarily to feel his bones cracking!

Now the elephant Tantor, the ape-man's friend, was almost upon the mad beast. Gudah knew he must rid himself of the man-thing and face his elephant foe. His great trunk whipped downward to dash Tarzan to the ground. This, thought the Jungle Lord, was the end!

Elephants Clash

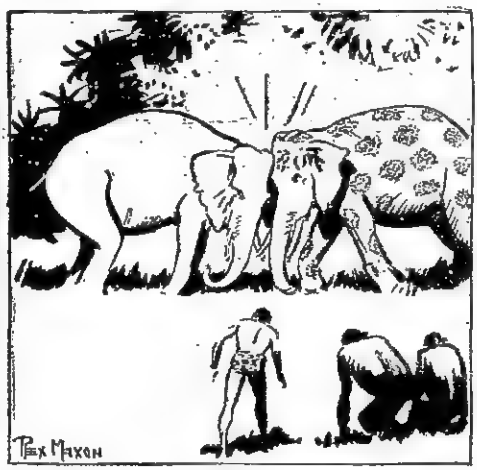


As Gudah's trunk whipped downward to hurl Tarzan to the ground, Tantor shot forward like a projectile fired from some prodigious gun. His quick thrust was a remarkable feat for a creature so ponderous, but he was determined to aid his friend Tarzan.



Tantor's trunk swept swiftly upward and halted the quick, downward descent of Gudah's. This violent and unexpected blow caused the taut muscles of Gudah's trunk to relax for a moment. The alert ape-man squirmed free and dropped lightly to the ground.

In a new fury of disappointment, the mad Gudah whirled to engage his elephant foe. Then, bellowing and shrieking their fearful wrath, the two giant beasts clashed. Their bodies collided with a thud. Trunks twisted and whirled. Deadly tusks flashed and plunged.

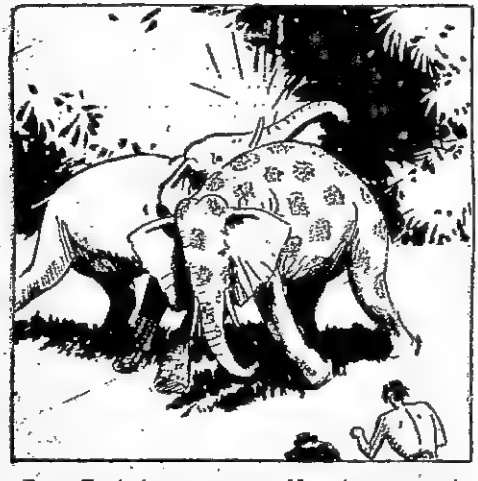


Tarzan saw that Gudah was by far the stronger. Moreover, Tantor was unaccustomed to conflict. He had dwelt for years in peace with the creatures of his jungle home. Gudah would make quick work of him, then turn again on Tarzan and the remnants of his warrior apes!

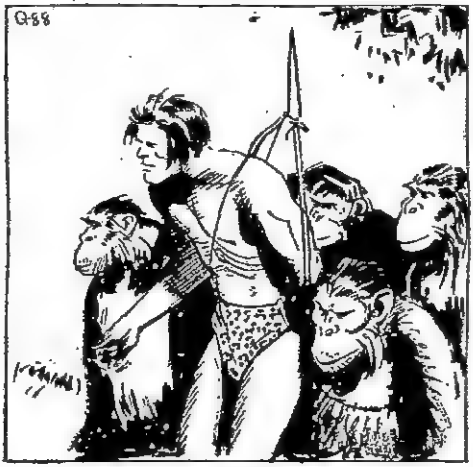
Tarzan Desperate

As the two elephants battled, Tarzan saw that Tantor could not withstand the furious assaults of mad Gudah. Meanwhile, Gudah, during temporary lulls in the mortal combat, cast malicious glances at Tarzan, as if resolved to kill him when he had finished Tantor.

Regardless of his own safety, Tarzan could not stand idly by and see his friend Tantor slain. Yet, by physical strength he could not determine the issue any more than some ancient cave-man would have affected the outcome of a conflict between two monstrous dinosaurs.

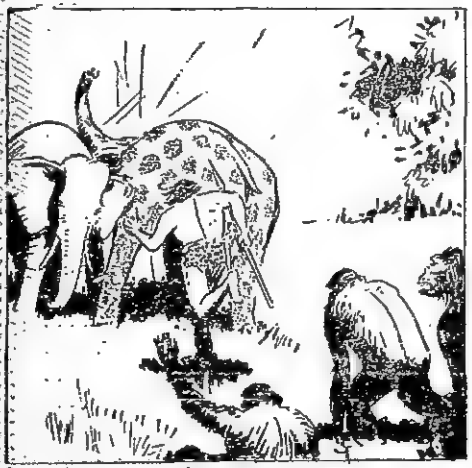


Poor Tantor's courage could not compensate for mad Gudah's superior strength and skill in battle. Barely was he able to fend off those vicious thrusts of Gudah's tusks. It was inevitable that sooner or later one of those thrusts would find its mark in Tantor's body.



Then Tarzan decided upon a desperate move. With his apes he would swoop down upon the demon elephant, distract his attention, and thus allow Tantor to drive home his own tusks. If that maneuver failed, nothing could halt their own destruction and Gudah's triumph.

Dick Is Hurt



"Attack!" Tarzan shouted to his little band of apes. "We conquer—or we die!" The audacious anthropoids required no further urging to battle. With reckless disregard for their lives they surged behind the mighty Hairless One toward Gudah, the mad killer! . . .

. . . Like their renowned kinsman, the Tarzan Twins were involved, too, with a dangerous jungle beast. When the lion emitted that deafening roar, Doc's imagination conjured a frightful picture of the raging beast pouncing full upon poor Dick and devouring him.

But he was encouraged when he heard the lion plunge on into the jungle, threshing wildly through the underbrush. Now he believed that his cousin had somehow escaped the beast after all. "Dick! Dick!" he called again. But still there was no response.

Fearfully now, Doc groped on hands and knees through the darkness, and soon he came upon the object of his search. Dick was stretched supine on the ground. "Dick! Dick!" he called gently; "what's happened to you!" But poor Dick lay silent and still!

THE TARZAN TWINS -:- By Edgar Rice Burroughs

New Dangers Threaten

After a few moments Dick stirred slightly, then suddenly sat bolt upright. "The lion!" he whispered tensely; "where's the lion?" "I heard him running away," Doc replied; "for a minute, when you didn't answer me, I thought sure he'd got you. Oh, boy!"

"He almost got me," Dick replied; "I put out my spear. The lion leaped. He hit me and knocked me down, but I don't understand why he kept going. Let's get away quick before he comes back." "We can get up into the tree now," said Doc; "I've found a way to do it."

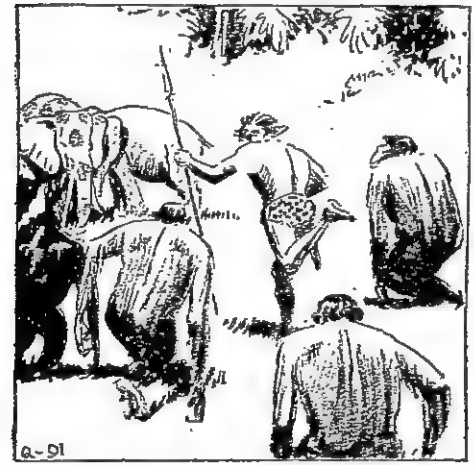
Dick's sound, athletic body enabled him to recover quickly from the lion's knockout blow, and Doc led him to a small tree growing near the big one. This they climbed until they were able to grasp the branches of the jungle giant and perch themselves comfortably.

By shouting they soon located Ukundo and Bulala in a nearby tree, and a short discussion produced the decision that they remain where they were until morning. "Anyway, no lions can get us here," said Doc; "they can't climb trees." "Panthers can!" Dick replied grimly.

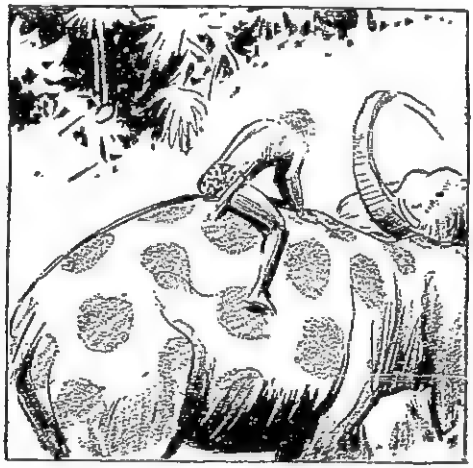
Tarzan Battles Gudah

Dick and Doe took turn about snatching short naps, for they decided that one of them must be constantly alert during the long jungle night. They were safe from marauding lions, but there were other savage beasts, such as panthers, which could climb the tree.

Morning came at last with its welcome, inspiring light. Ukundo urged them to descend and continue their flight. "Must go hurry!" the pygmy exclaimed; "pretty soon Galla Galla come with many warriors. They catch us, and this time finish us for sure!" . . .

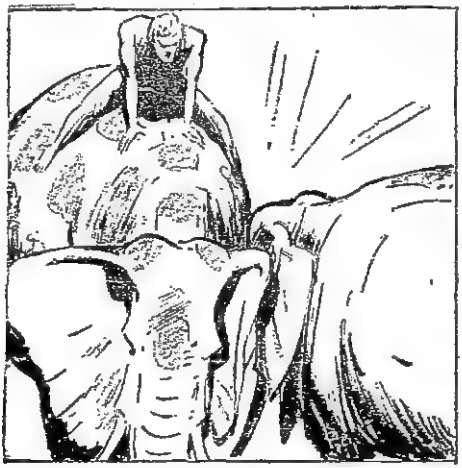


. . . Though the Tarzan twins were thinking solely of evading a pursuing fate, the intrepid Tarzan was hurling a new challenge into the very teeth of death. With seeming recklessness he was leading his warrior apes in a desperate attack on Gudah, the mad elephant.



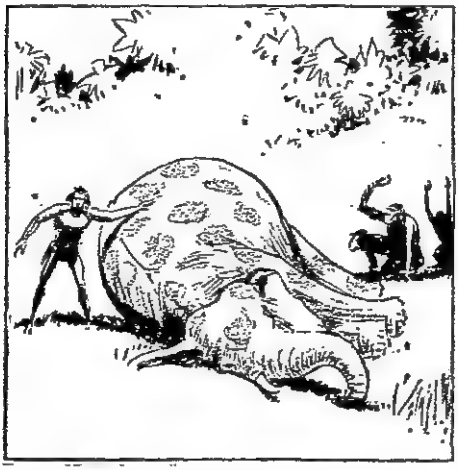
To distract Gudah's attention so that Tantor, the friendly elephant, might strike a mortal blow, Tarzan leaped to Gudah's back. What was more, the valiant ape-man crept slowly toward Gudah's head, as if inviting the demoniac beast to seize him in that mighty trunk!

Gudah Dies

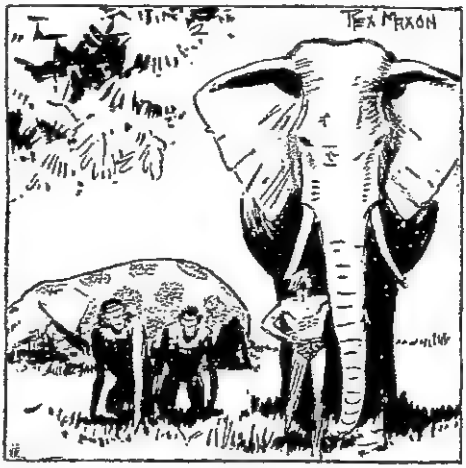


While his ape allies swarmed around Gudah, Tarzan was creeping slowly toward the mad beat's head. Any onlooker would have judged that Tarzan's venturesome enterprise was leading him straight to the jaws of death, for soon he was within reach of Gudah's trunk.

Suddenly Gudah swung his trunk to grasp him. It was the move Tarzan had invited. The ape-man slid back. And in that moment when Gudah's whole attention was on the man-thing, Tantor plunged forward and drove his sharp tusks into the mad elephant's body!



Gudah gave vent to a terrible shriek of pain and rage. Then, with a tremendous surge of strength, he lunged at Tantor. But that burst of energy was his last. Tantor had struck him a fatal blow. The once-mighty Gudah fell forward, rolled over—and was still!



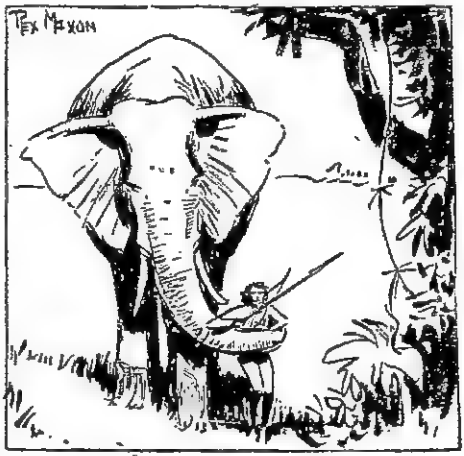
Thus died Gudah, mad guardian of the Vale of Death, conqueror of men and beasts—conquered at last by the gentle Tantor with the aid of his friend, Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. But the ape-man's task was not yet done. The Tarzan Twins were still in peril!

Search Resumed

Tarzan's ape allies gazed long at the carcass of the dead Gudah, who had been their enemy. Then Maktah, their leader, said solemnly: "Mighty was Gudah; Gudah is dead. Tantor struck, but Tarzan truly did the deed. Mighty is Tarzan; Tarzan lives."

The ape-band grunted approval of this simple observation, which had cost Maktah much painful thought. Nor did wise old Tantor fail to recognize that Tarzan's strategy had allowed his triumph over Gudah. But Tarzan's mind was filled with thoughts of the Tarzan Twins.

He asked the apes if they perchance had seen the two young tarmangani, but they could give him no clue. So, with a gentle, thankful pat for Tantor, the ape-man started once more across the dismal valley toward the jungle, limping painfully on his injured foot.



He had not gone far when Tantor paced up behind him, fondly twirled his trunk around the man-thing and lifted him to his broad back. Then, under Tarzan's direction, Tantor plunged into the forest, where the ape-man was to risk his life again to save Dick and Doc.

Lion Tail Trophy

Deep in the gloomy forest, Tarzan, astride Tantor, encountered Muviro, leader of his faithful Waziri warriors. They had found no trace of the Tarzan Twins, though, as Muviro said: "We have searched for the young bwanas as though they were our own brothers." . . .

. . . While Dick and Doc were preparing to resume their jungle trek, Dick insisted on looking for the spear which he had thrust haphazardly at the lion the night before. They had not searched long before their eyes fell upon the body of a great, black-maned lion.

From the beast's body protruded the missing weapon. "Gee!" exclaimed Doc; "you killed him. You killed a lion!" True enough, Dick's chance thrust had impaled the carnivore, which evidently had driven the spear into its heart in its mad efforts to dislodge the weapon.

"Golly, I'd like to take him along," said Dick; "just the head even." "Cut off the tail," suggested Doc; "that's about all you'll feel like carrying after a while." So Dick took the tail as a trophy, and the boys resumed their flight—which was soon to be halted!

Twins Pursued

The flight of the four fugitives from the Bagalla cannibals was slow indeed. Ukundo and Bulala, swift men of the jungle, had to slacken their pace so that Dick and Doc might keep up with them, for the boys had been seriously weakened by their captivity and vile food.

They were already tired and hungry before the day had fully dawned. Their bare feet, sore and bleeding, tramped painfully along dim trails. And the naked flesh of their bodies was torn and scratched by the cruel thorns that seemed to reach out to seize them. . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Tarzan, mounted on Tantor the elephant, directed his Waziri warriors in a frantic search for the boys. Through their alert eyes, he scoured vast sections of the gloomy forest; and their many feet were as his own in traveling many trails. . . .

. . . But the searchers had not yet reached that territory through which the Bagalla pursued the hapless Tarzan Twins. These fleet cannibals suffered no handicaps of weakness or tender flesh. And their savage lust was fuel to their powerful muscles.

Twins Trapped

The leader of the pursuing cannibals stopped suddenly. His keen eyes had detected fresh blood on a leaf. Ah, the tender feet of the white boys had passed this way. The warrior nodded. "Tonight," he said, "they shall be boiling in our cooking pots!" . . .

. . . Two hours later, Dick and Doc, with their two black comrades, emerged into open, grassy country, where traveling was easier. The boys' spirits were refreshed now that they were out of the dismal jungle, which had exercised a depressing effect on them for days.

Once more in the bright sunlight, the boys stepped along jauntily. Doc drew a deep breath. "Gee!" he exclaimed; "It's just like the beginning of a long vacation." The usually pessimistic Dick shared these sentiments. "I know we're going to be all right now."

At that very instant, without warning, three score Bagalla warriors leaped from ambush all around them, their painted faces hideous with fiendish eagerness. The four fugitives looked about in horrified consternation. They were trapped—completely surrounded!

Resistance Useless

When the cannibal warriors leaped out from ambush, the four fugitives were thunderstruck. It was Doc who first recovered his wits. "Shall we fight?" he cried. "Yes!" answered Dick as he turned to his two black comrades and asked: "Will you fight with us?"

"If they capture us, we die," Ukunda replied; "if we fight we die. All same die; but nicer to die by arrow as cooking pot." The giant Bulala nodded agreement, and now the brave little company of four prepared for battle against the three score Bagalla warriors.

Doc fitted an arrow to his bow and shot it at the oncoming blacks, but, sped by an unaccustomed hand, the arrow only described a graceful curve and stuck upright in the ground a few feet from the boy's feet. The warriors shouted in derision and rushed forward.

Then Dick shot, but the string slipped from the notch in the end of the arrow and when he released the missle, it fell at his feet. It was a foregone conclusion that the two white boys and their loyal African comrades could not long resist the cannibals!

Boys Undaunted

While the Tarzan Twins both failed miserably in their efforts to dispatch deadly arrows at the onrushing cannibal band, Ukundo was more adept. The pygmy drew the shaft far back, and when he let it fly it embedded itself in the breast of a shouting Bagalla.

Then the cannibals halted. They danced fiercely and shouted insults at the four. "Why don't they shoot at us?" asked Dick. "They want to take us alive," said Bulala. "Very soon," prophesied Ukundo; "they charge from all around. We kill some, but they take us!"

The pygmy's prediction, however, did not daunt the brave boys. Instead, Dick gave vent to an inspiring battle cry: "Remember Tarzan!" Doc flung away his ineffective bow and stood ready with his spear. "I never did like an old bow and arrow anyway," he said.

Nor were the savages daunted by the pitiful preparations of the resisters. With wild shrieks they closed in. "Here they come!" exclaimed Dick; "good-bye, Doc." "Good-bye, Dick," his cousin replied; "don't let them take you alive." "Poor Mother!" Dick breathed.

Waziri to Rescue

As the four intended victims of the cannibals were making their last stand, Dick suddenly exclaimed: "Golly, here come a million more of the beggars!" Sure enough, from the forest, with plumes waving, came a veritable horde of mighty warriors, savage and grim.

"They not Bagalia!" shouted Ukundo, weeping for joy; "they Waziri, faithful warriors of Tarzan, mighty Lord of the Jungle." Tarzan's Waziri! The boys were speechless with wonder and delight. The Waziri were coming to save them—but Tarzan, alas, was not there.

At sight of Tarzan's company, the ranks of the Bagalia were thrown into confusion. They forgot their prey and thought only of escape. Like frightened rabbits they scurried for the jungle, pursued by the Waziri warriors, who showered arrows and spears among them.

"We're saved! We're saved! I can hardly believe it," exclaimed Dick joyously. At that moment, the two boys were seized suddenly and simultaneously from behind in vise-like grips. Each looked down and saw himself encircled by beastly, terrifying, hairy arms!

Captured by Apes

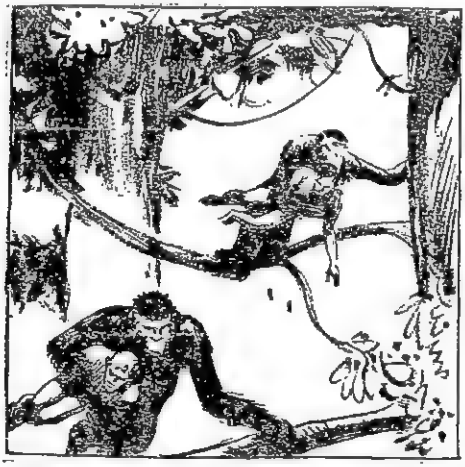
When the boys saw themselves encircled by those hairy arms, they were too frightened to call out. But, had they cried out, no one would have heard, for the Waziri were busy exterminating the cannibals, and Ukundo and Bulala had joined joyfully in that task.

Dick turned his eyes quickly upward and, to his horror, found himself gazing at the frightening visage of a great ape! From his lips issued a low moan, which was his woeful commentary on his fate. He had been saved from cannibals, only to be captured by an ape!

Doc, too, quickly took in the situation, but before either of the boys could even begin to struggle, their ape captors lifted them up and ran across the clearing. At the edge of the jungle both leaped into the trees and swung dizzily through swaying branches.

Doc's imagination raced wildly. He was intrigued by the thought that perhaps he and Dick could live for a time among the apes and become real Tarzans. Then he bethought himself of the dum-dum, that weird, unspeakable ceremony in which the apes kill their captives!

Weird Experience



Despite their fear and horror, Dick and Doc felt a certain exhilaration in flying through the air in the arms of the apes. Many times the boys had thrilled to the spectacular leaps and swings of acrobats in the circus, but no acrobat could perform these flying miracles.

One breath-taking leap followed another, time and again. Often Dick and Doc were certain their ape captors would miss their hair-breadth calculations and plunge swiftly earthward, but their fears were groundless. On and on they sped toward their mysterious destination.

Half the time Dick's heart seemed to be in his mouth. He thought of steep roller-coasters, plunging express elevators, terrifying chute-the-chutes, diving airplanes; but none of them had given him the remarkably thrilling sensation he experienced now.

Then suddenly their captors dropped quickly downward through the trees. Before the boys realized what was happening, the apes landed lightly on the back of an elephant! And there beside them, as if conjured up by some extraordinary magic, stood a strange man.

Safe at Last

"I am Tarzan," the man smiled. The boys looked at him unbelievingly. "We thought you were dead!" Doc stammered. "And I was afraid you might be," the ape-man replied. "I did not think you could survive the dangers of the jungle." Tarzan looked at them proudly.

"From afar I saw your stand against the bagalla. You were brave lads. In the jungle only the brave may live. Fortunately my Waziri warriors were ahead of me and gave you aid in time." Now, with a questioning stare, Doc indicated the apes. Tarzan smiled again.

"They are my friends. They knew I was looking for you, and they took you from the battlefield for fear a stray arrow might strike you. They are your friends, too. And the two blacks who aided you, the pygmy and the big fellow, they shall be rewarded when we reach home."

Beginning MONDAY—

"TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN"

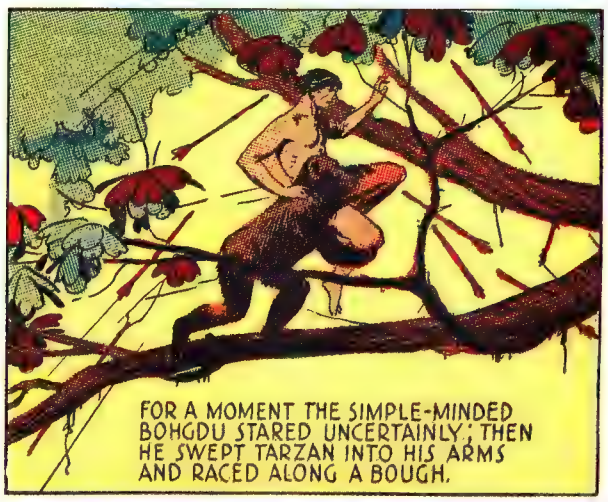
—a new and breathlessly exciting story of the mighty fighter of the jungle—

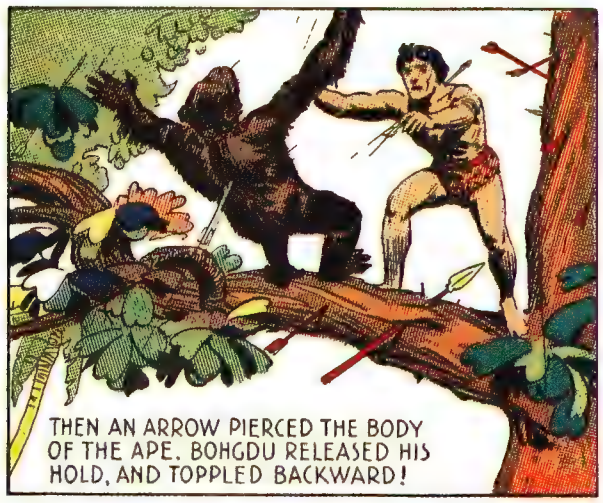
"You boys shall be rewarded, too," said Tarzan; "what would you like most!" "A whole apple pie," Doc replied firmly. Dick grinned: "Perhaps, Cousin Tarzan, he would like some excitement. He was saying the other day that he thought Africa was awfully tame!" The End

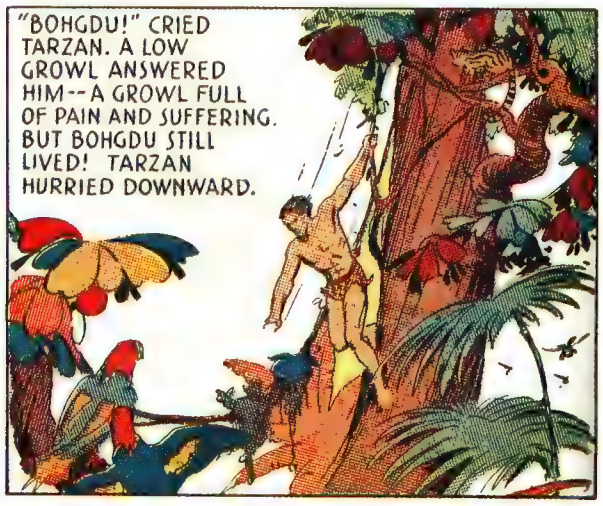
Tarzan

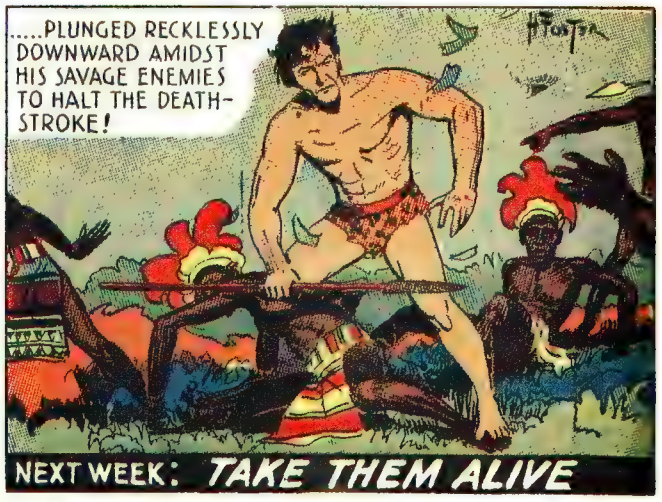
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BOHGDU'S SACRIFICE









NEXT WEEK: *TAKE THEM ALIVE*

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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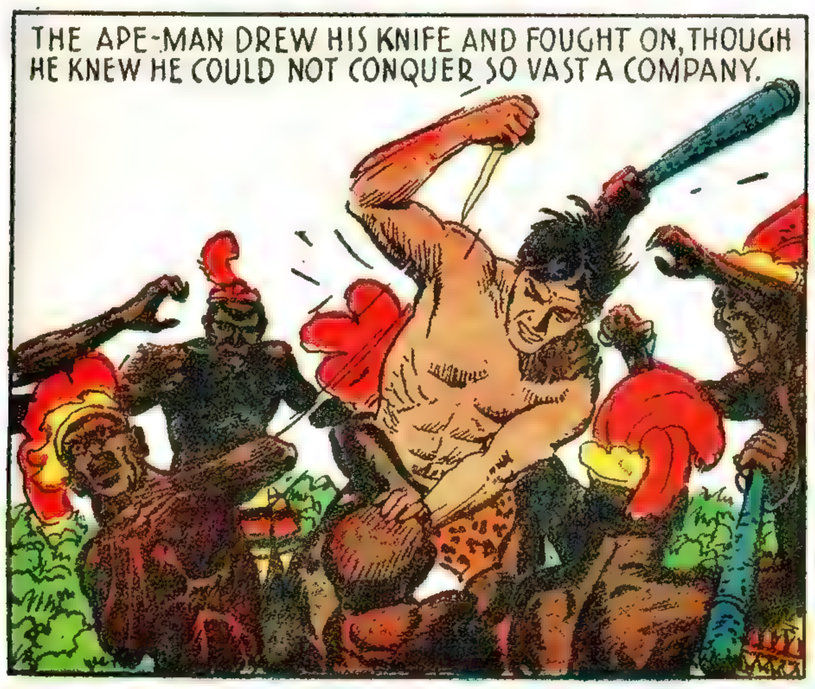
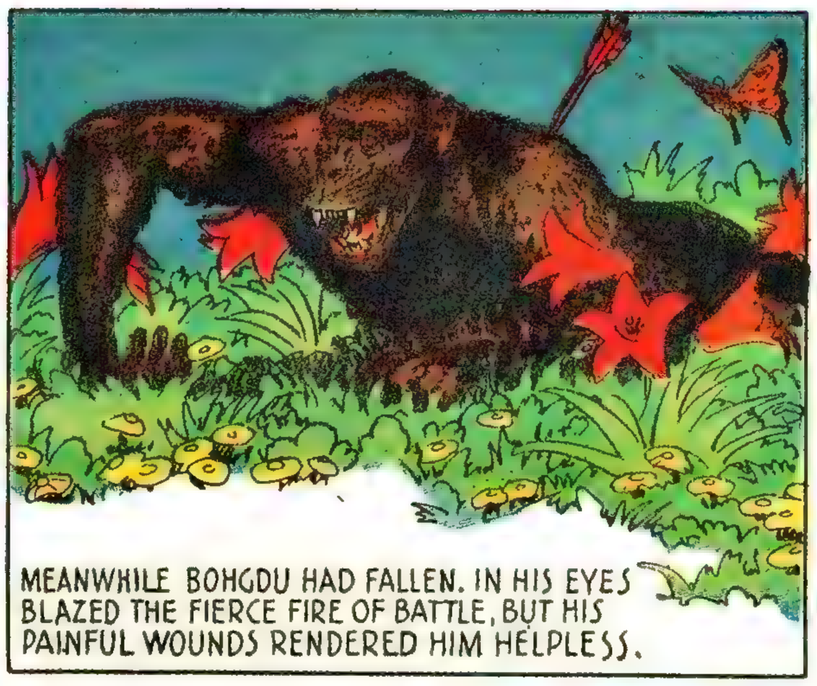
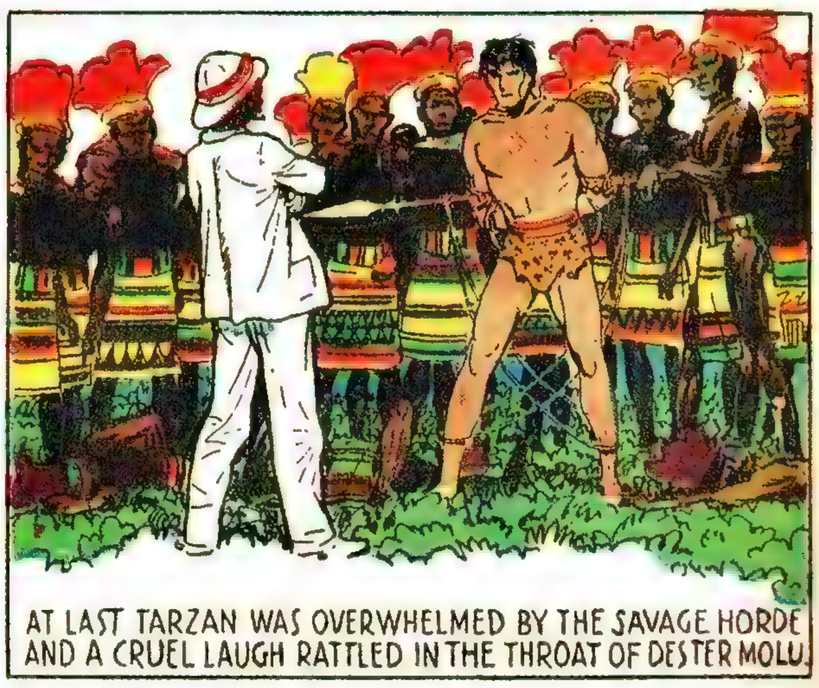
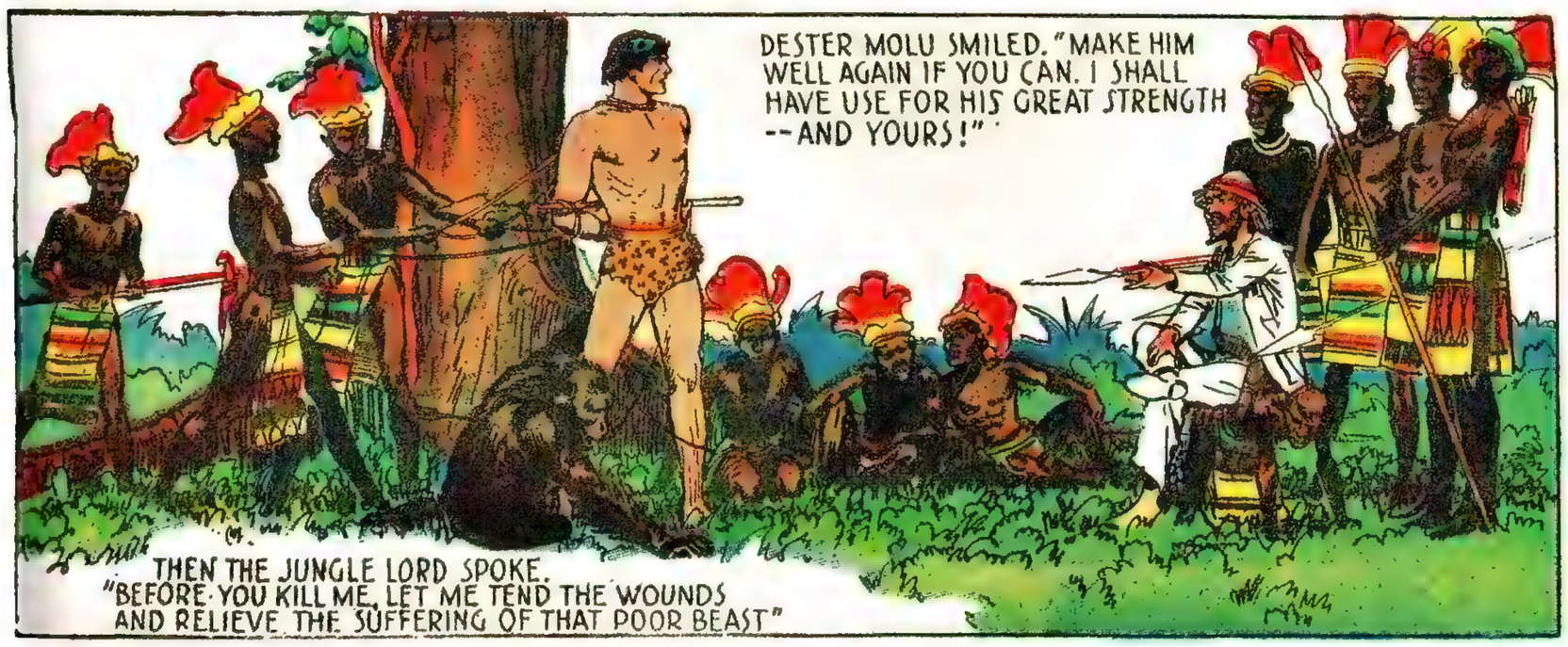
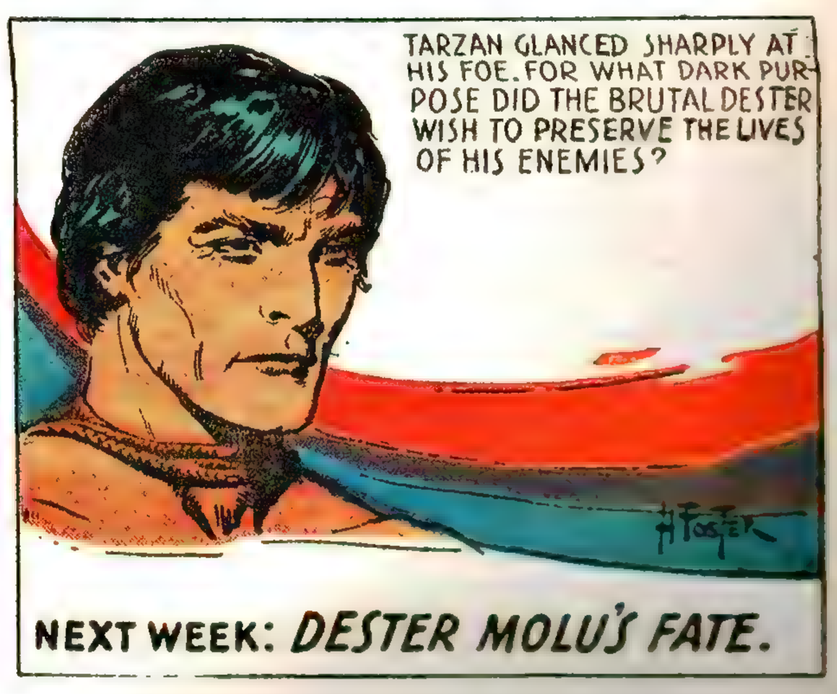
TAKE THEM ALIVE











NEXT WEEK: *DESTER MOLU'S FATE.*

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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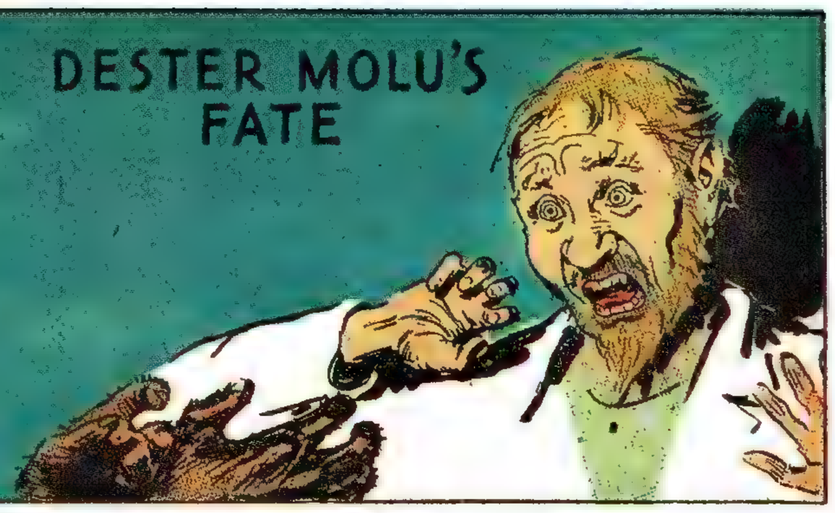
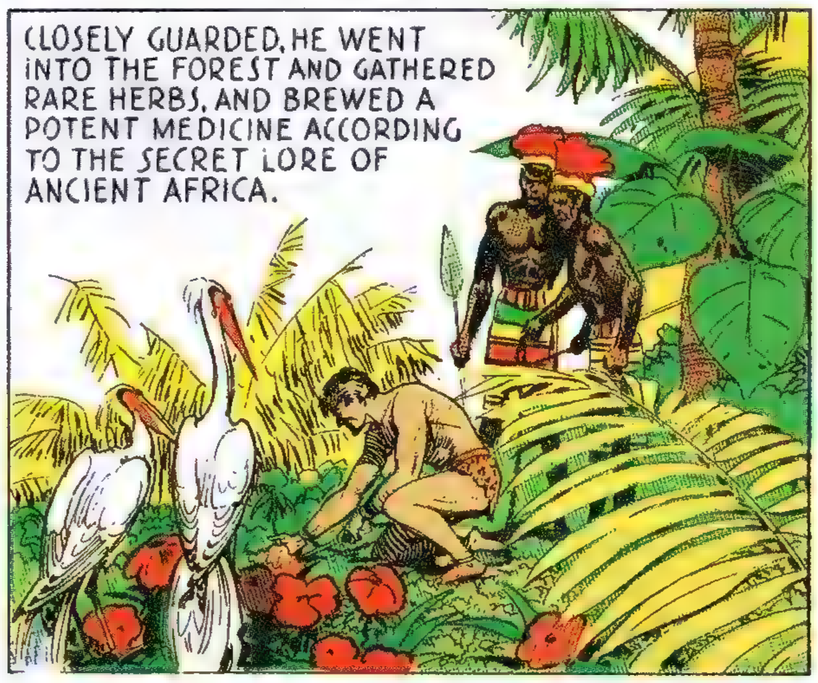
DESTER MOLU'S FATE

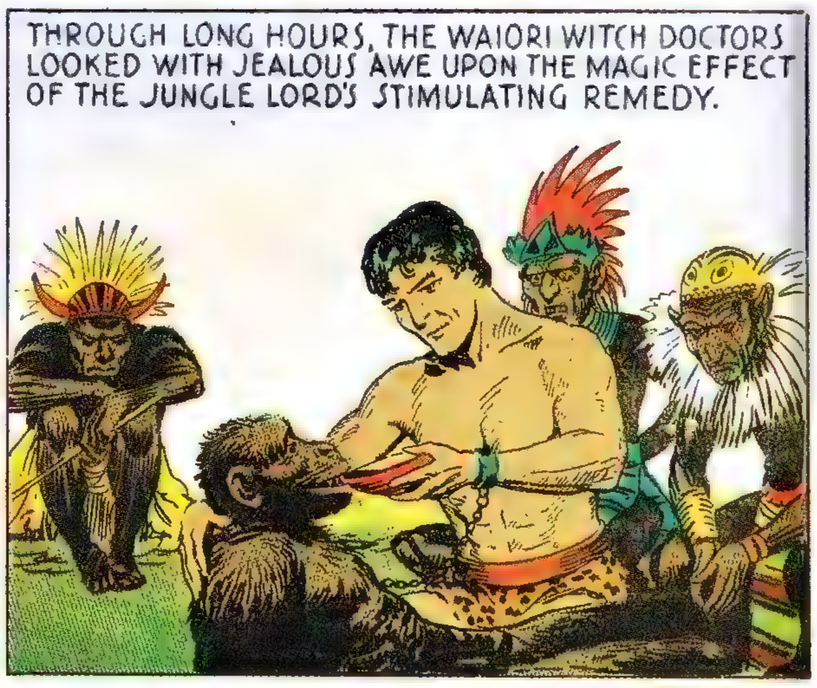


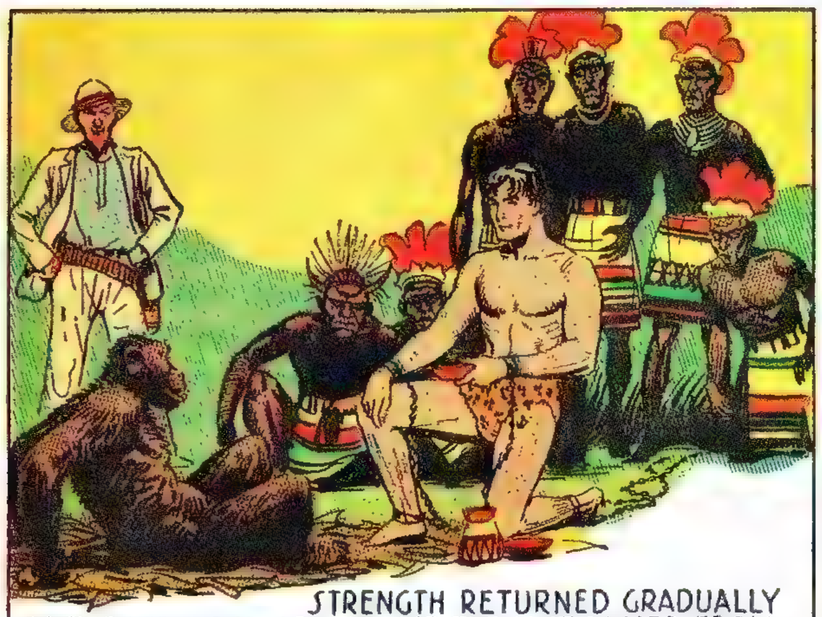
AMID THE WILD BOOM OF DRUMS AND THE JOYOUS SHOUTS OF THE SAVAGES, TARZAN, TIGHTLY BOUND, WAS LED TO A HUT IN THE VILLAGE.

AND THERE THE WOUNDED BOHGDU WAS BORNE ON A LITTER OF BOUGHS. DESTER MOLU GAZED UPON THE DYING BEAST AND SPOKE TO TARZAN.

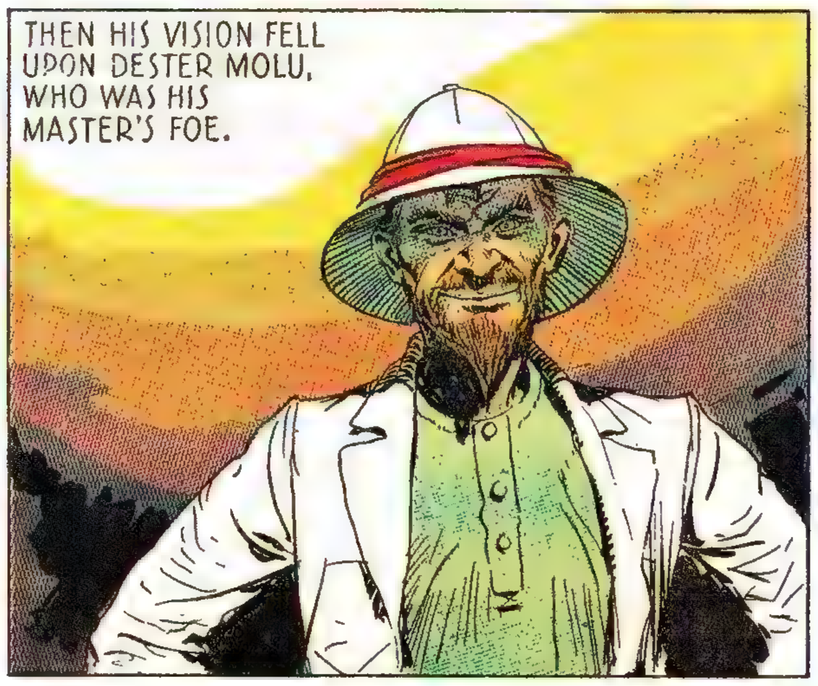
TARZAN IGNORED THE THREAT OF DOOM. HIS ONLY CONCERN WAS TO SOFTEN THE SUFFERING OF HIS FAITHFUL FOLLOWER.







STRENGTH RETURNED GRADUALLY TO THE WOUNDED APE. AT LAST THE MIST PASSED FROM HIS EYES, AND HE BEHELD HIS MASTER--IN CHAINS.



SUDDEN RAGE SEIZED THE FIERCE AND DAUNTLESS BOHGDU. HE SPRANG VIOLENTLY FROM HIS PALLET

HIS GREAT HAIRY PAWS CLUTCHED THE THROAT OF HIS ENEMY. THE MAN'S SPINE SNAPPED LIKE A DRY TWIG!

THE WARRIORS GASPED, THEN STARTED FORWARD. NOW, THOUGHT TARZAN, THEY WOULD CLAIM VENGEANCE FOR THE DEATH OF THE MAN WHO WAS THEIR GOD!

NEXT WEEK: *CONSPIRACY*

203 1-27-35

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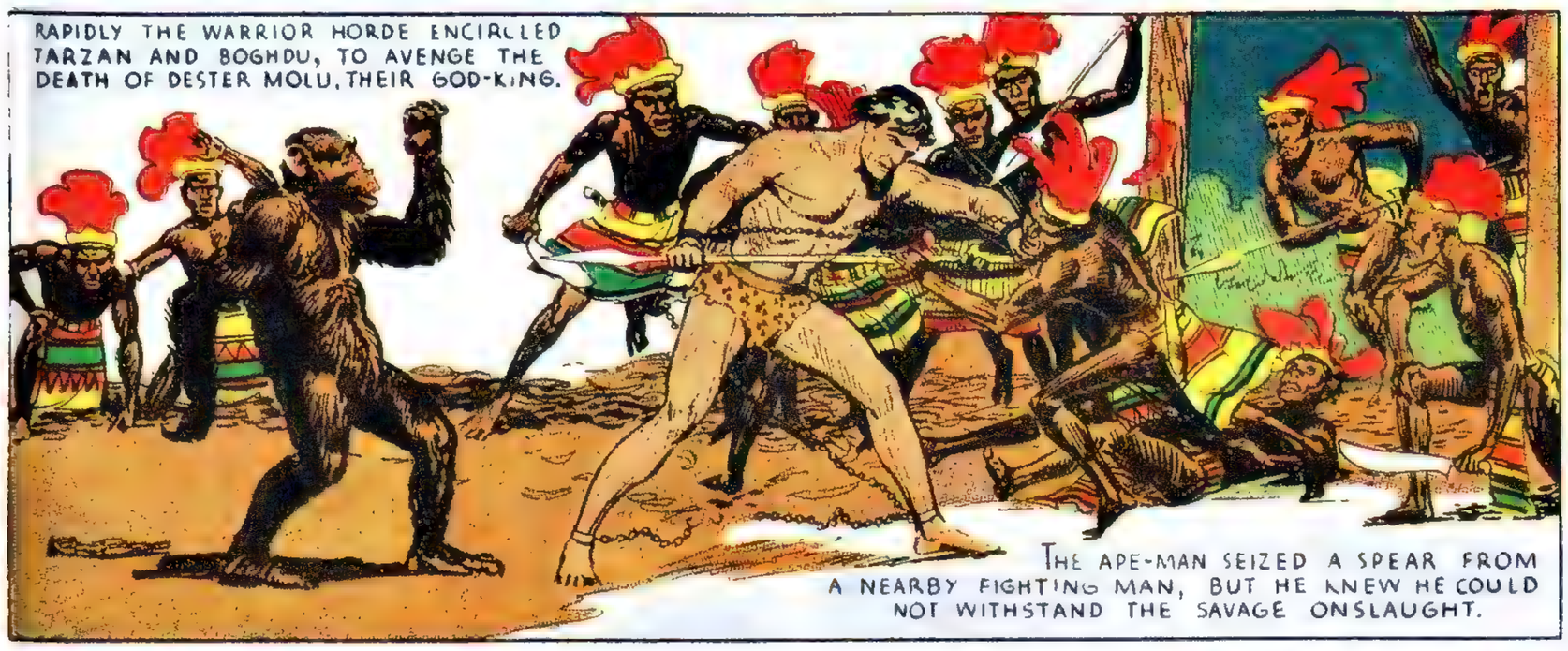
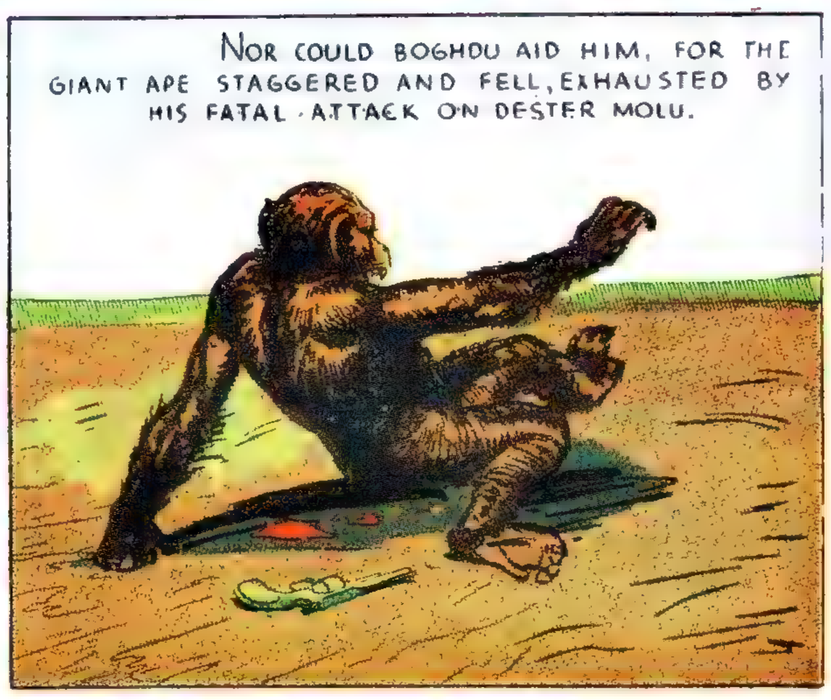
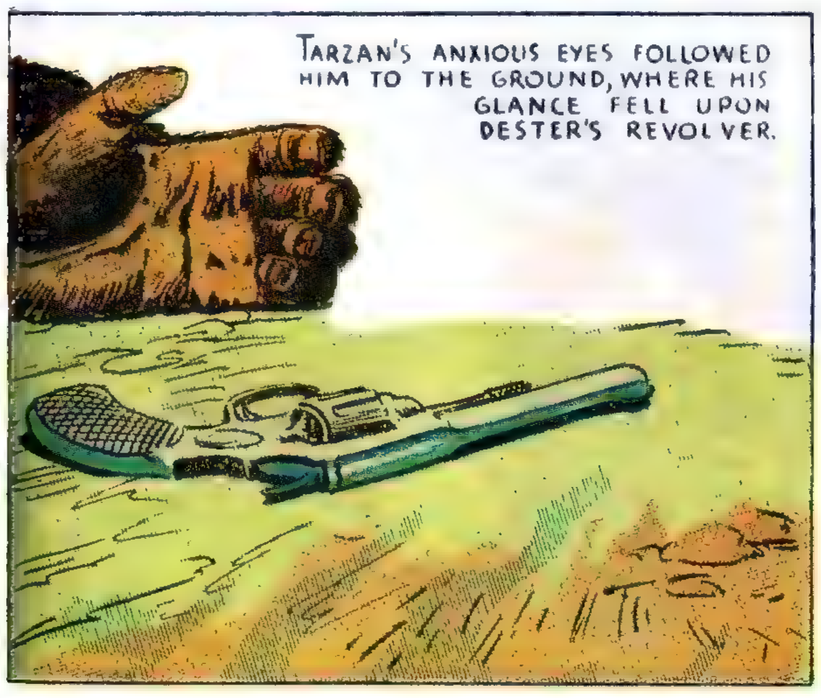
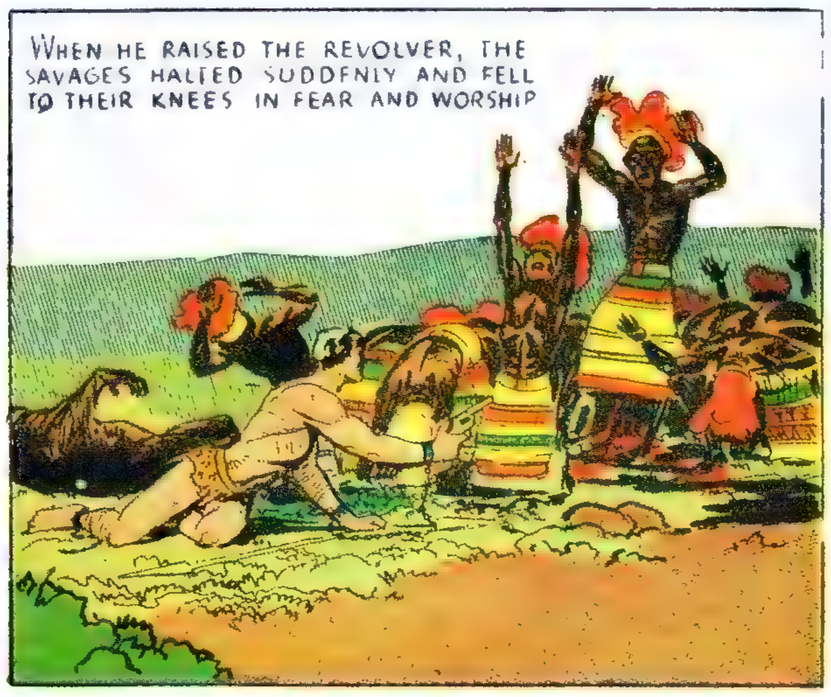
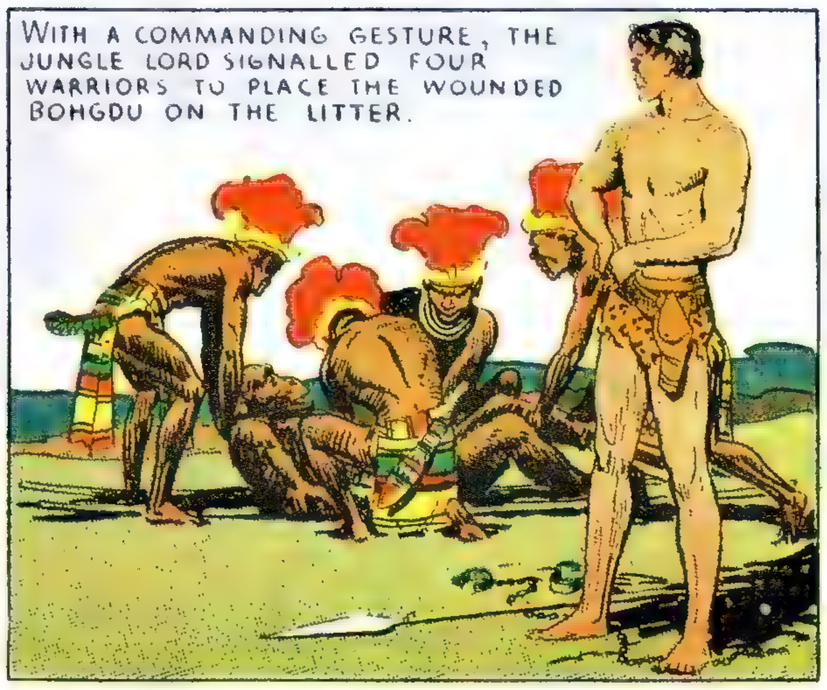
CONSPIRACY

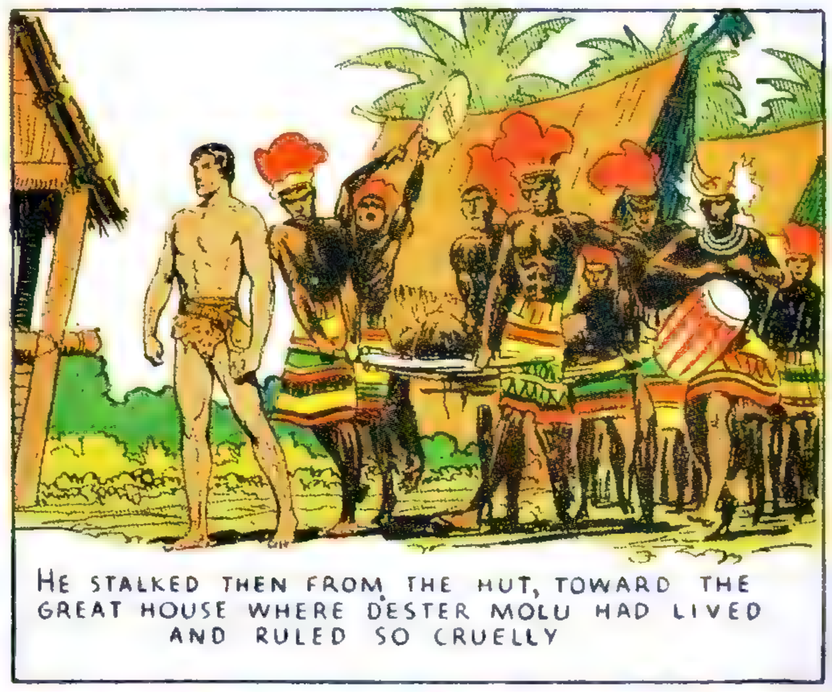












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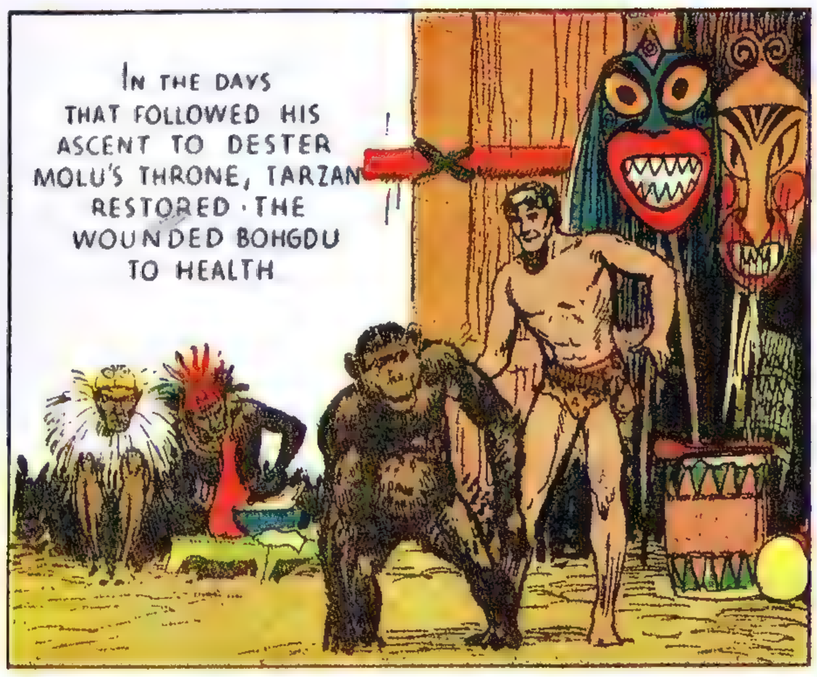
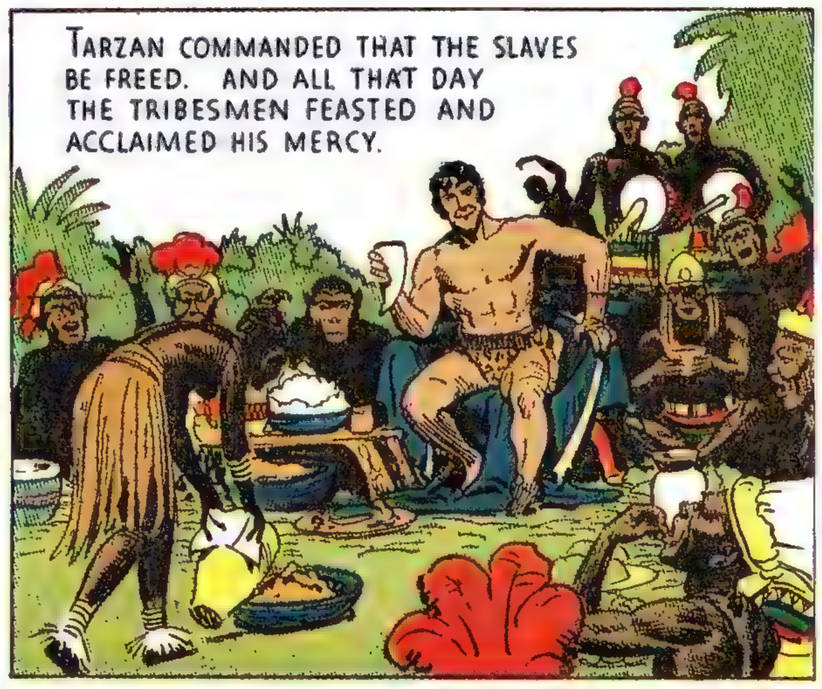
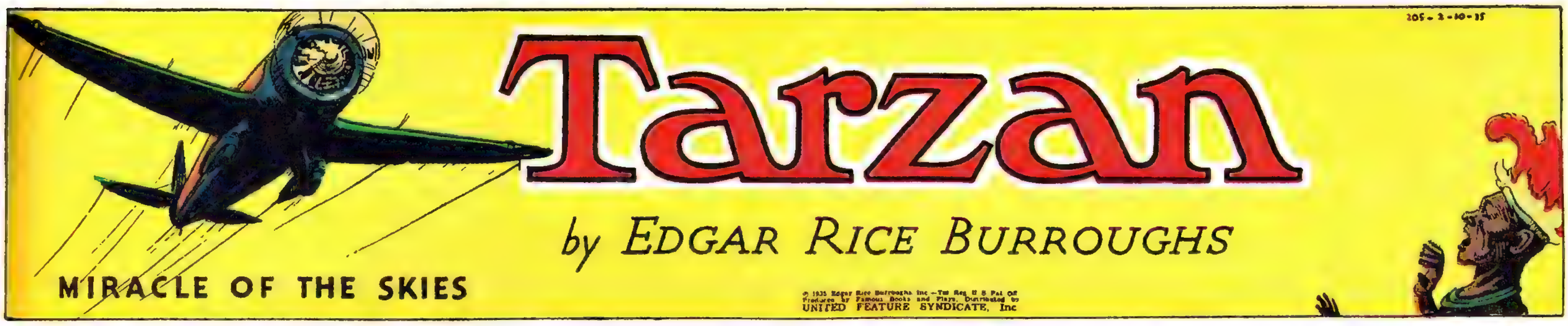
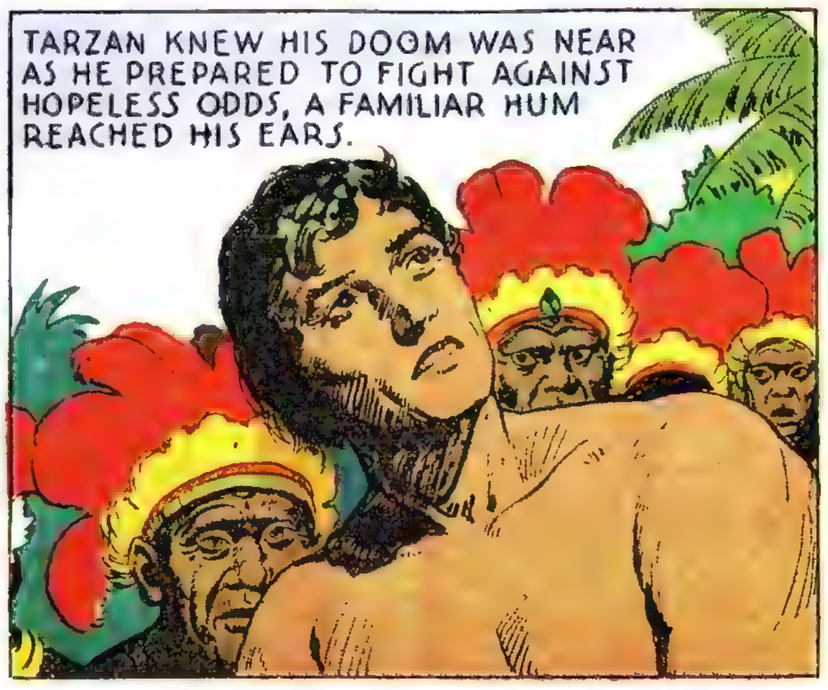
THE DEATH PLOT

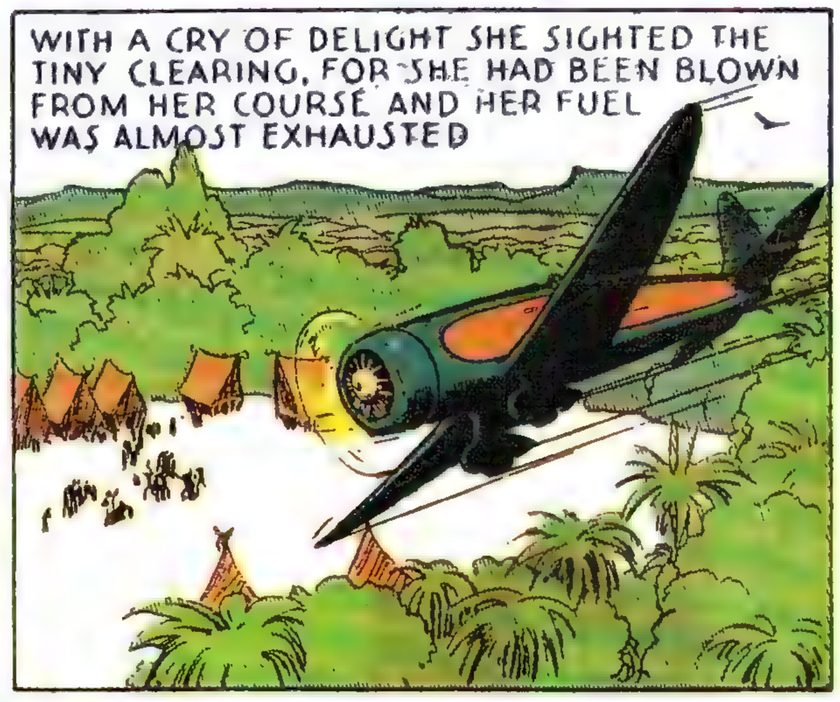


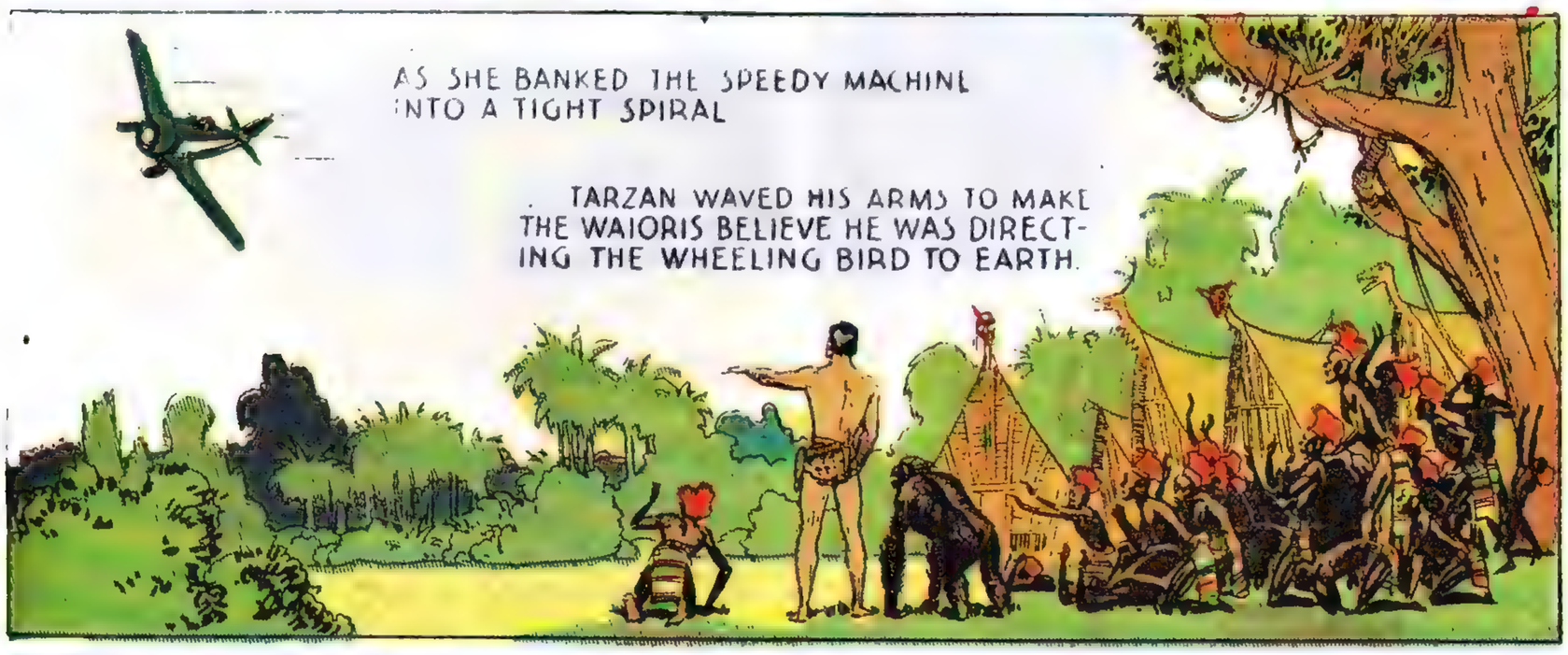


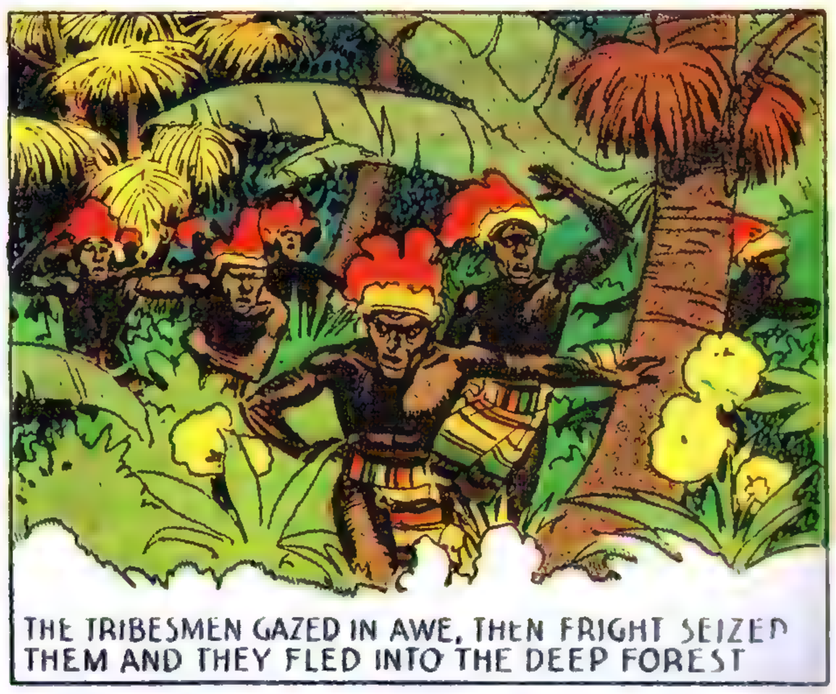
NEXT WEEK: MIRACLE OF THE SKIES

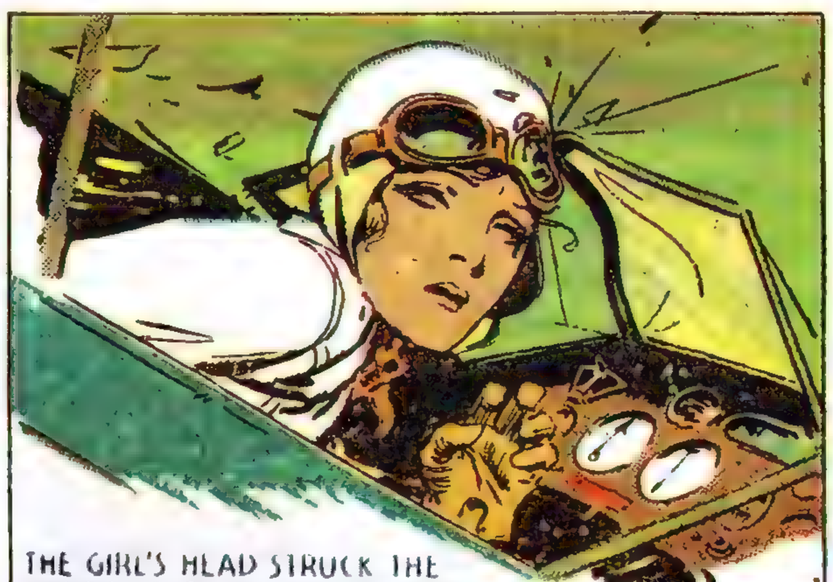


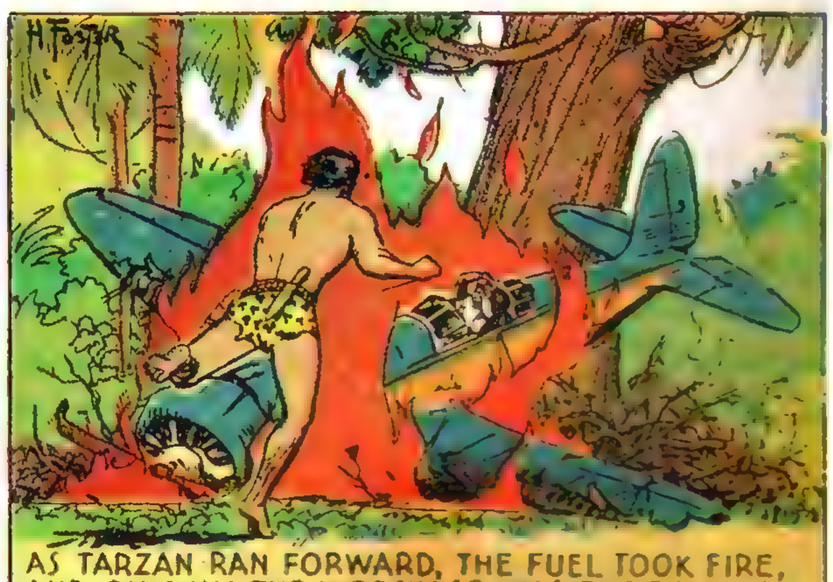












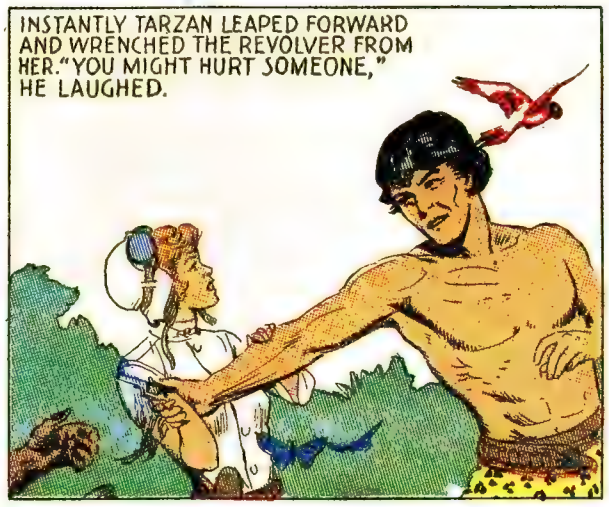
NEXT WEEK: *AN UNEXPECTED FOE*

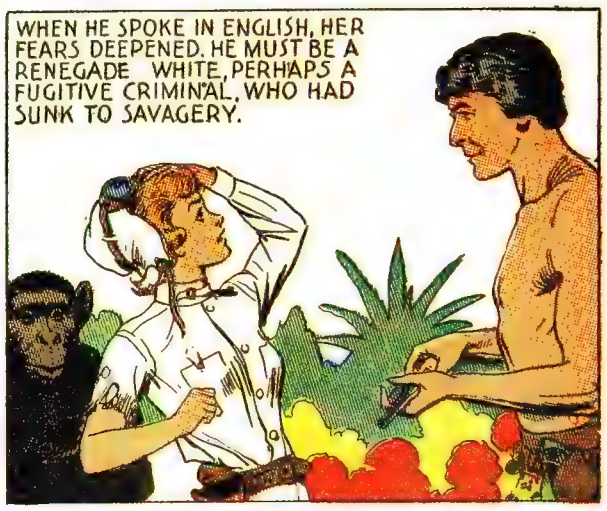
Tarzan
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
AN UNEXPECTED FOE
WHEN TARZAN SAW THE FLAMES ENCIRCLING THE GIRL PILOT, HE VOICED THE APE-CRY OF DISTRESS, AND THE FAITHFUL BOHGDU HURRIED TO HIM.
SHOUTING A COMMAND TO THE APE, TARZAN GRASPED A SPEAR THAT A FLEEING WARRIOR HAD ABANDONED.
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, APE AND APE-MAN SCURRIED UP THE TREE THAT TOWERED ABOVE THE IMPERILED GIRL.
BOHGDU FASTENED HIS LEGS AROUND A BOUGH AND HUNG DOWNWARD, GRIPPING THE SPEAR TIGHTLY IN HIS PAWS, WHILE......
....TARZAN CLIMBED DOWN AND CLUNG BY ONE HAND FROM THE END OF THE SHAFT.
AS BOHGDU SET THE SPEAR TO SWINGING, TARZAN REACHED DOWN AND HAULED THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL FROM THE BLAZING FURNACE.
AND THE MIGHTY APE DREW THEM UP TO SAFETY.
ON EARTH AGAIN, AS TARZAN BORE HER TOWARD A COOL GROVE TO REVIVE HER, THE GIRL SLOWLY OPENED HER EYES.
ALARMED TO FIND HERSELF IN THE ARMS OF A MAN WHO APPEARED TO BE A GIANT SAVAGE, SHE LEAPED FREE.
STILL DAZED BY HER INJURY, AND BELIEVING HERSELF IN GREAT PERIL, SHE DREW HER REVOLVER AND CRIED, "STAND BACK!"
THE MYSTIFIED BOHGDU, CONVINCED THAT HIS MASTER WAS MENACED BY THIS STRANGE WHITE SHE, SPRANG AT HER WITH A WILD ROAR.
H FOSTER
"I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!" THE GIRL SCREAMED--AND HER TREMBLING FOREFINGER PRESSED THE TRIGGER!
NEXT WEEK: THE SAVAGE TIDE

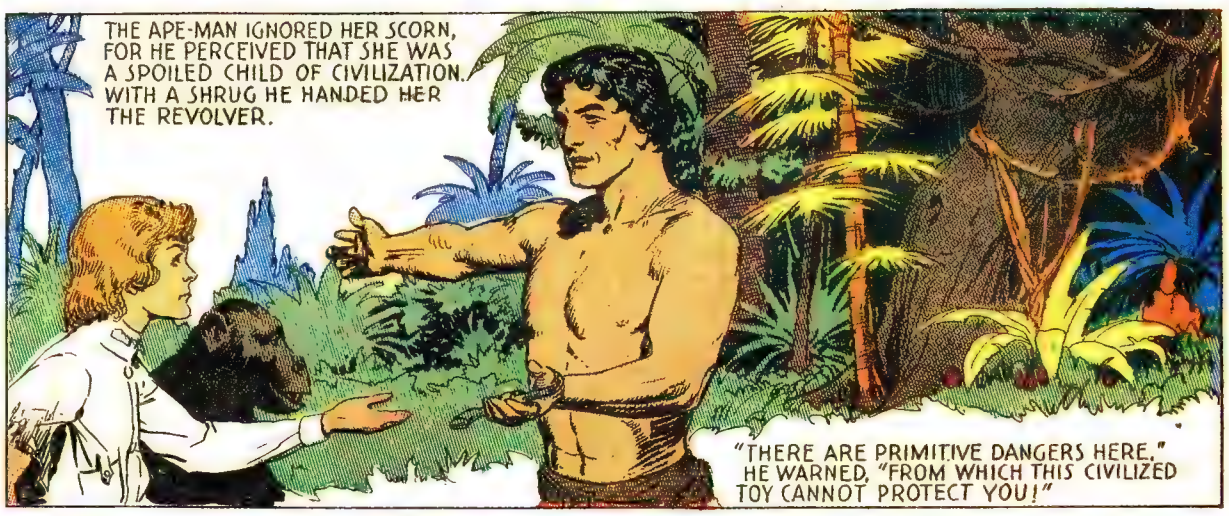
Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE SAVAGE TIDE







NEXT WEEK: JUNGLE MAIDEN

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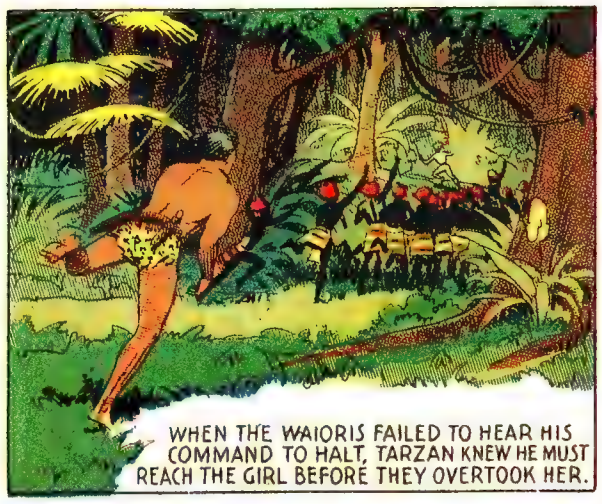

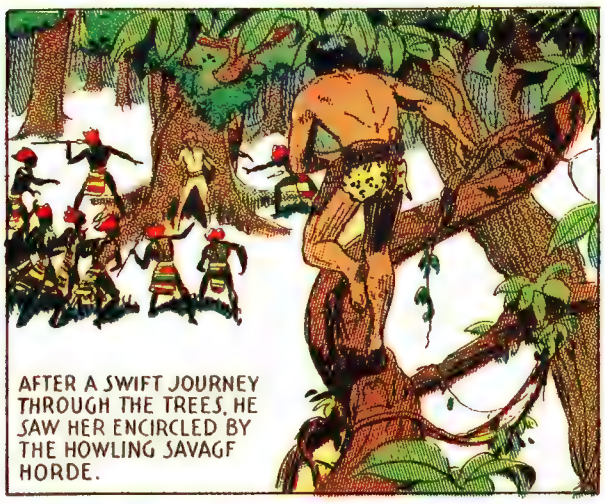

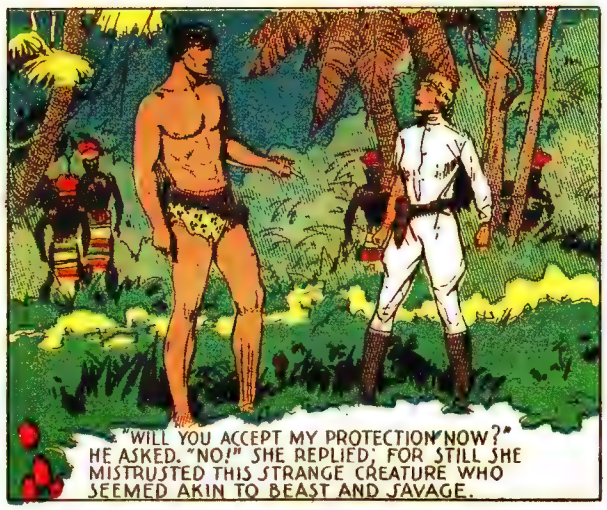

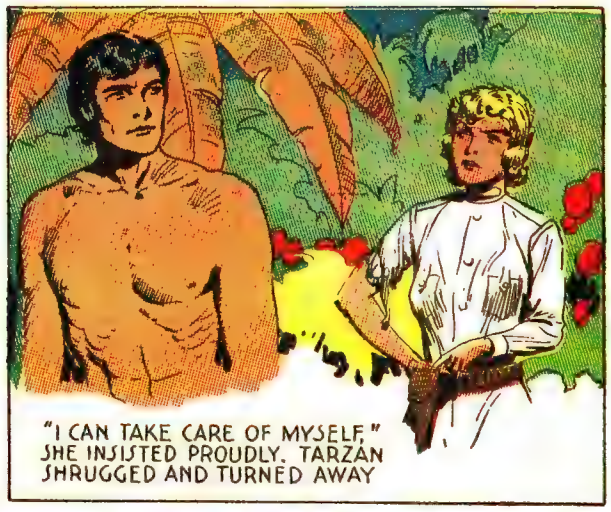

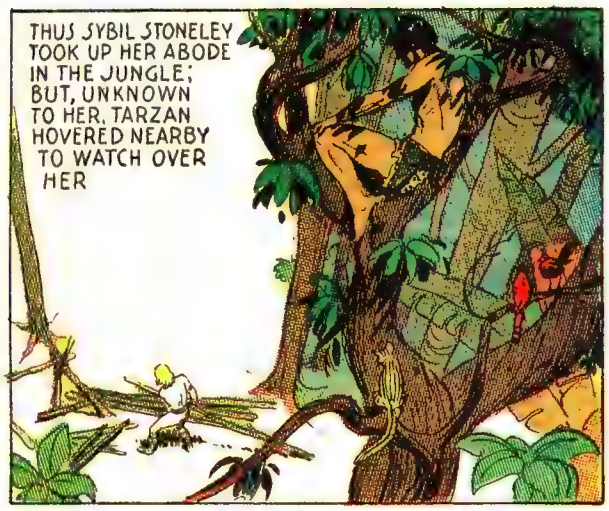

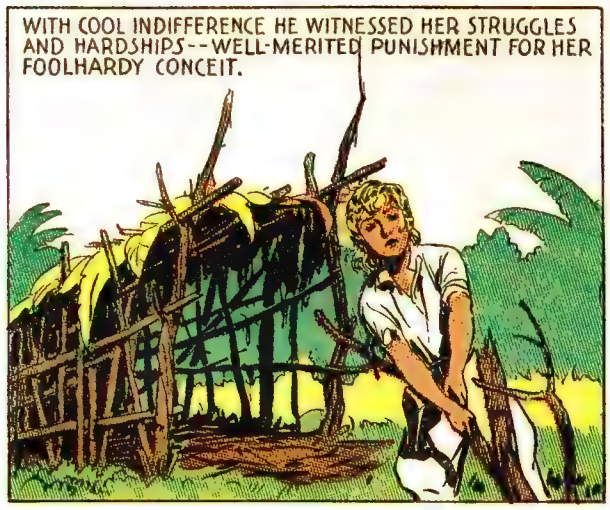

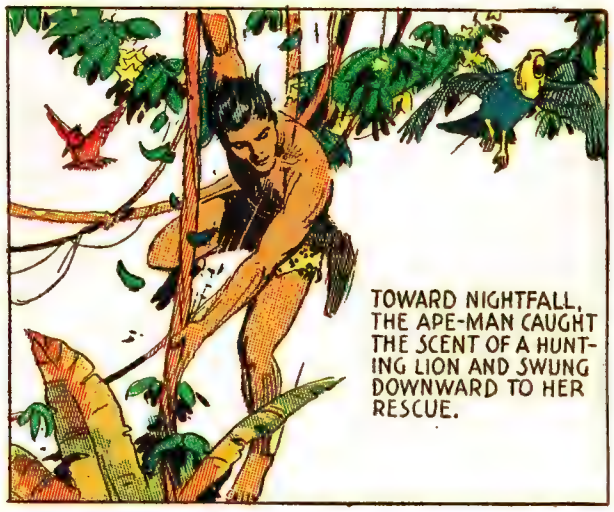

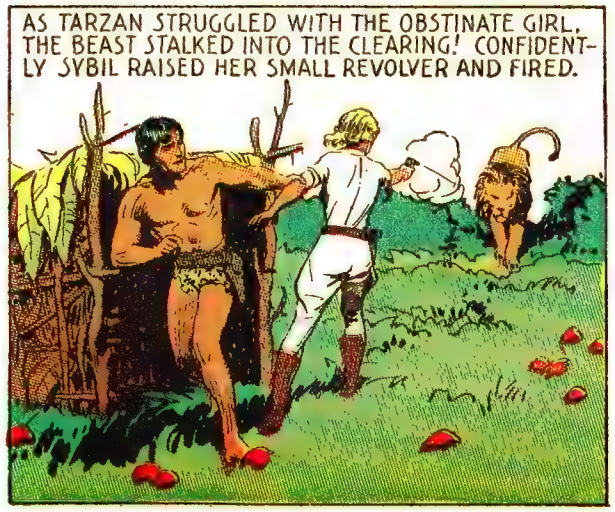

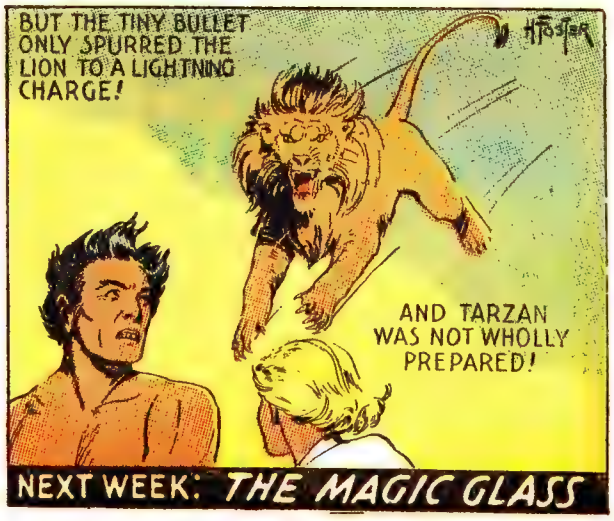

NEXT WEEK: *THE MAGIC GLASS*

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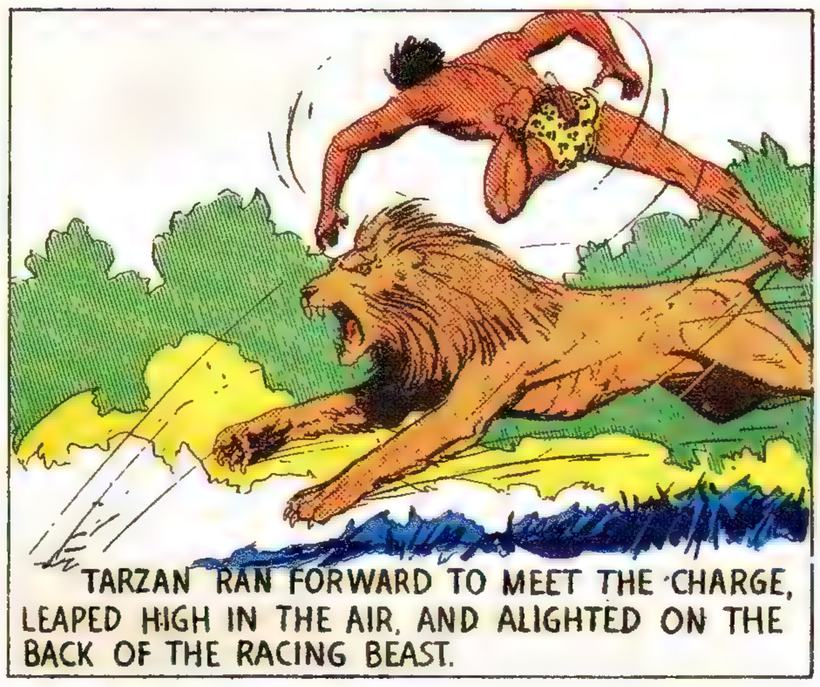
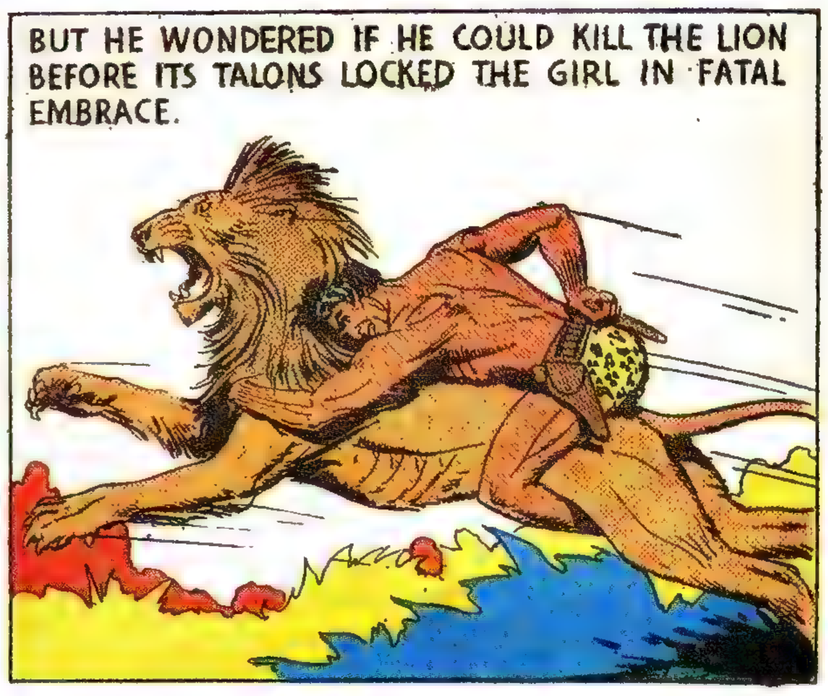
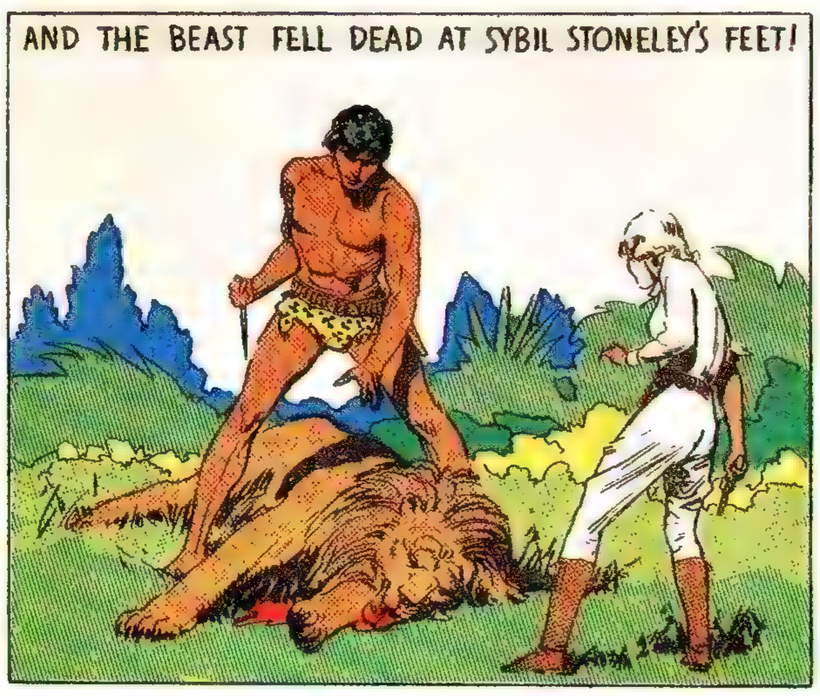
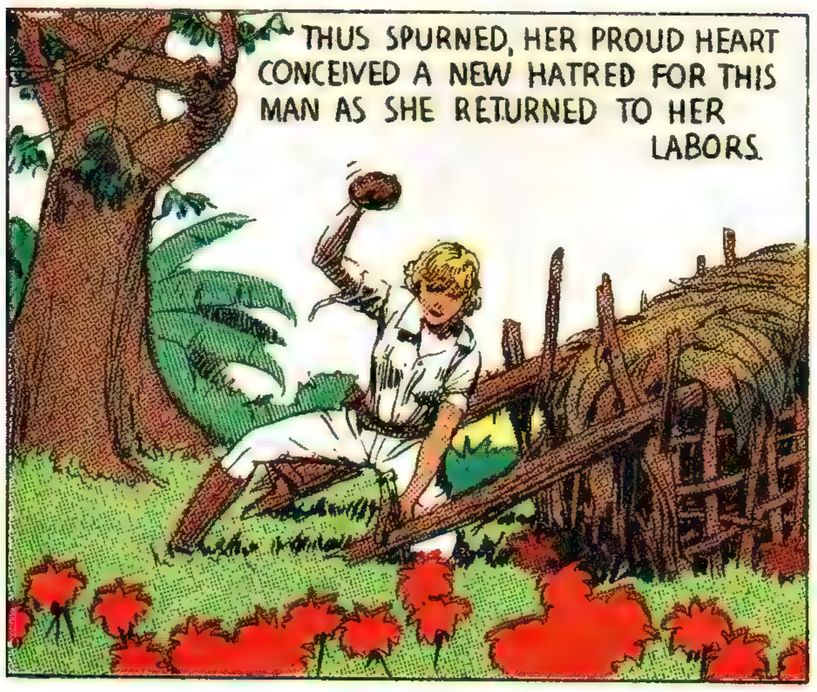
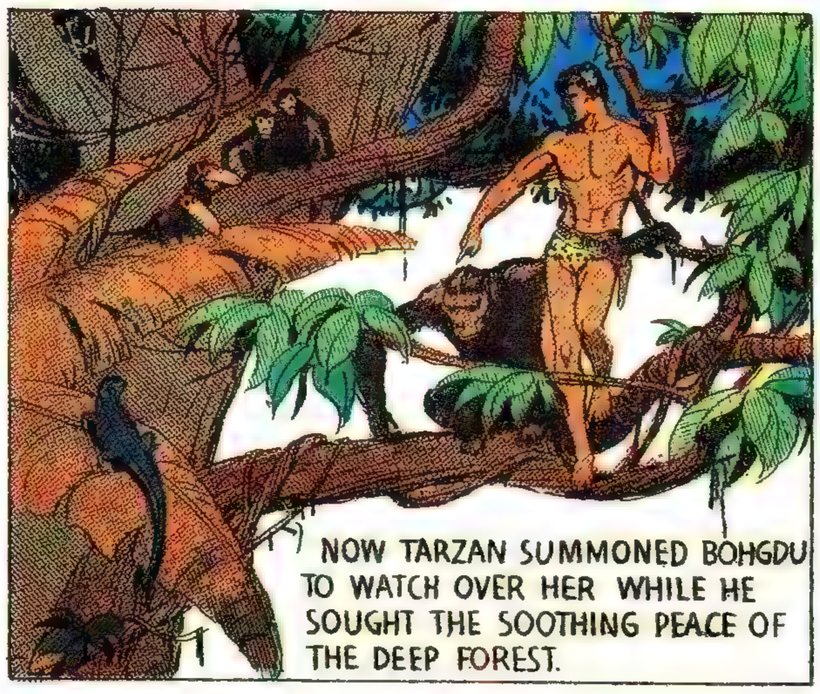
THE MAGIC GLASS

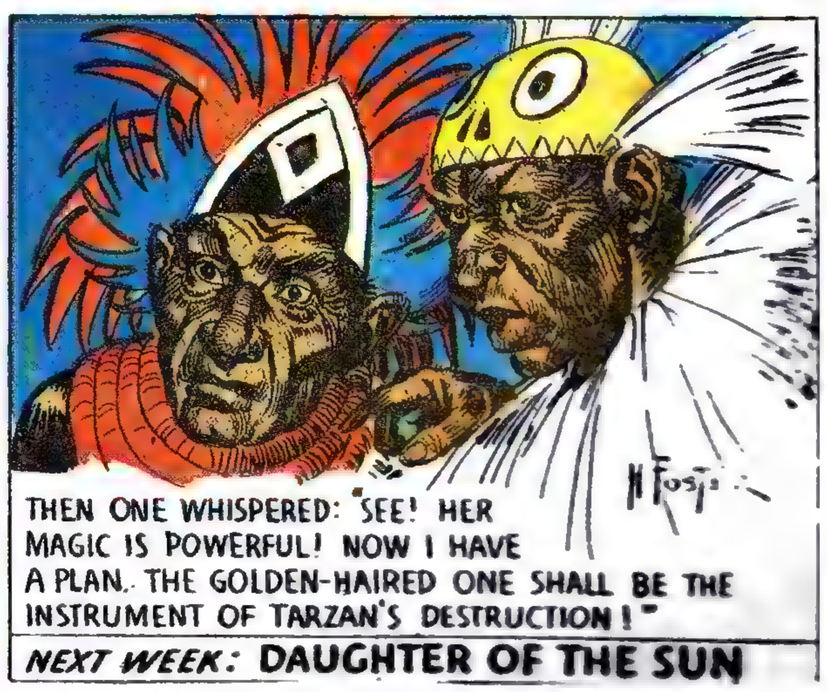












NEXT WEEK: **DAUGHTER OF THE SUN**

Tarzan

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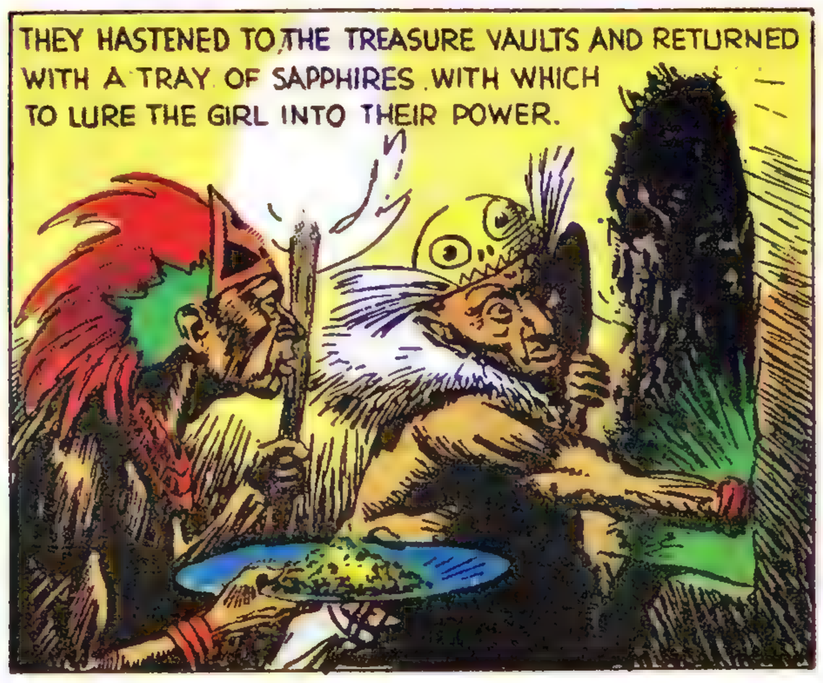
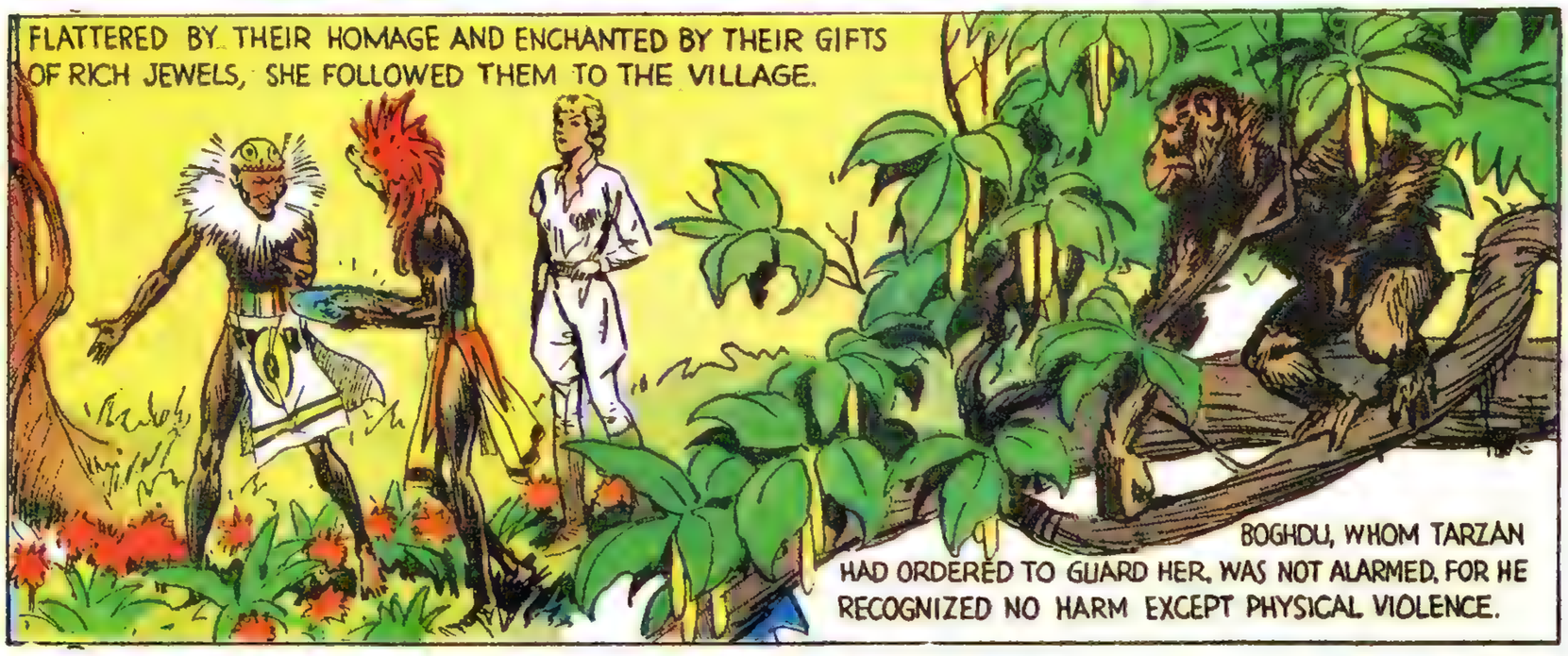
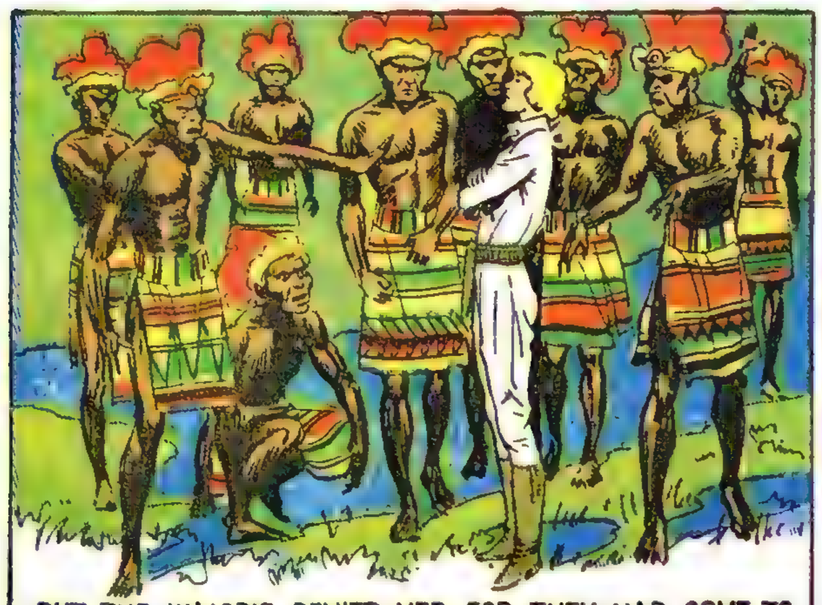
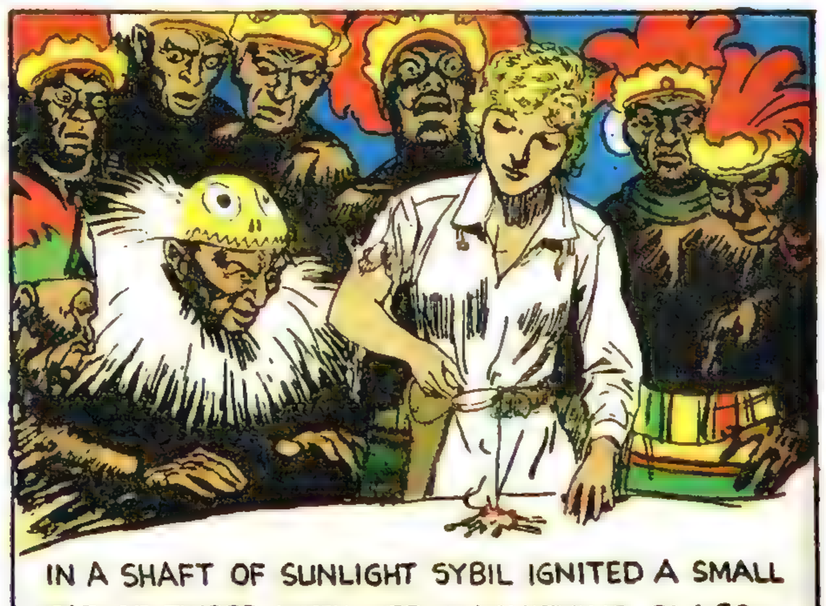
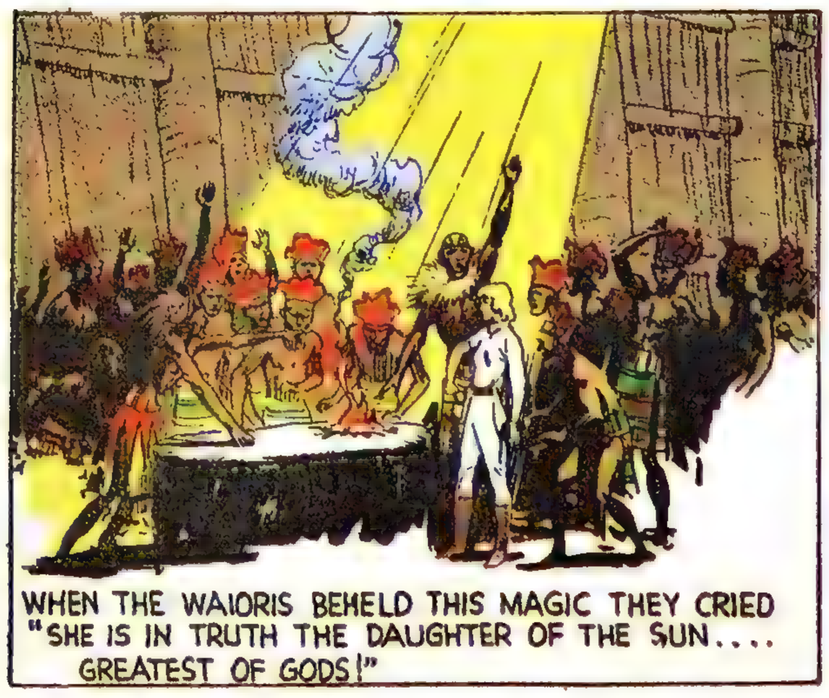
DAUGHTER OF THE SUN









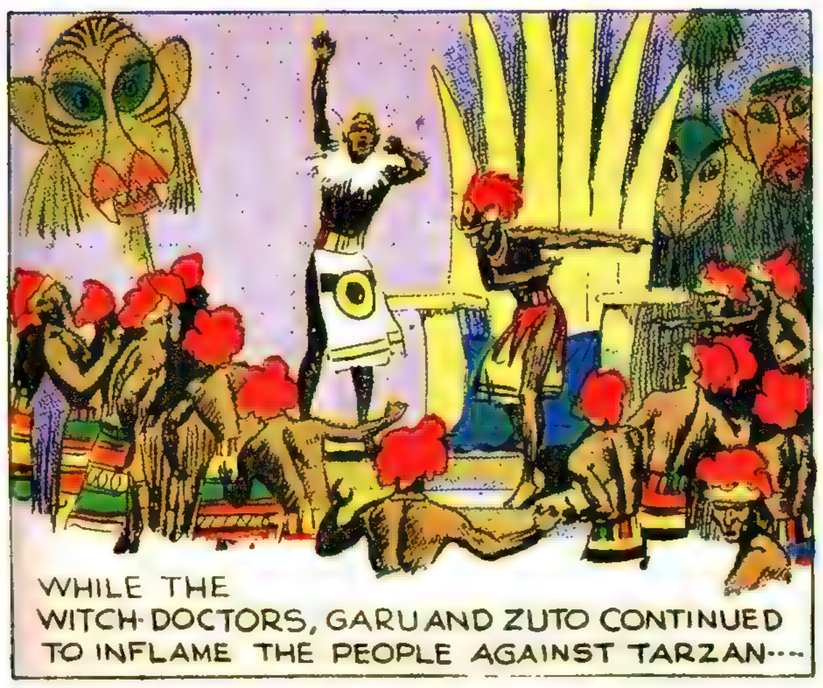


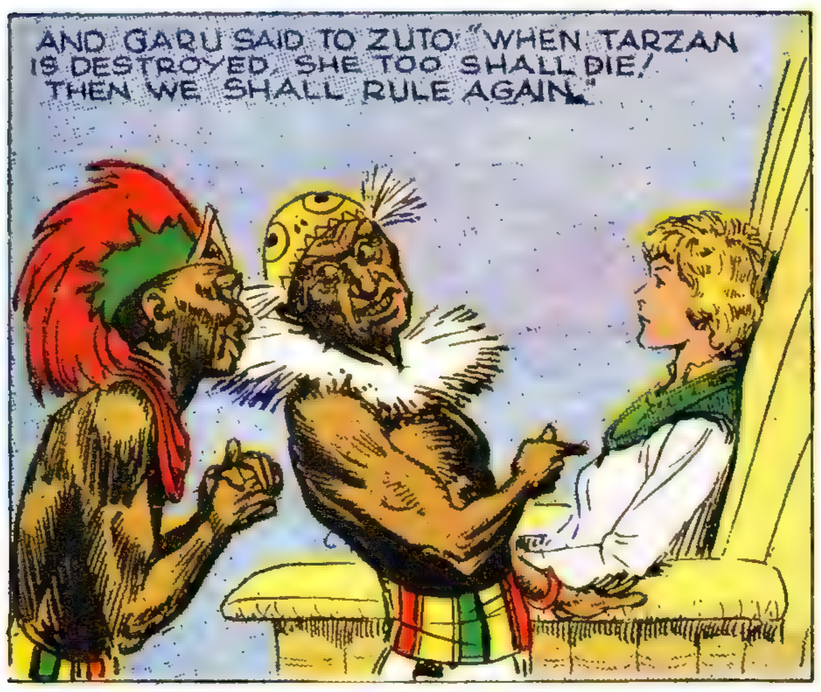
NEXT WEEK: "THE WITCH-DOCTORS' STRATAGEM"

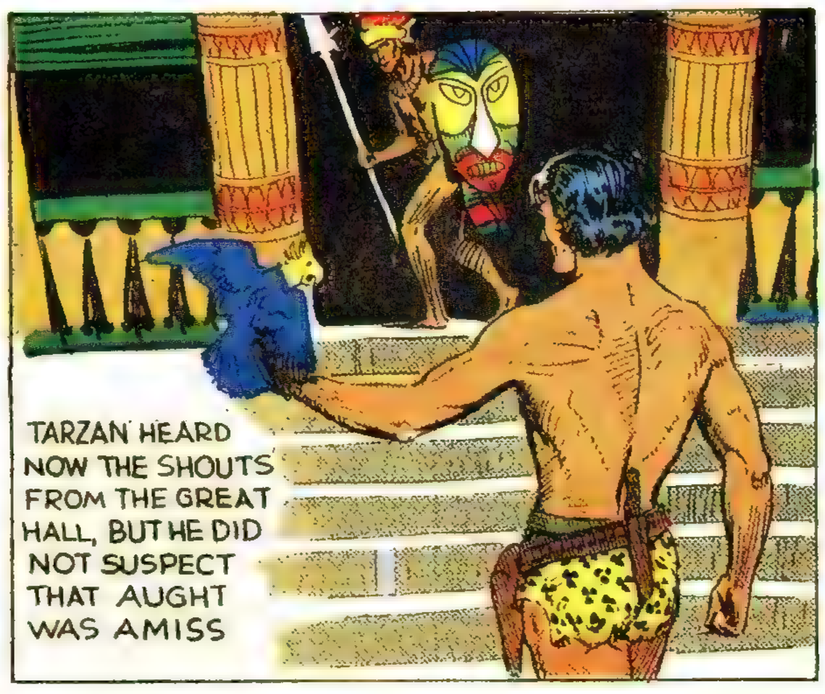
Tarzan

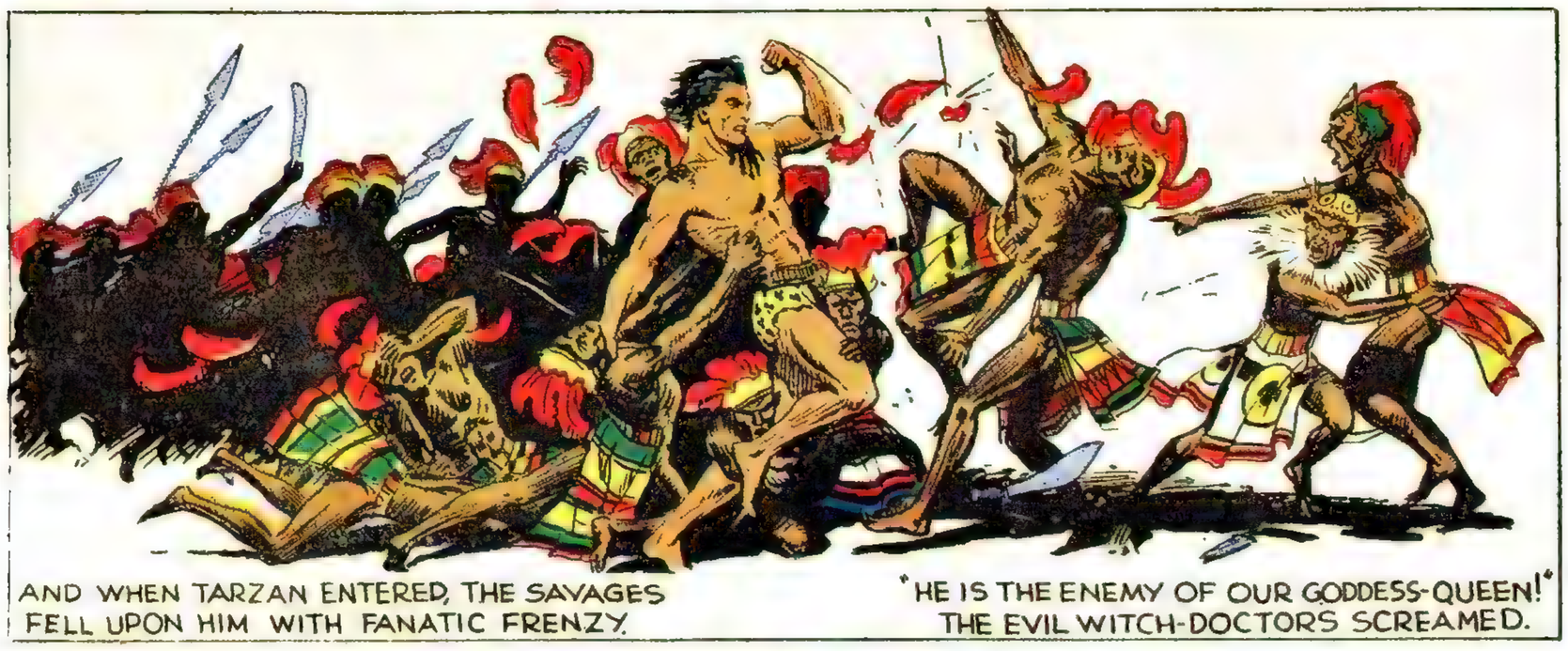
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

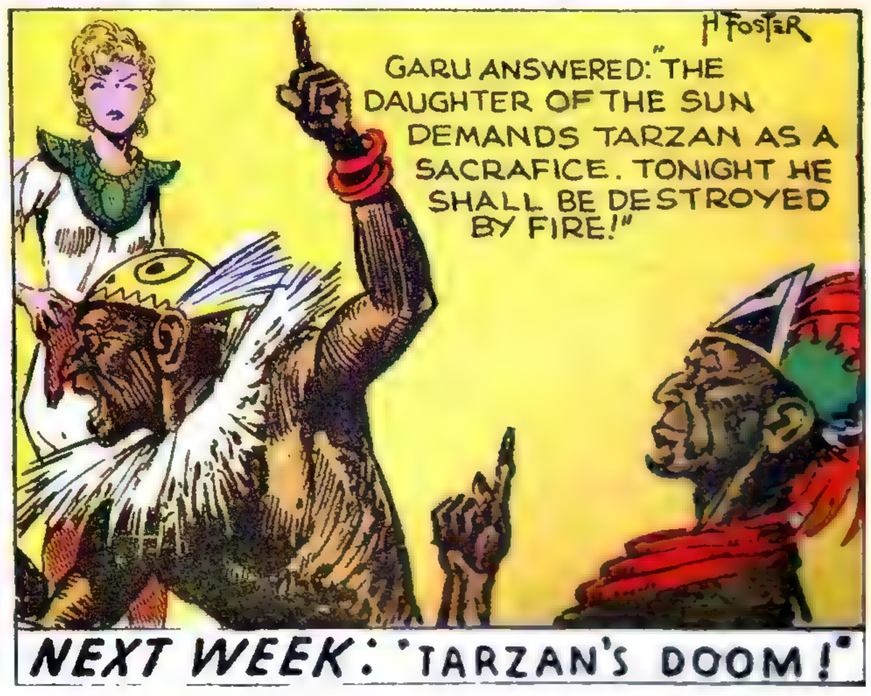
THE WITCH-DOCTORS' STRATAGEM











NEXT WEEK: "TARZAN'S DOOM!"

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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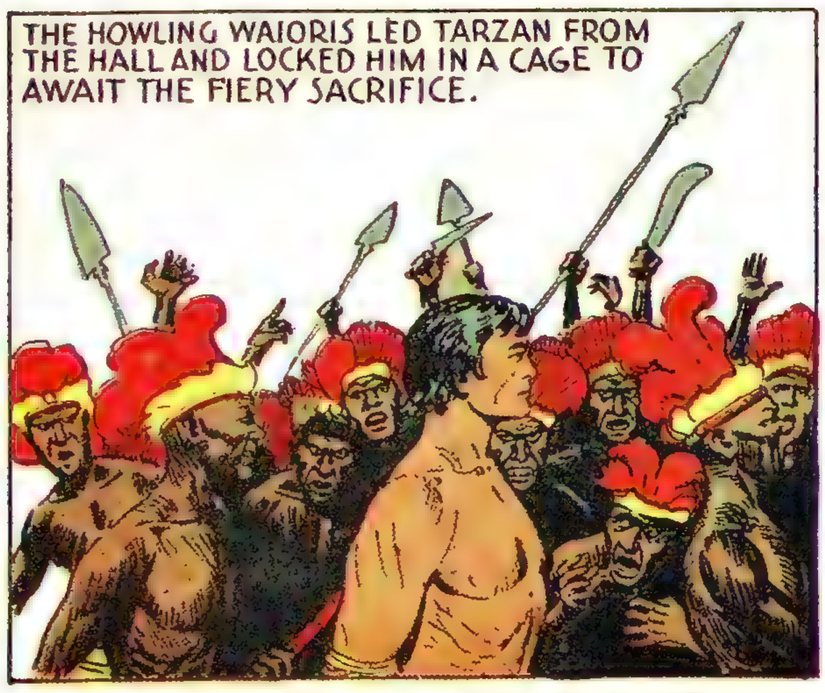
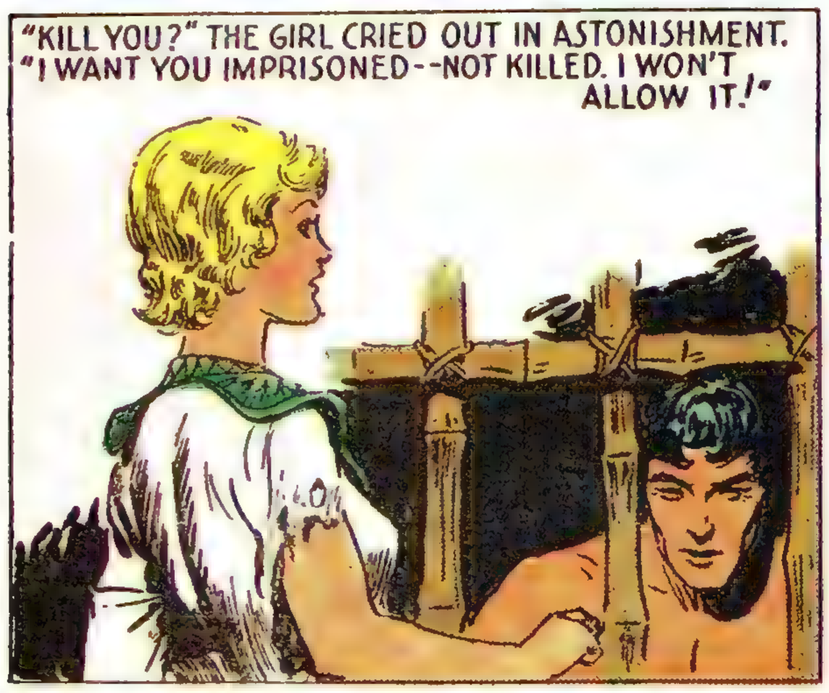
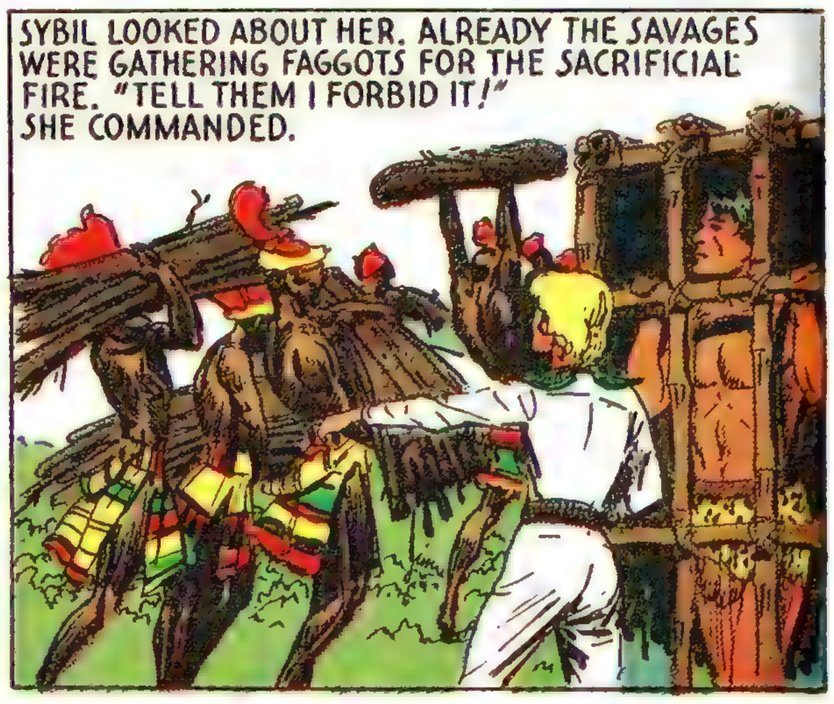
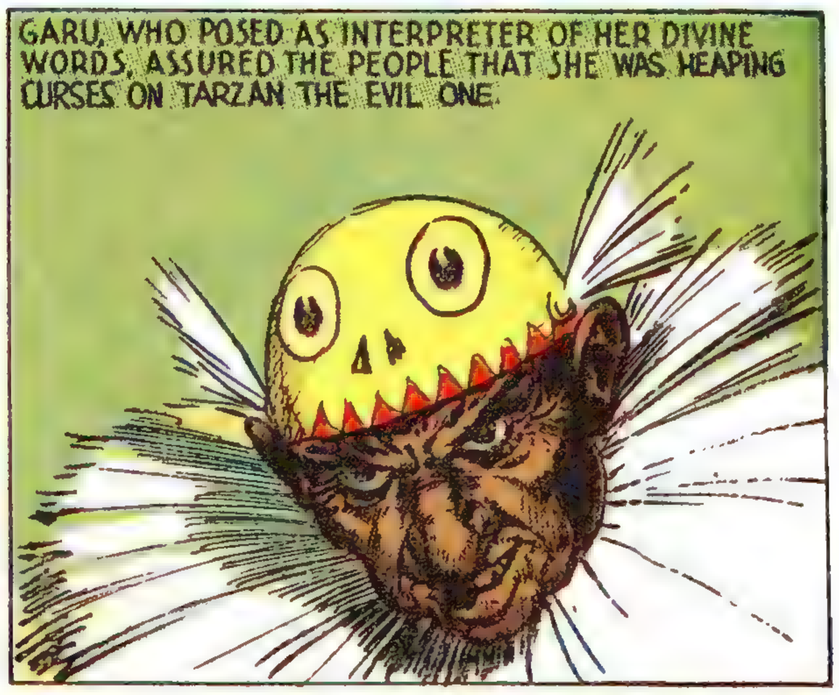
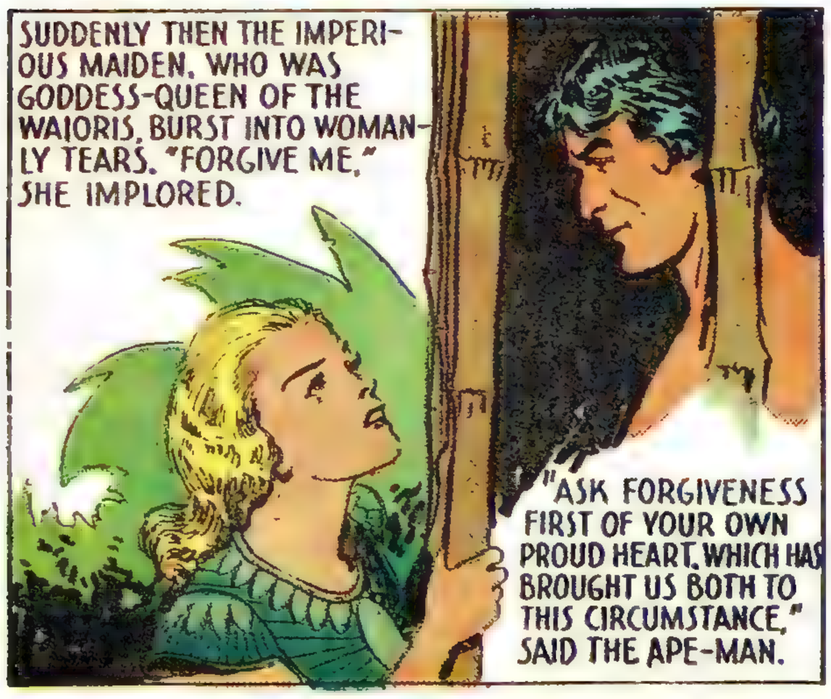
TARZAN'S DOOM

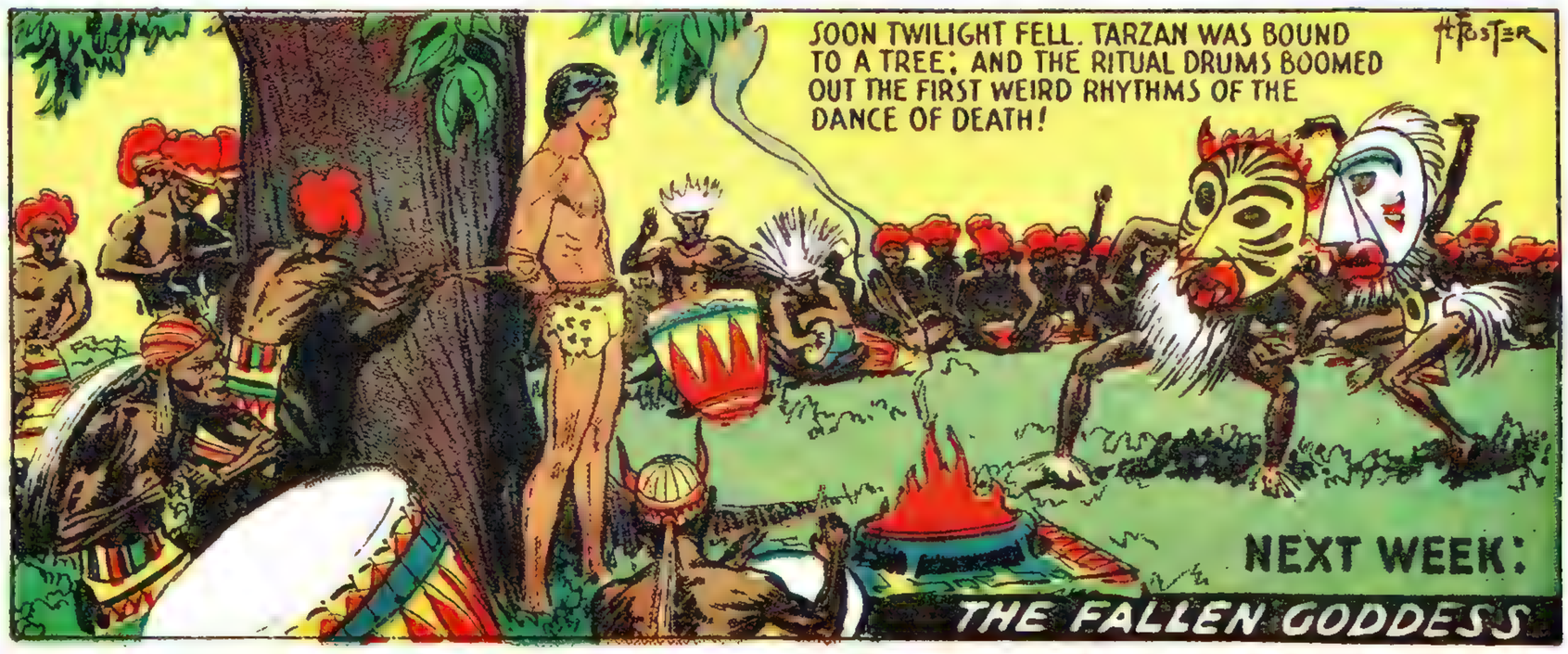












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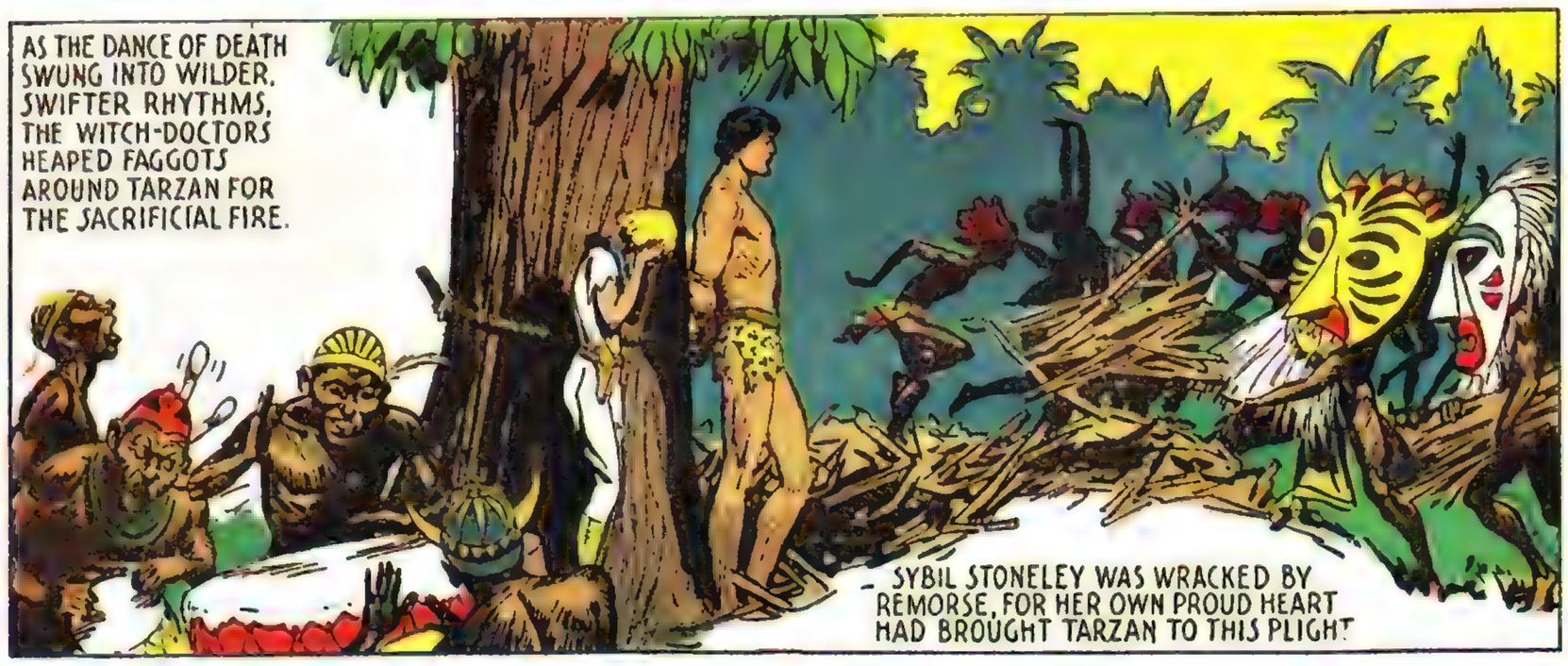
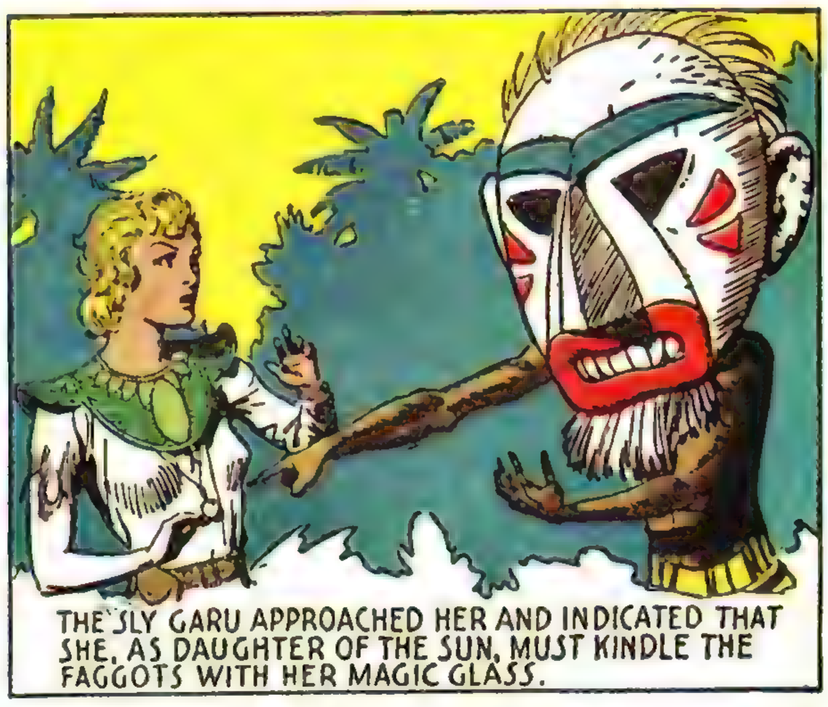
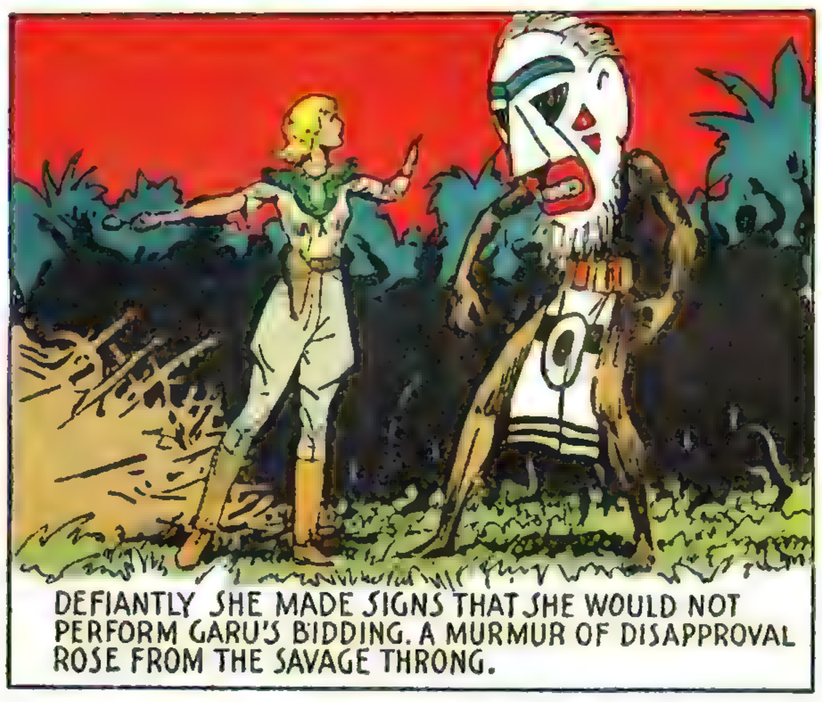
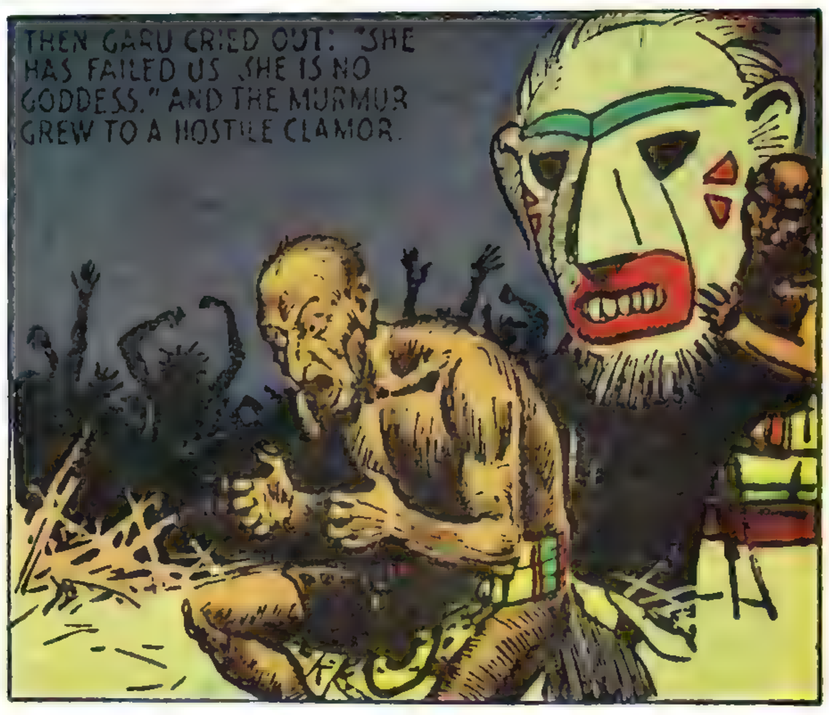
THE FALLEN GODDESS









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THWARTED RESCUE

NEXT WEEK: AMIDST THE FLAMES

Tarzan

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AMIDST THE FLAMES

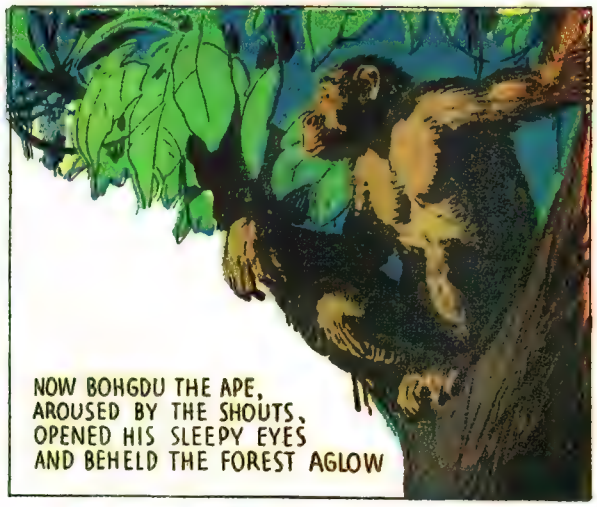
TINY TONGUES OF FLAME RACED AND CRACKLED THROUGH THE FAGGOTS AT THE FOOT OF THE SACRIFICIAL TREE.

TARZAN STRAINED AT THE ROPES, BUT EVEN HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH COULD NOT SUNDER THE FATAL BONDS.

SYBIL STONELY GAZED CALMLY, EVEN DEFIANTLY, AT THE MOUNTING FLAMES. "THIS IS THE END!" SHE SAID. TARZAN NODDED.

GARU AND ZUTO, THE WITCH-DOCTORS, GAZED WITH DELIGHT UPON THEIR MURDEROUS HANDIWORK. NOW THEY WOULD RULE THE TRIBE.

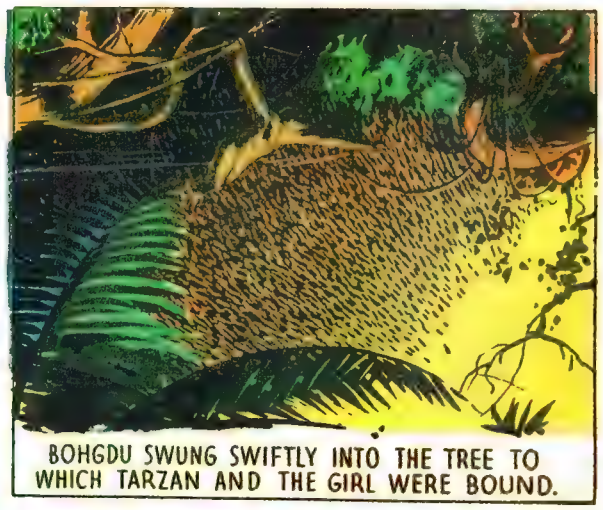
WITH BLOODCURDLING CRIES, THE SAVAGES DANCED IN FRANTIC ECSTASY TO THE WEIRD, HOLLOW RHYTHM OF THE TOM TOMS.



NOW BOHGDU THE APE, AROUSED BY THE SHOUTS, OPENED HIS SLEEPY EYES AND BEHELD THE FOREST AGLOW

SENSING SOMETHING AMISS, HE HURRIED TOWARD THE SHOUTS, CRYING OUT CONSTANTLY TO TARZAN, HIS MASTER.

TARZAN HEARD, AND CALLED OUT QUICK INSTRUCTIONS IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE APES.



BOHGDU SWUNG SWIFTLY INTO THE TREE TO WHICH TARZAN AND THE GIRL WERE BOUND.

WITH THE FLAMES AS A SCREEN HE DESCENDED AND BEGAN TO GNAW THE ROPE WITH HIS KNIFE-EDGED TEETH

"HURRY!" TARZAN URGED, FOR NOW THE FIRE WAS ALMOST UPON HIM AND THE BRAVE SYBIL.

NEXT WEEK: "THE GATHERING STORM"

Tarzan

THE GATHERING STORM

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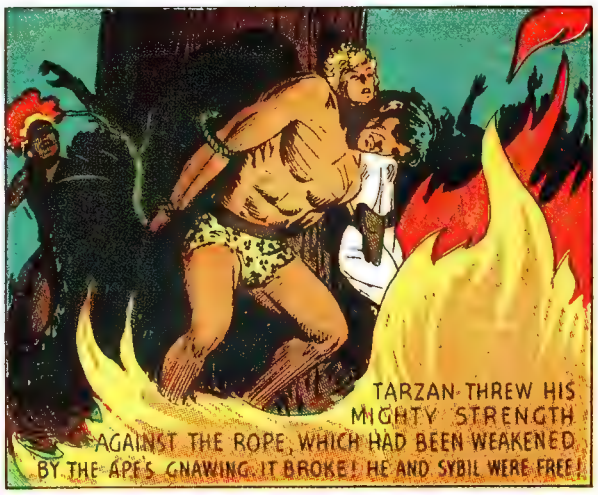

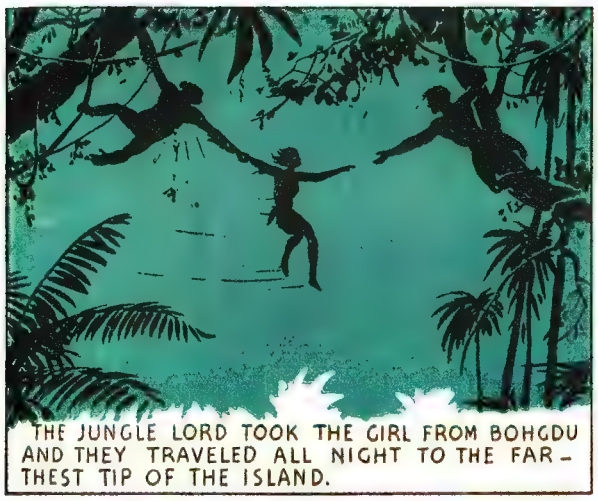

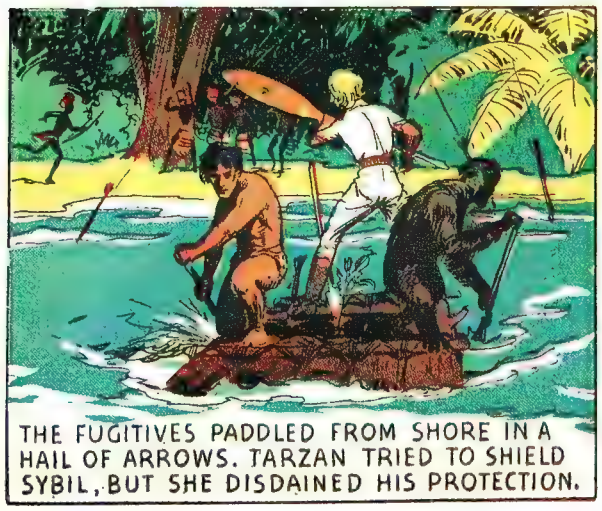

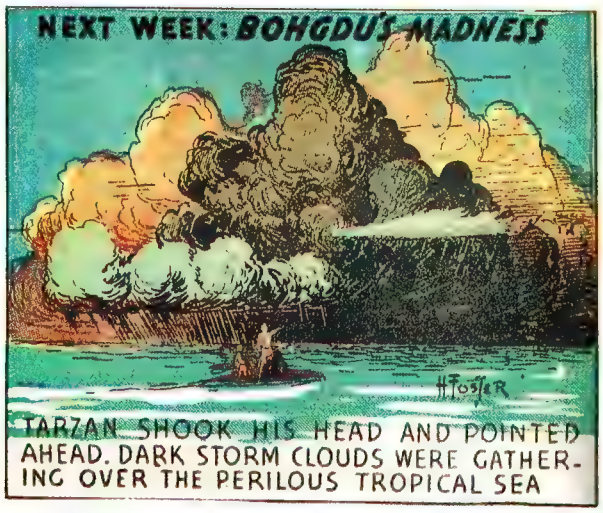

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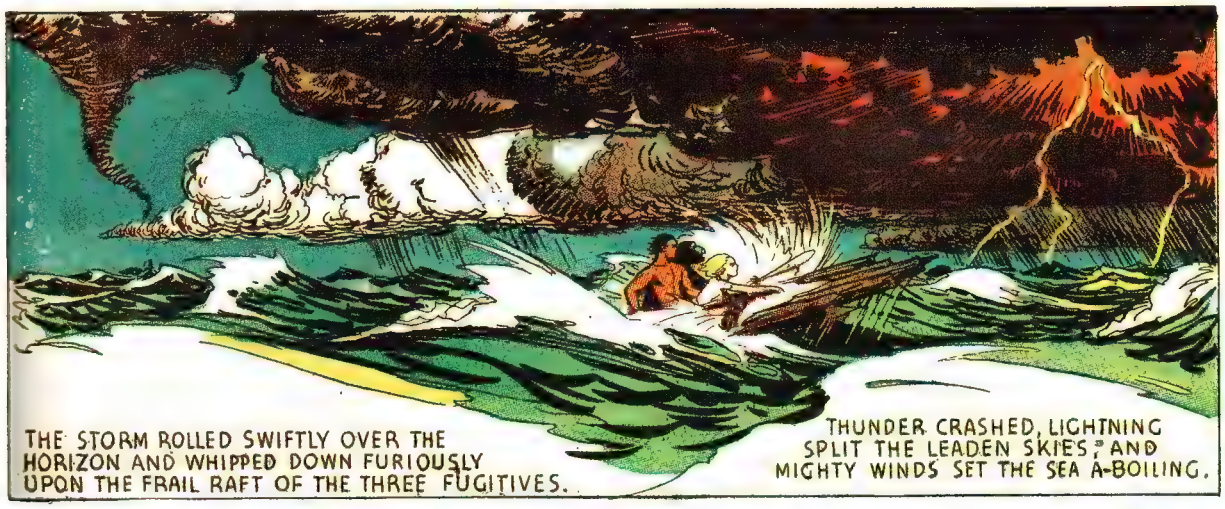
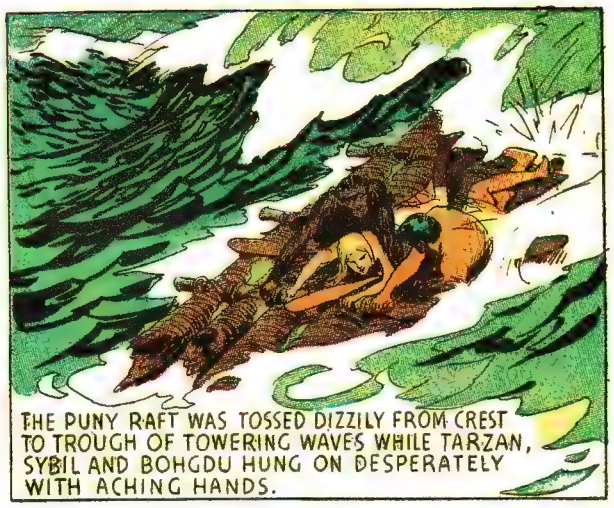
BOHGDU'S MADNESS

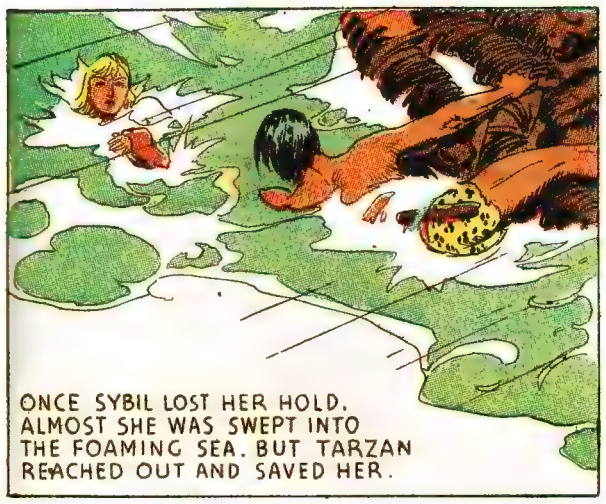


THE STORM ROLLED SWIFTLY OVER THE HORIZON AND WHIPPED DOWN FURIOUSLY UPON THE FRAIL RAFT OF THE THREE FUGITIVES.

THUNDER CRASHED, LIGHTNING SPLIT THE LEADEN SKIES, AND MIGHTY WINDS SET THE SEA A-BOILING.



THE PUNY RAFT WAS TOSSED DIZZILY FROM CREST TO TROUGH OF TOWERING WAVES WHILE TARZAN, SYBIL AND BOHGDU HUNG ON DESPERATELY WITH ACHING HANDS.



ONCE SYBIL LOST HER HOLD. ALMOST SHE WAS SWEPT INTO THE FOAMING SEA. BUT TARZAN REACHED OUT AND SAVED HER.

THE APE ROARED IN A FRENZY OF TERROR. THOUGH HE WAS BRAVE IN BATTLE, FEAR OF THE STORM WAS IN THE BLOOD OF HIS RACE.

THROUGH THE LONG DAY AND THE FEARSOME NIGHT THEY WERE EVER NEAR TO DEATH. THEN THE STORM BEGAN TO ABATE.

BOHGDU, NOW MADDENED BY HUNGER AS WELL AS TERROR, STARTED TO GNAW THE VINES THAT HELD THE RAFT TOGETHER.

HIS MASTER CUFFED HIM SHARPLY, AND THE REASONLESS APE SNARLED. "POOR FELLOW," SAID TARZAN. "ANYWAY WE SHALL ALL STARVE TOGETHER."

SYBIL SMILED WEAKLY AND DREW SOME FRUIT FROM HER POCKETS. "I GATHERED IT WHILE YOU WERE BUILDING THE RAFT," SHE SAID PROUDLY.

HALF OF IT SHE DIVIDED EQUALLY AND RESTORED THE REST TO HER POCKETS. BOHGDU GULPED HIS SHARE AND CRIED FOR MORE.

SYBIL MADE A NEGATIVE GESTURE. BOHGDU UNDERSTOOD, AND NOW HIS EYES BLAZED WITH MURDEROUS FURY. HE WAITED HIS CHANCE.

THEN AS TARZAN TURNED TO TIGHTEN A VINE, THE MAD BEAST SPRANG AT SYBIL AND CLUTCHED HER THROAT IN HIS POWERFUL PAWS!

Tarzan

THE MONSTER

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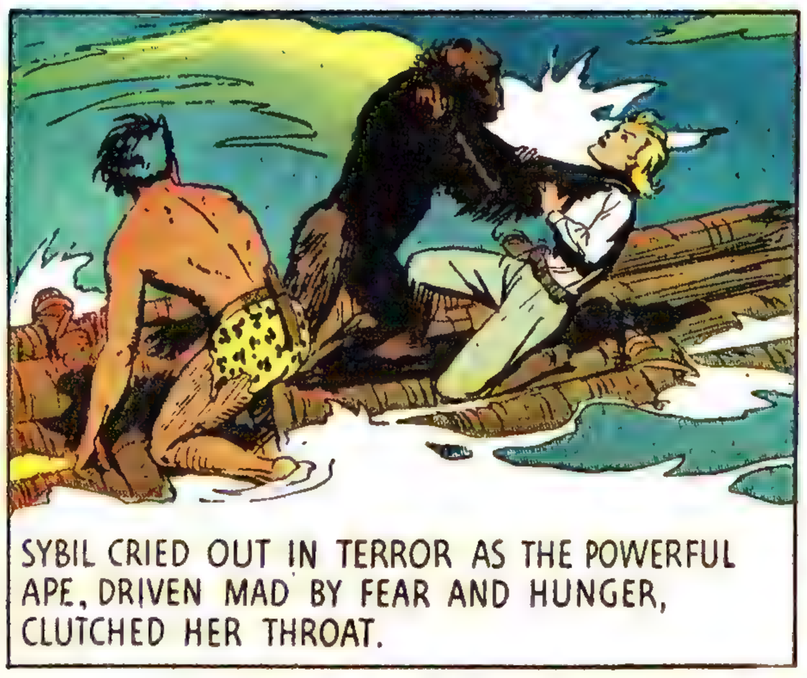

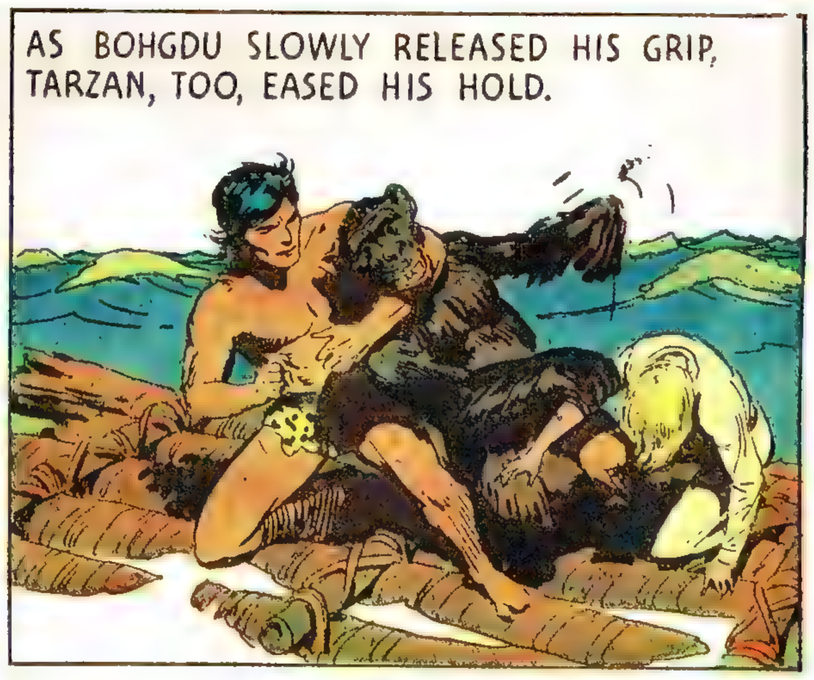

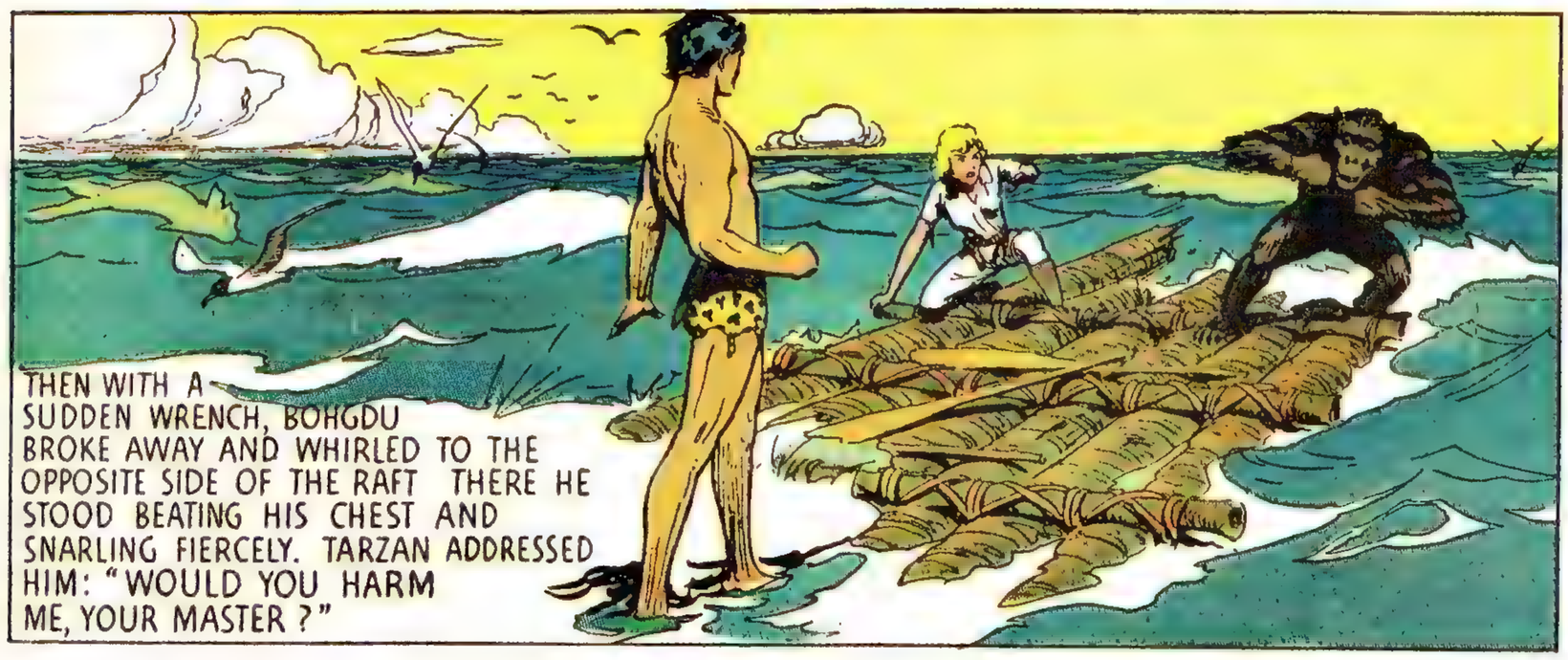

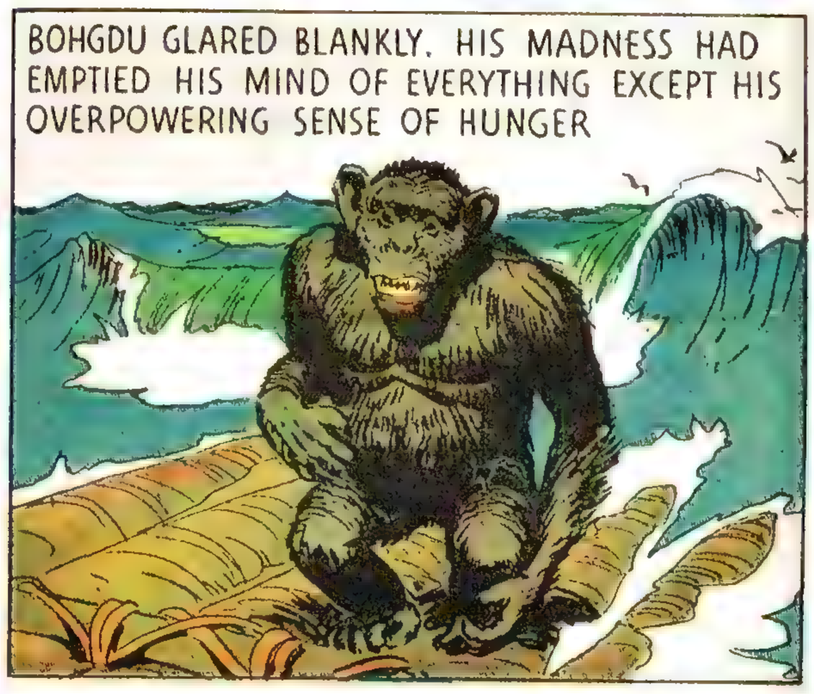

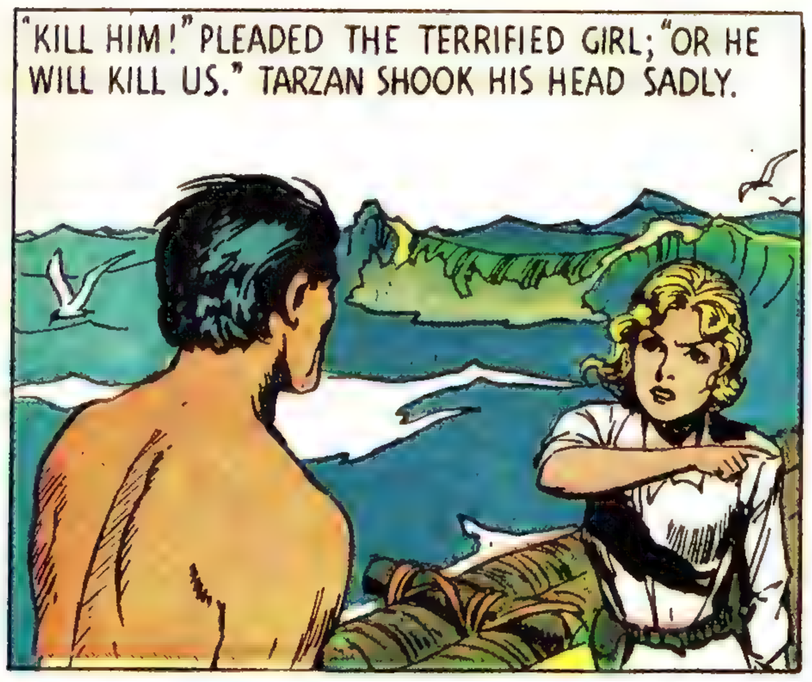

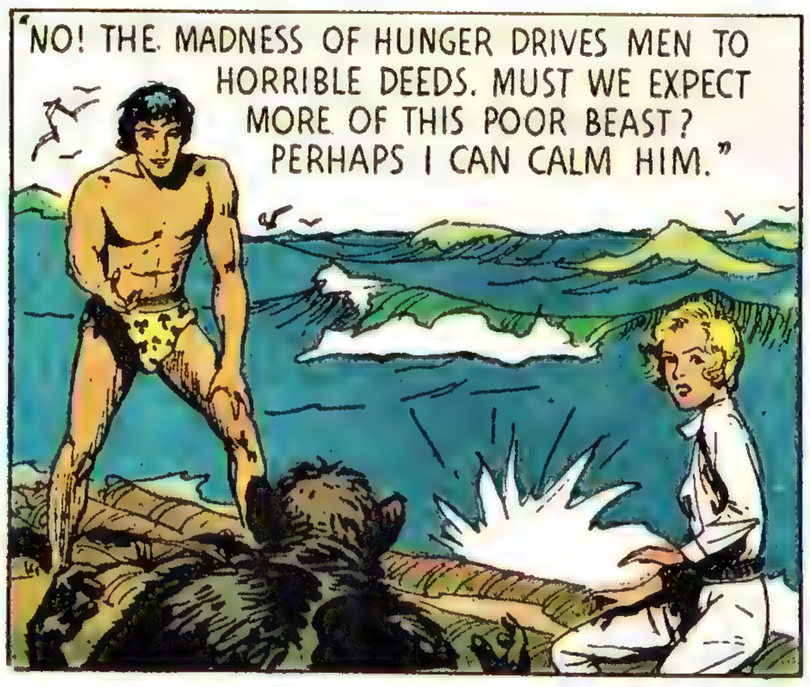

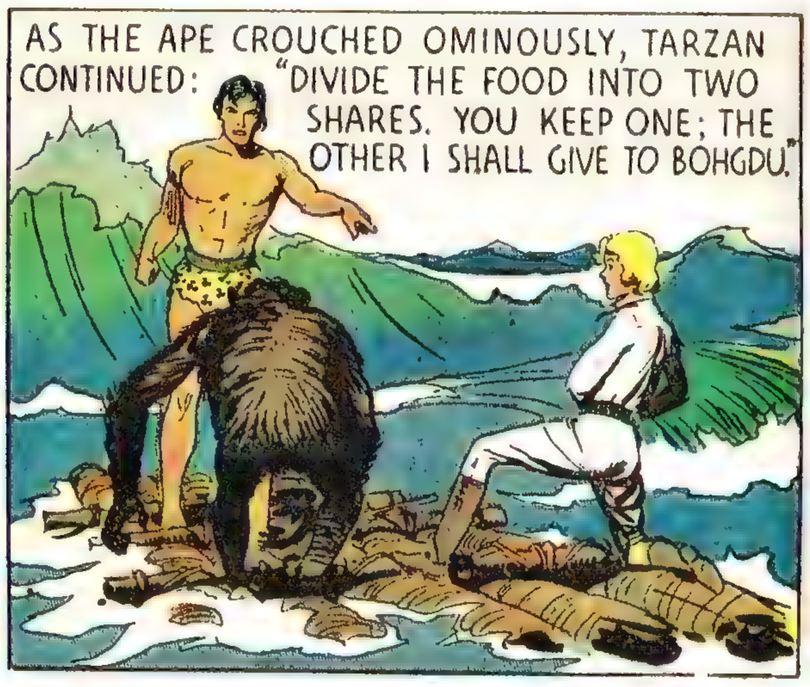

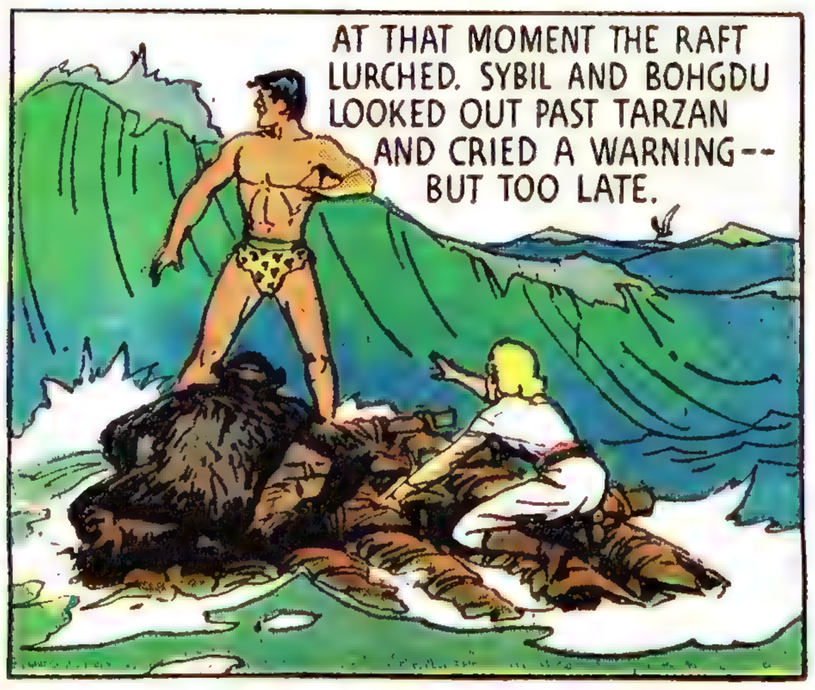

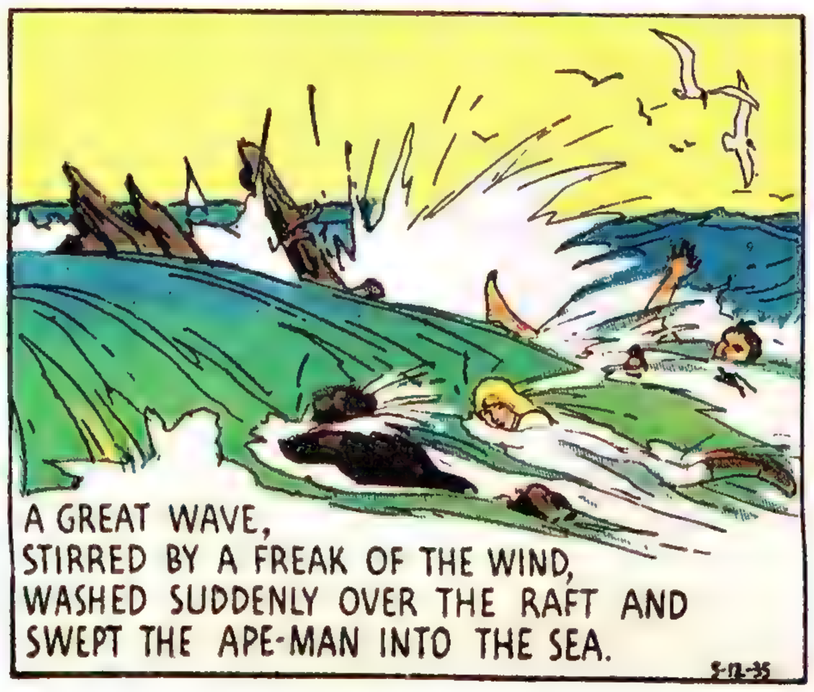

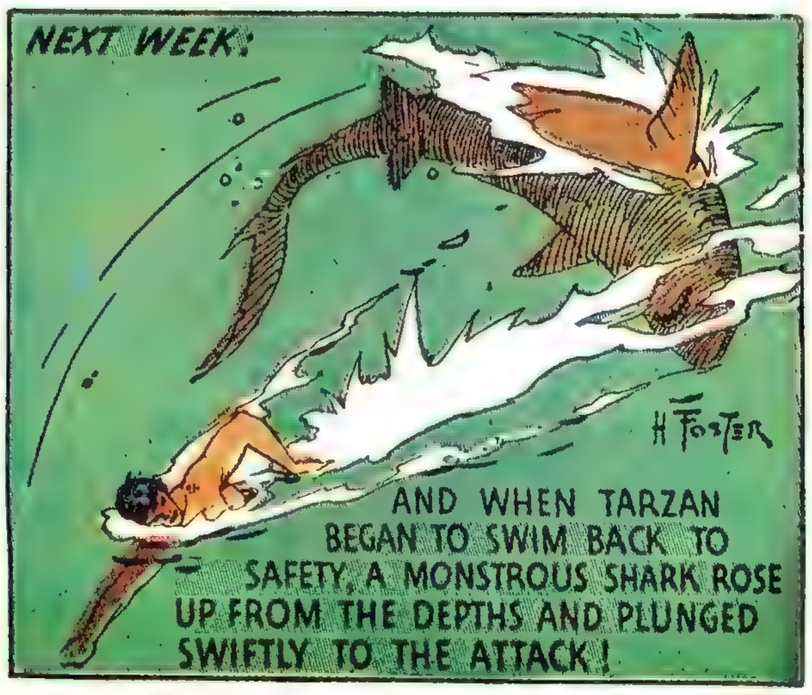

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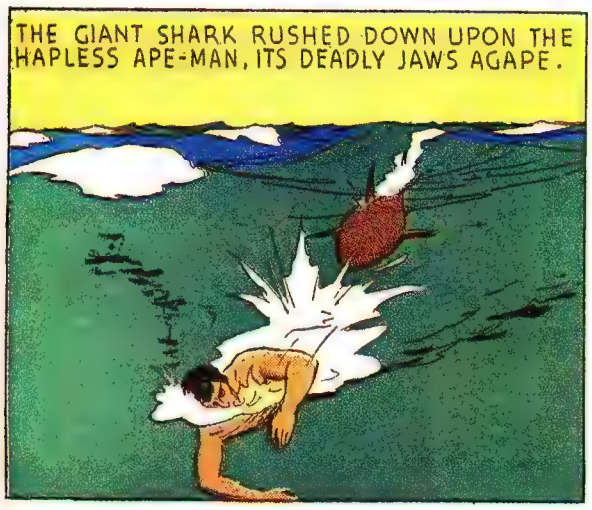
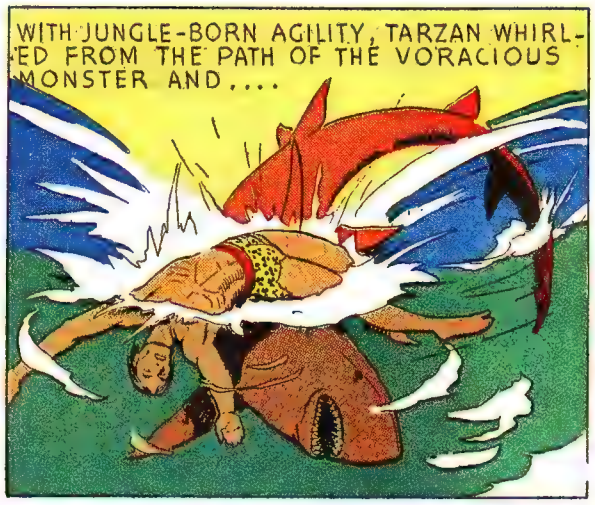
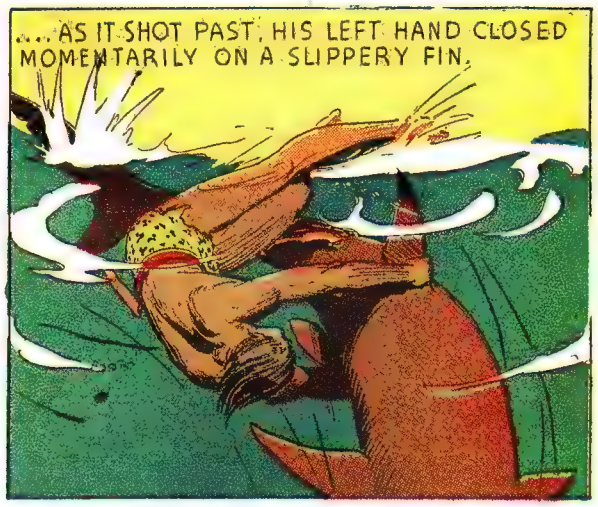
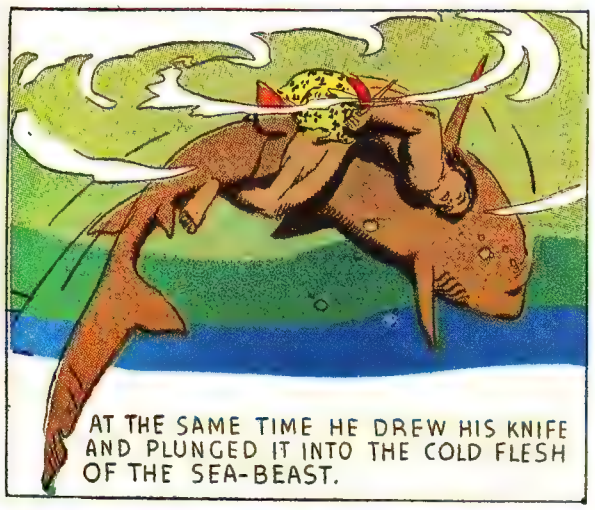
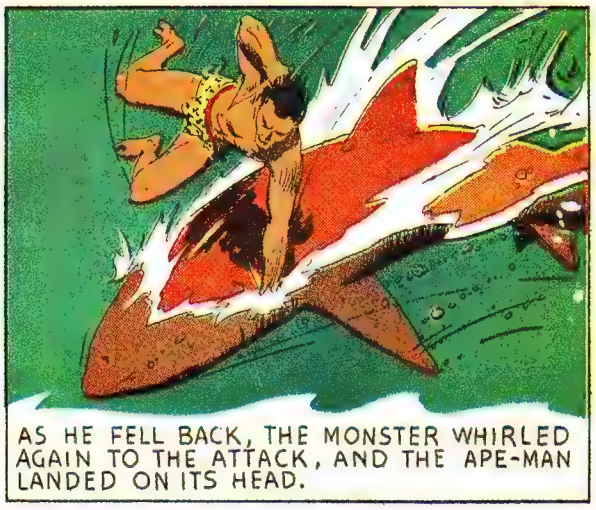
THE UNDERSEA BATTLE

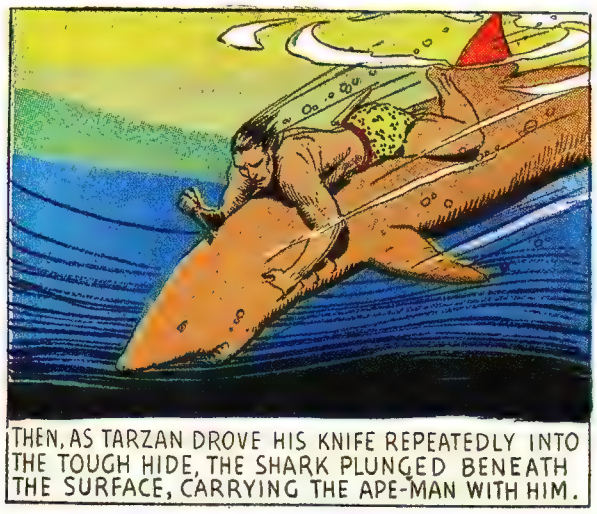


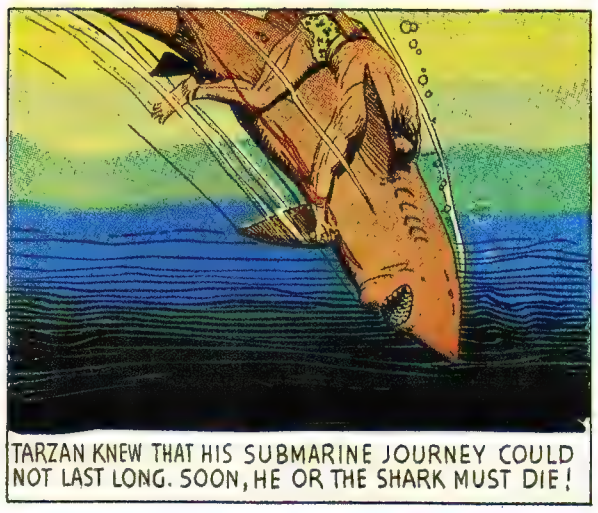


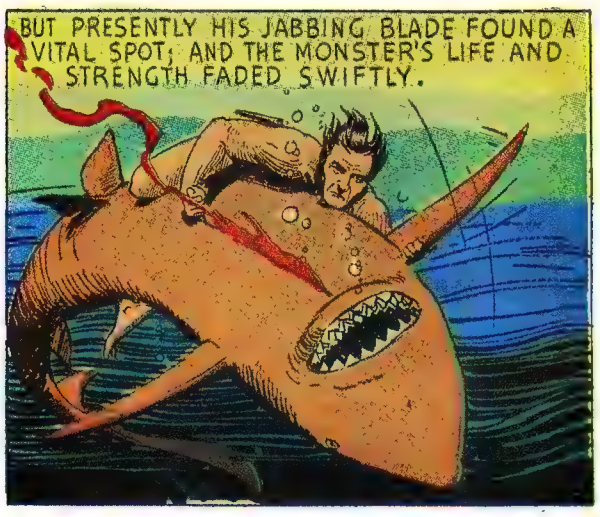


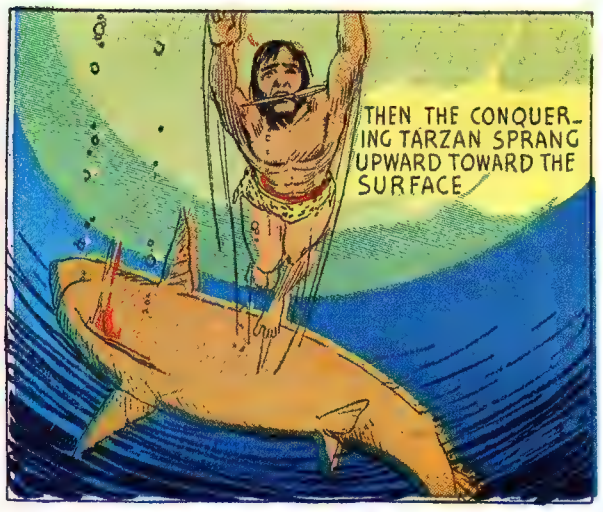


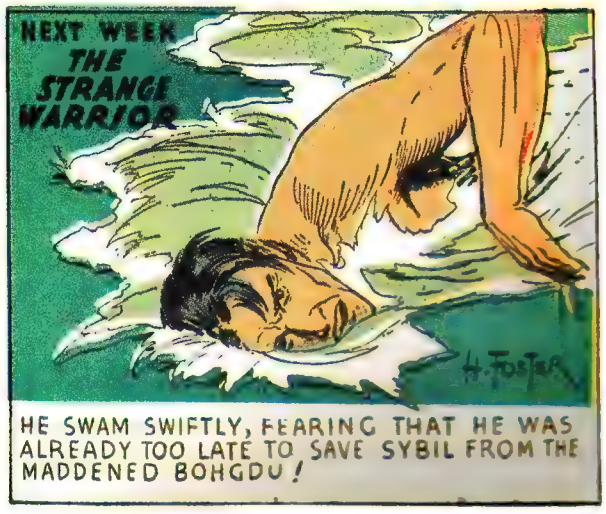












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THE STRANGE WARRIOR

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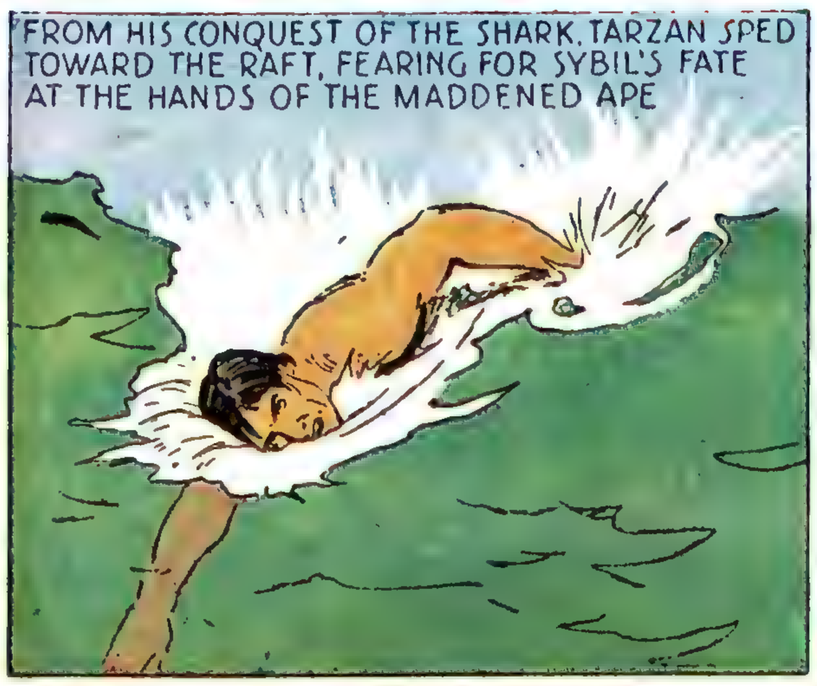

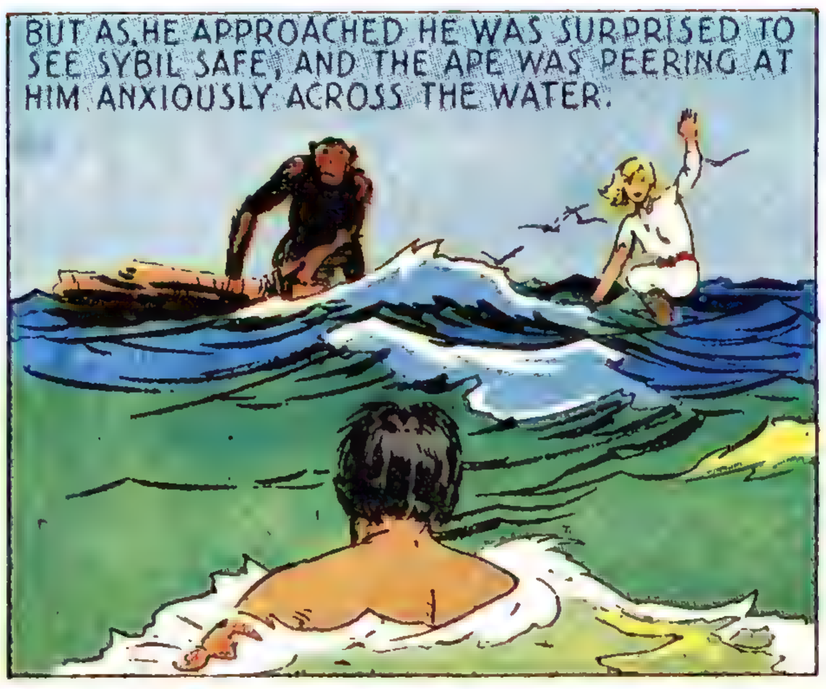

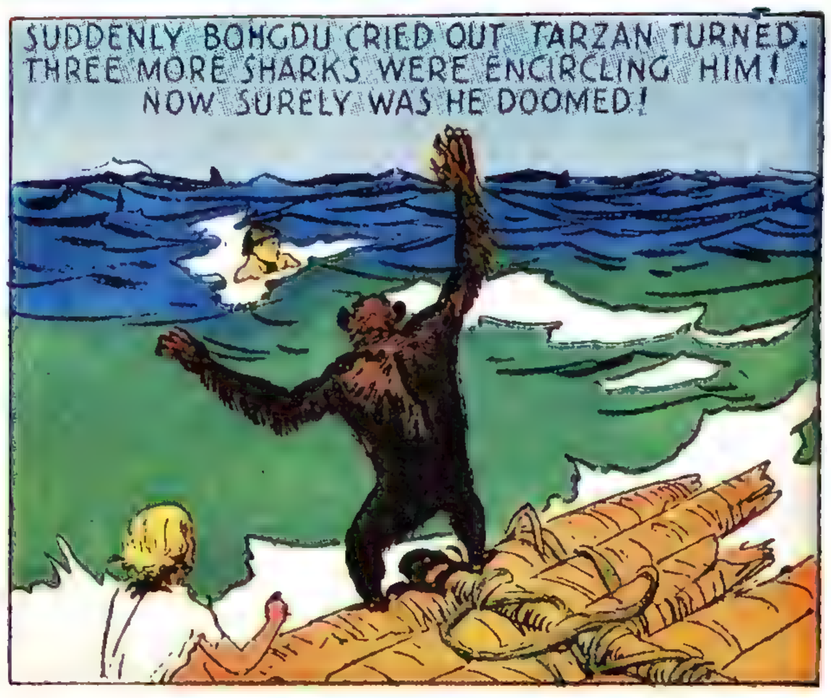

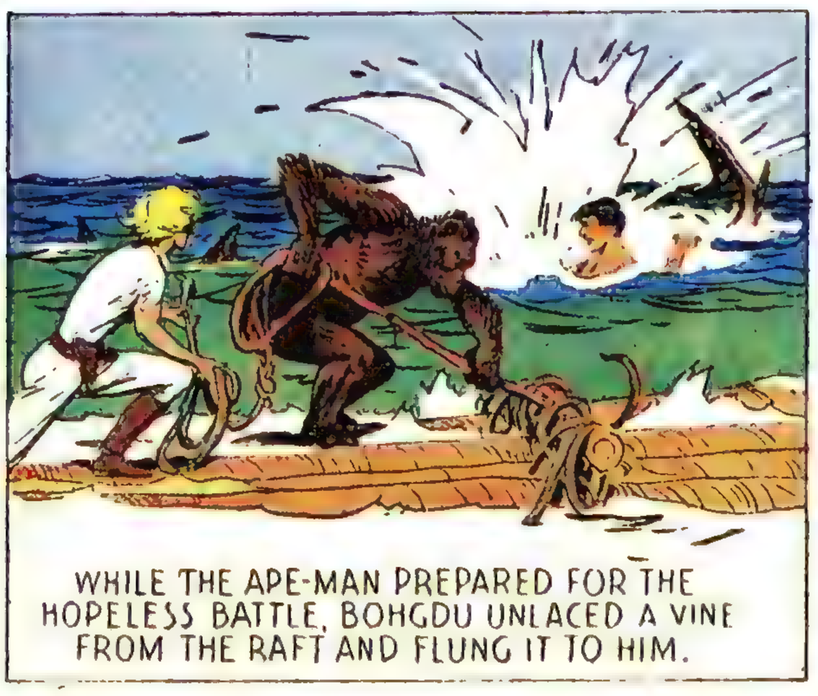

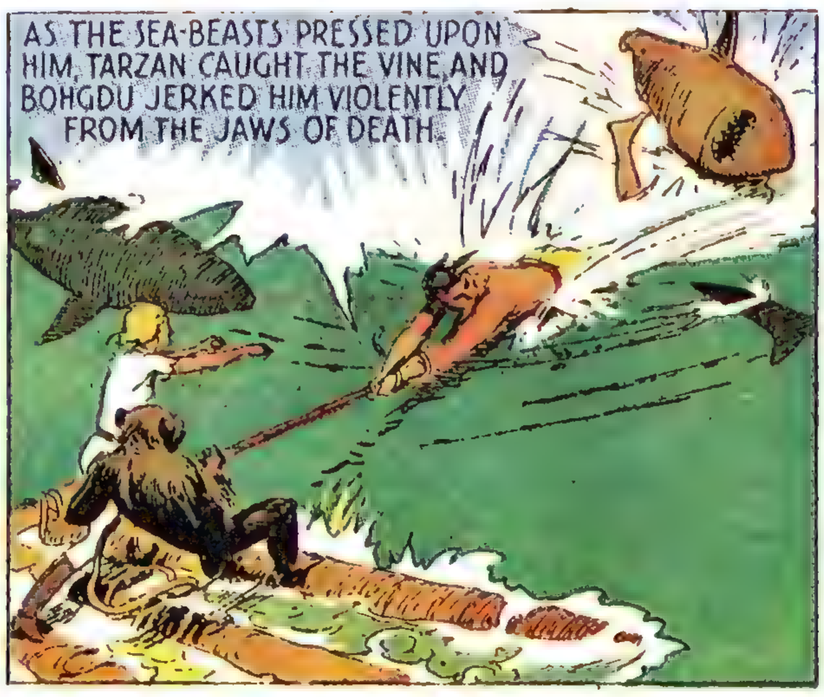

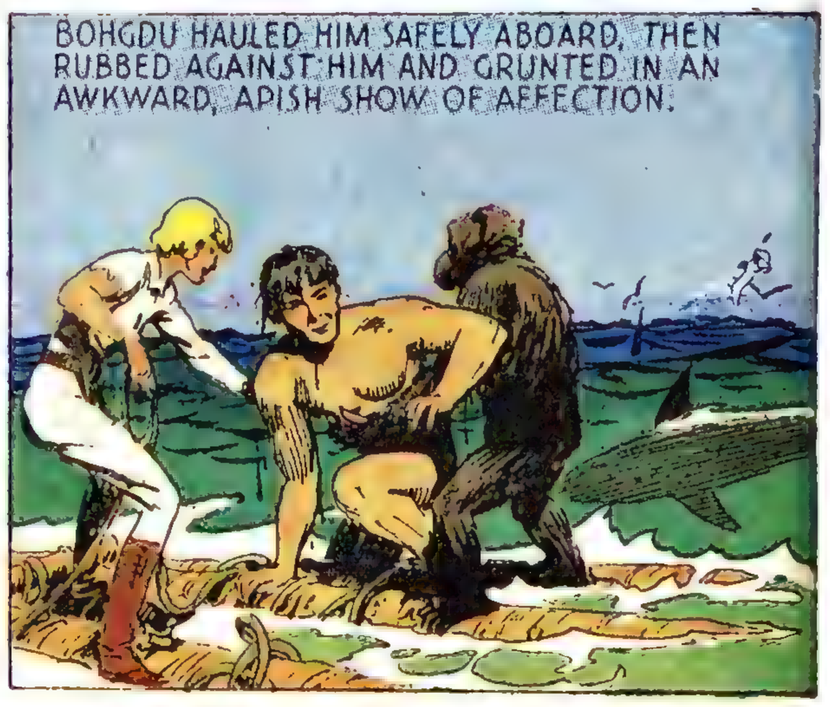

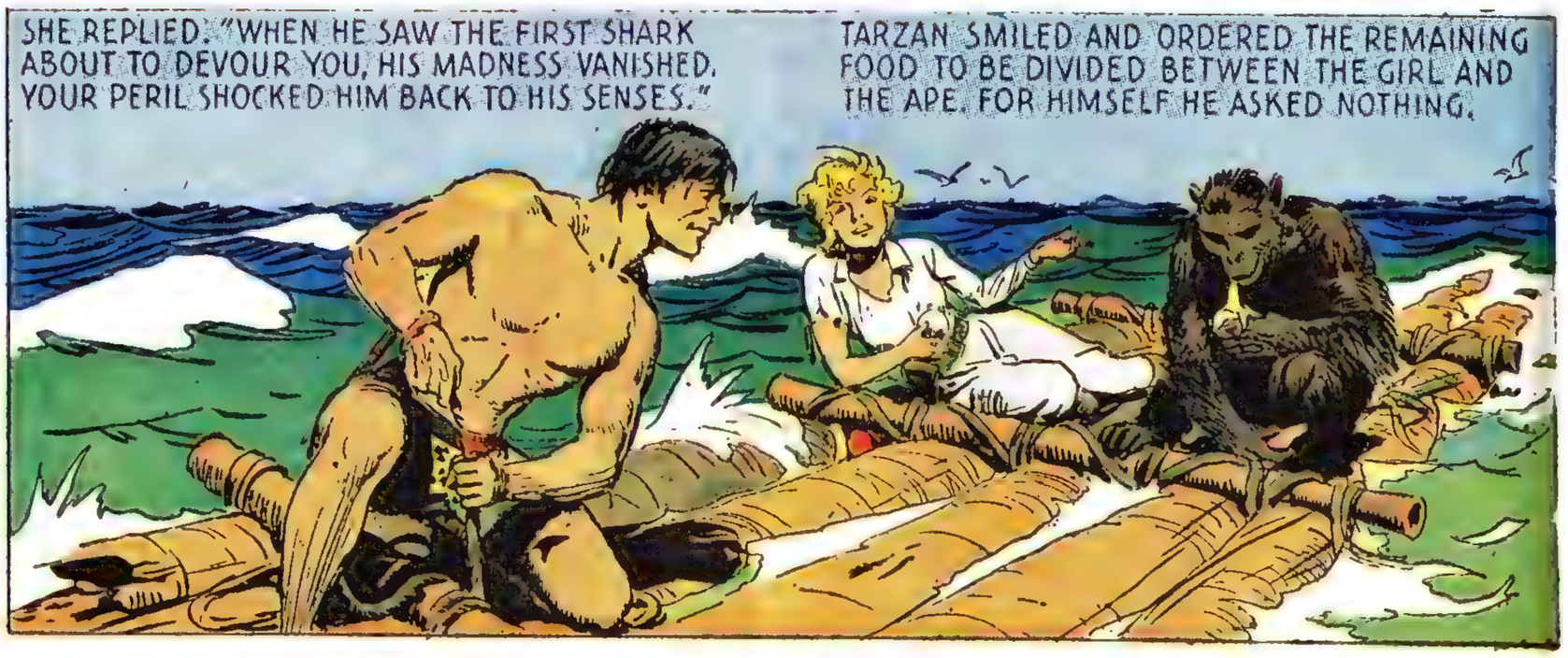

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Tarzan

BLOOD WARRIOR

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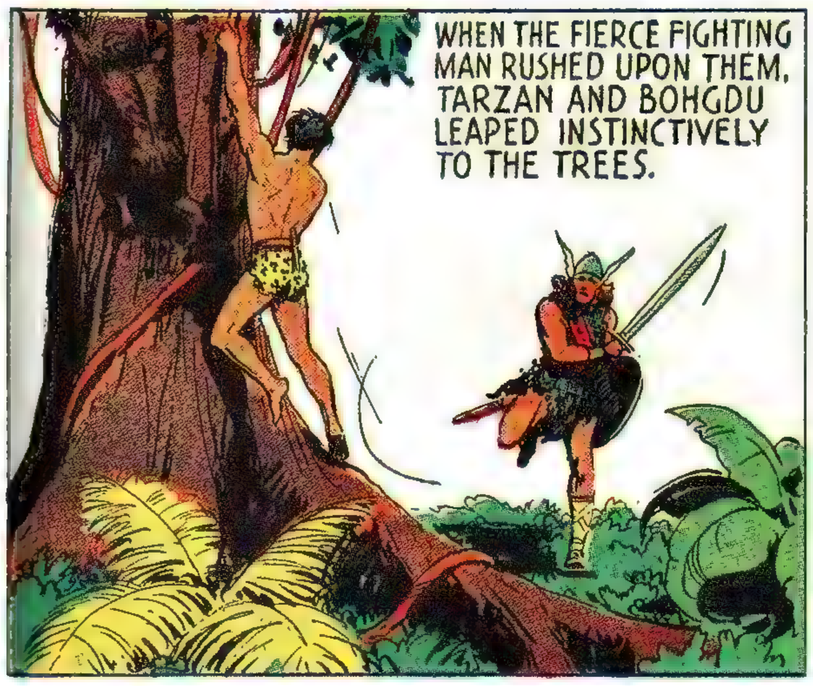

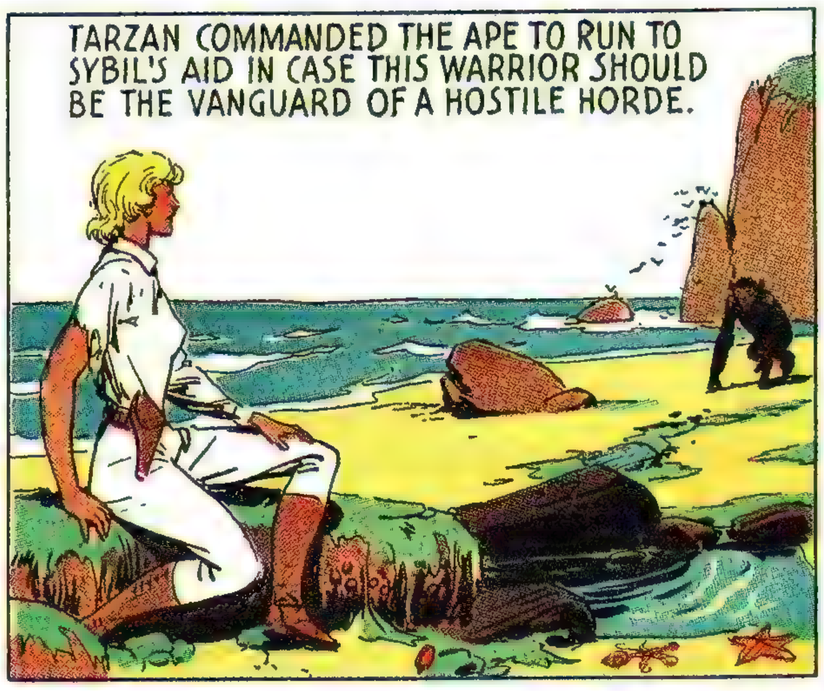

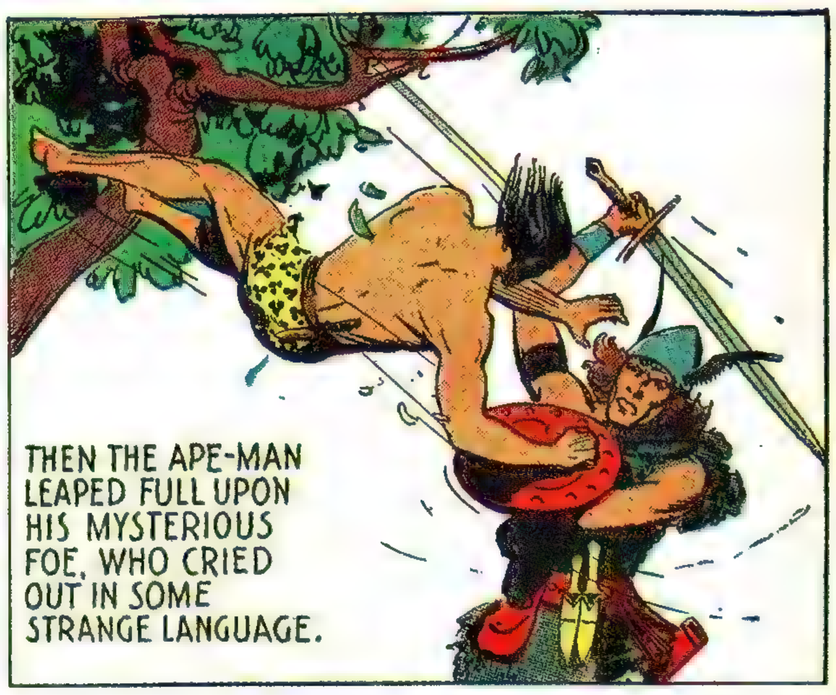

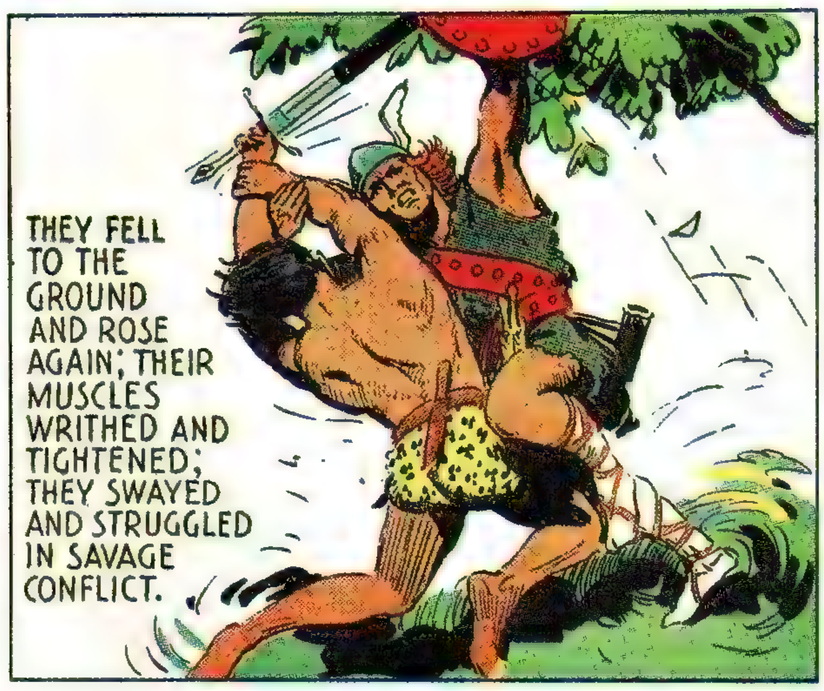

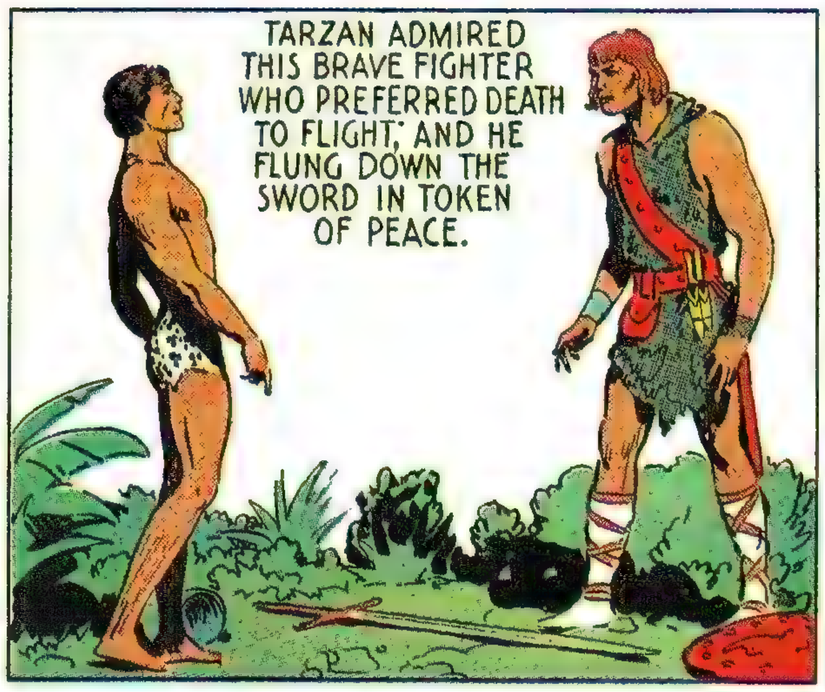

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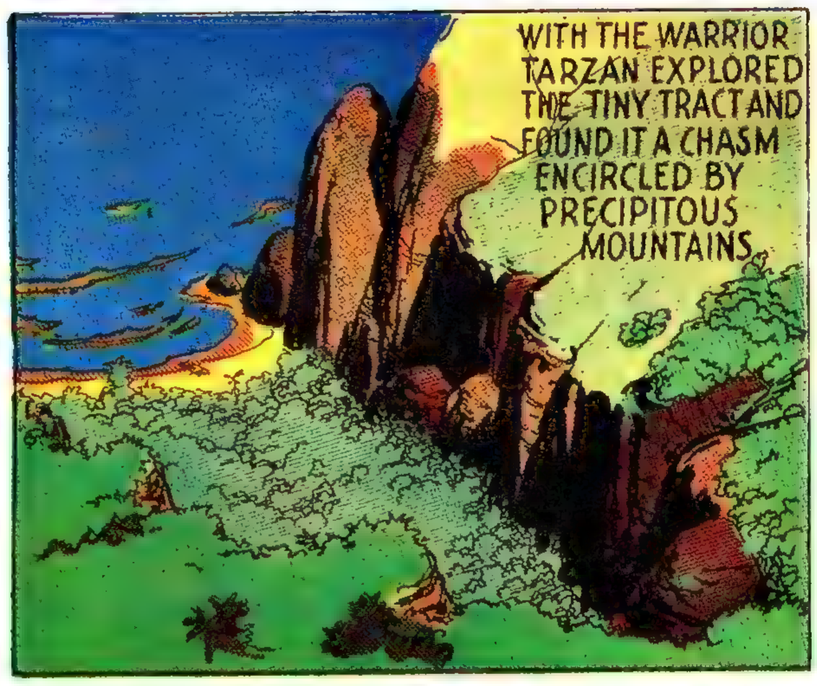
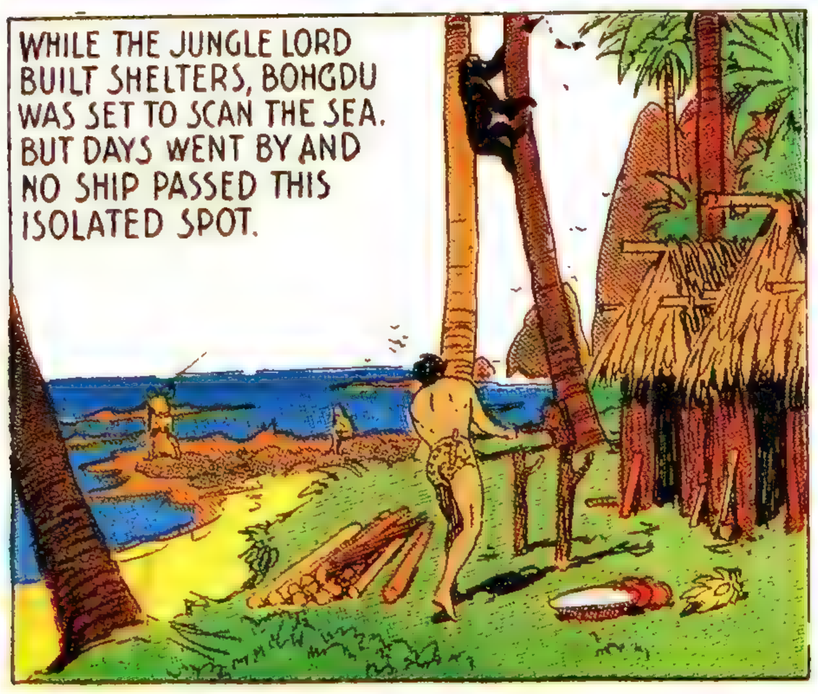
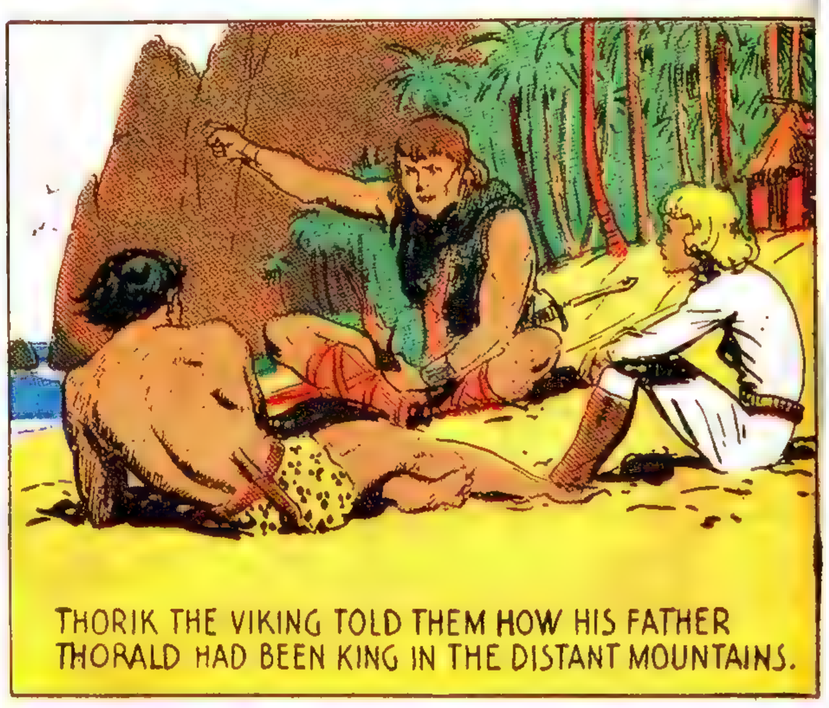
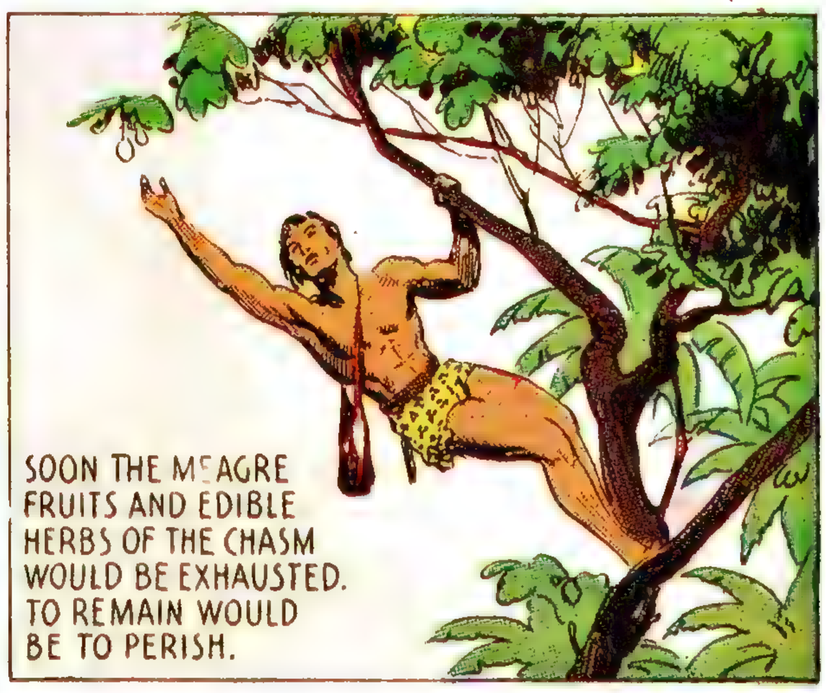
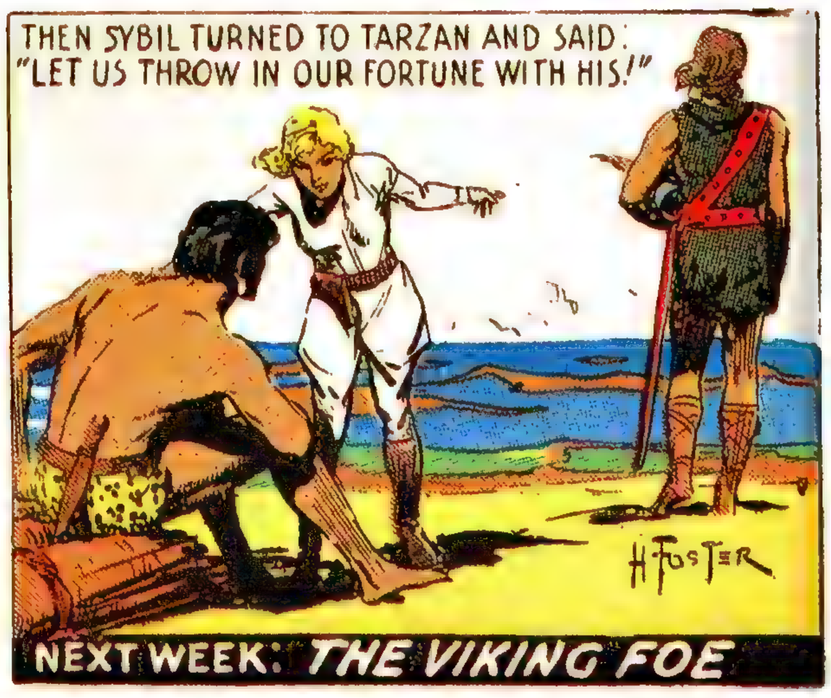
CRASH OF EXILE











NEXT WEEK: *THE VIKING FOE*

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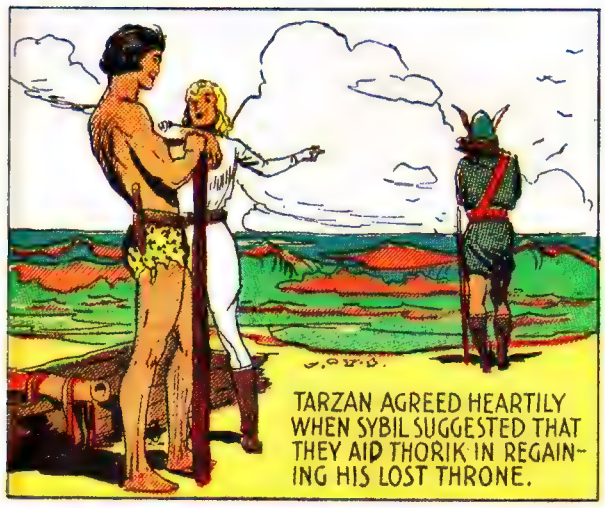

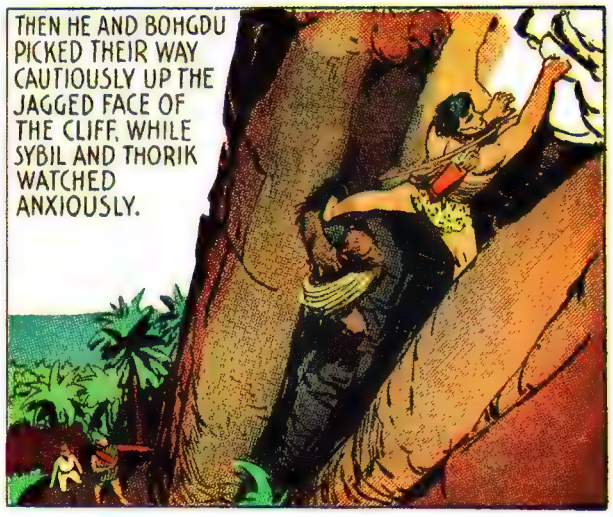

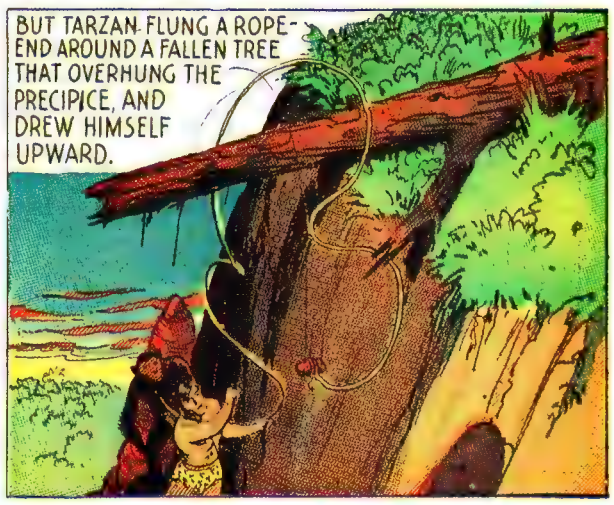

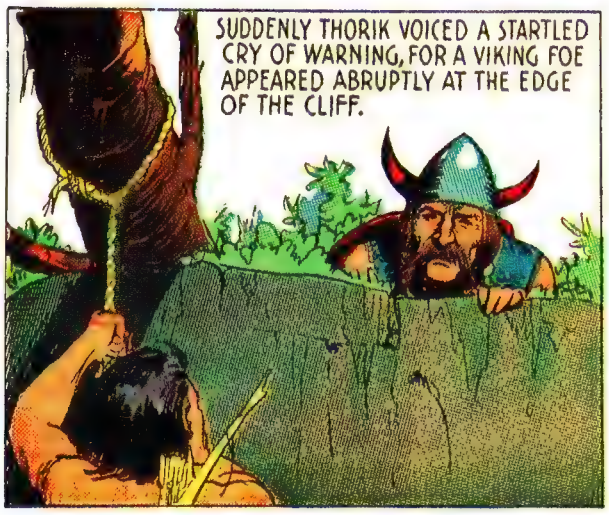

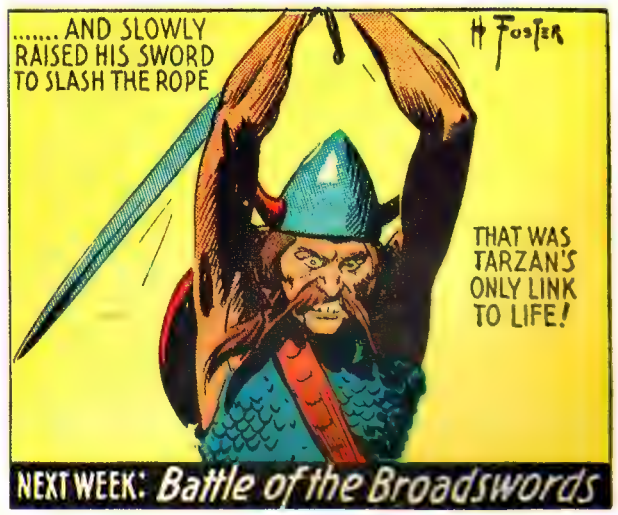

NEXT WEEK: *Battle of the Broadswords*

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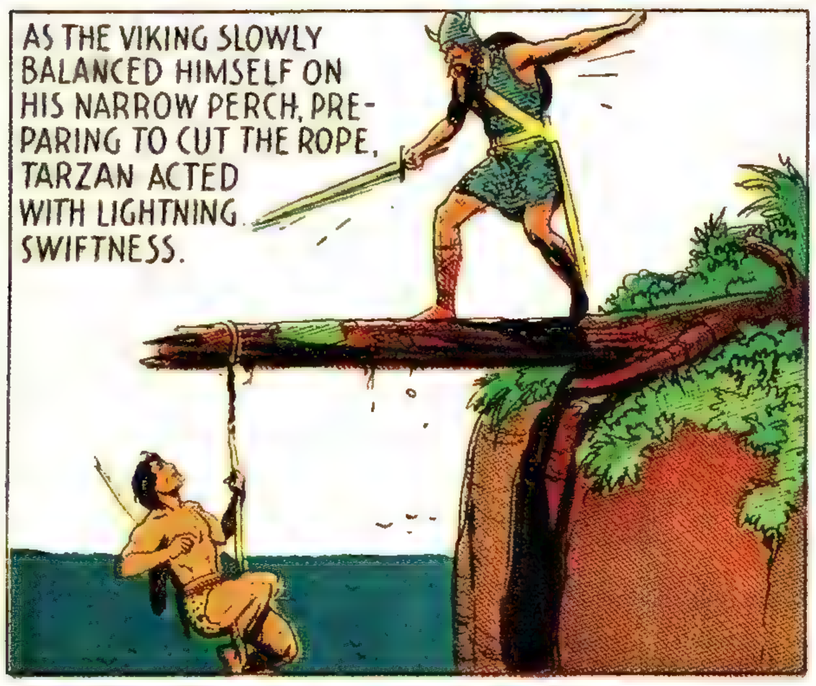
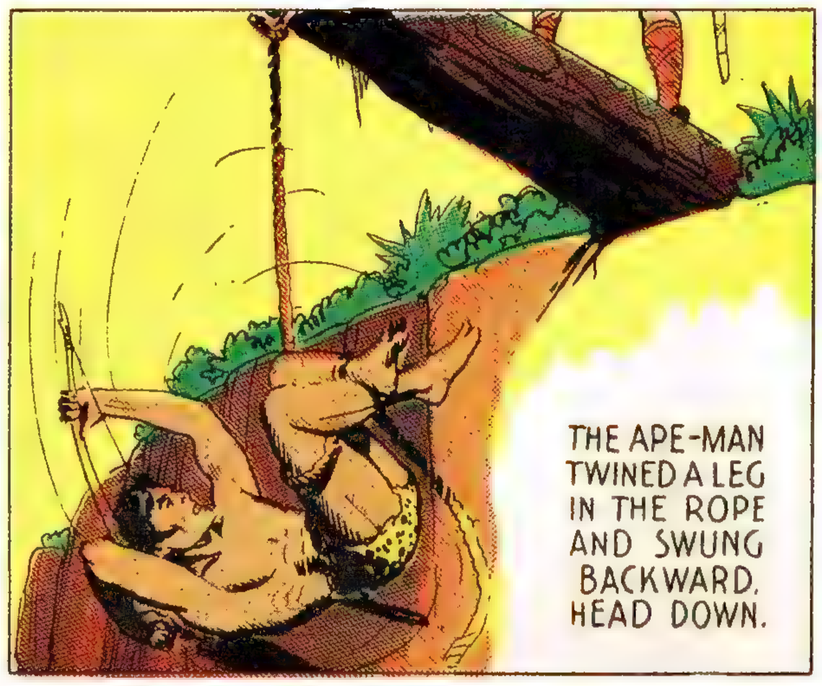
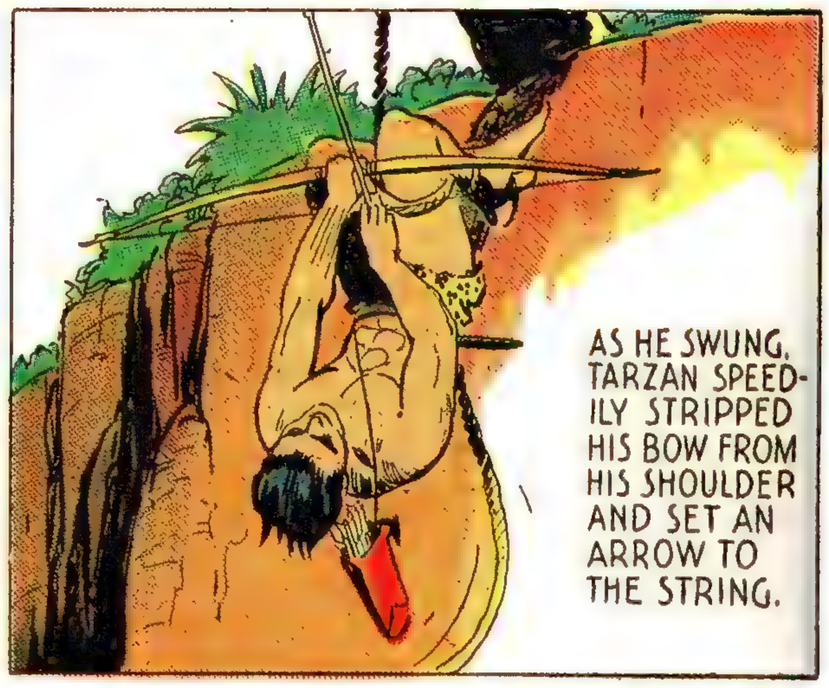
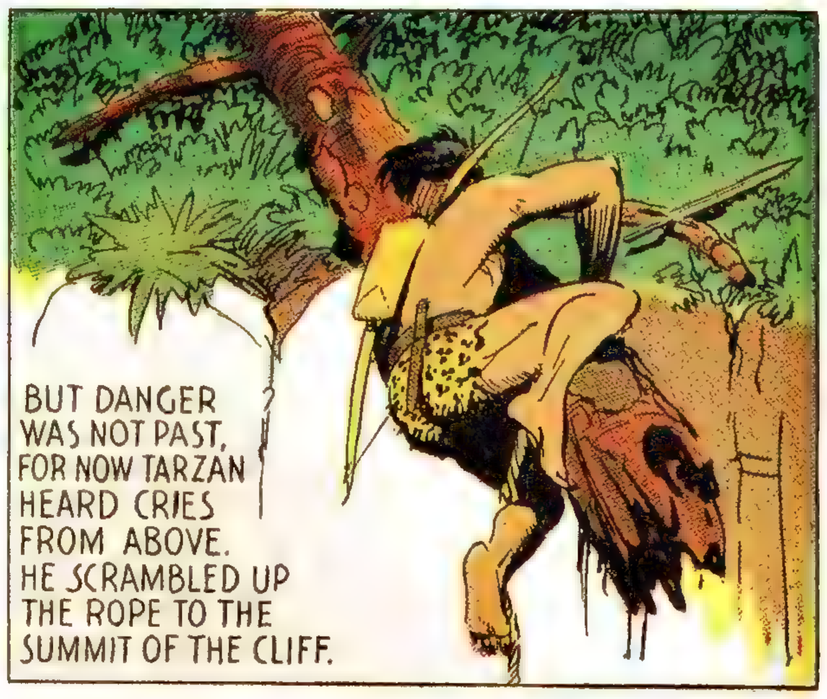
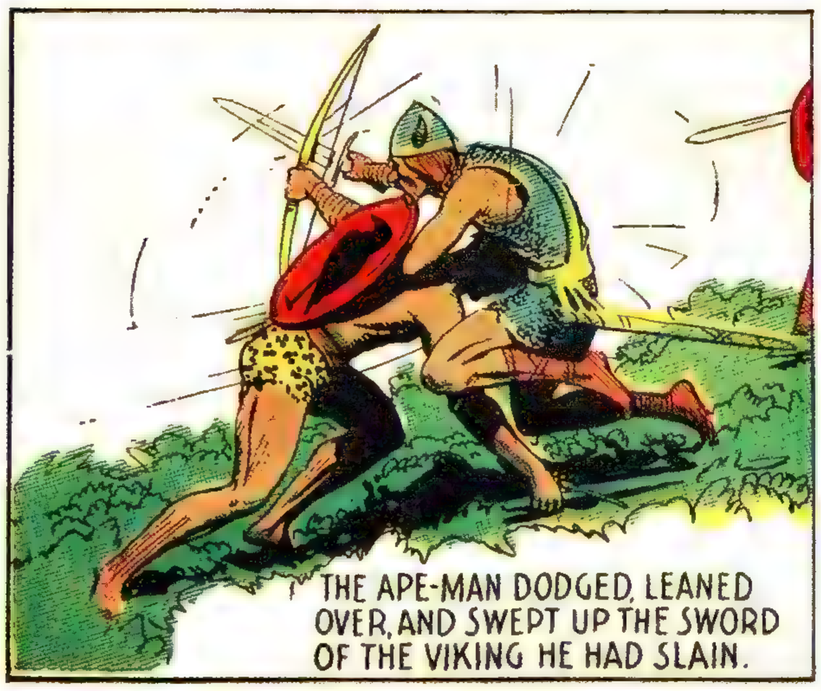
BATTLE OF THE BROADSWORDS

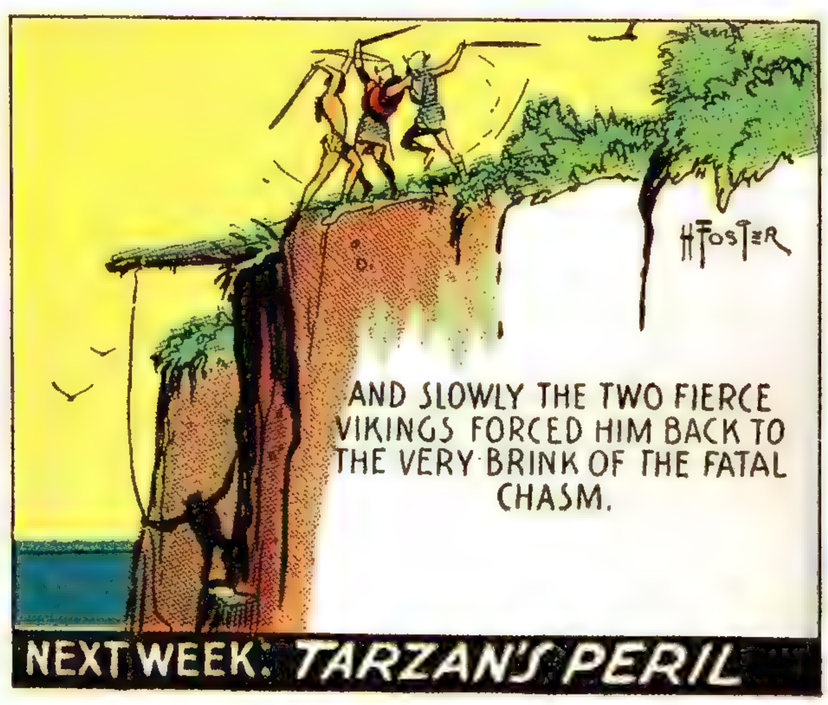












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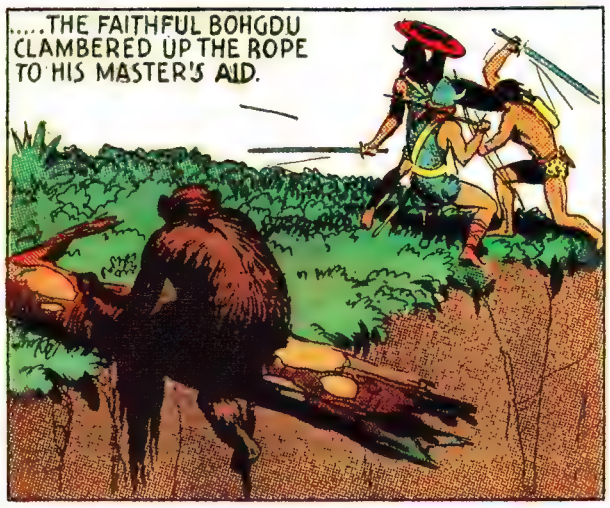
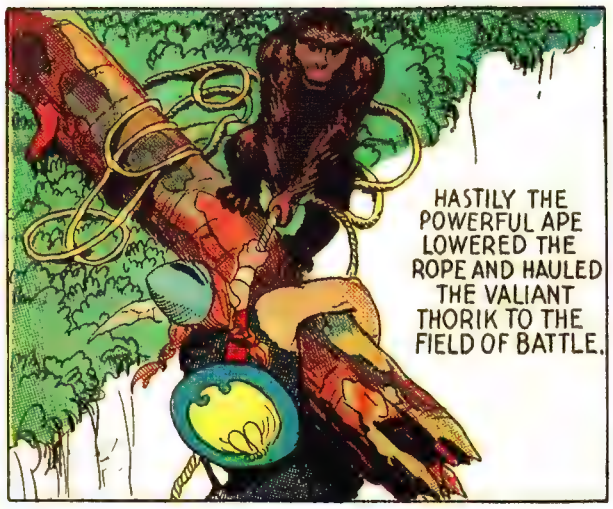
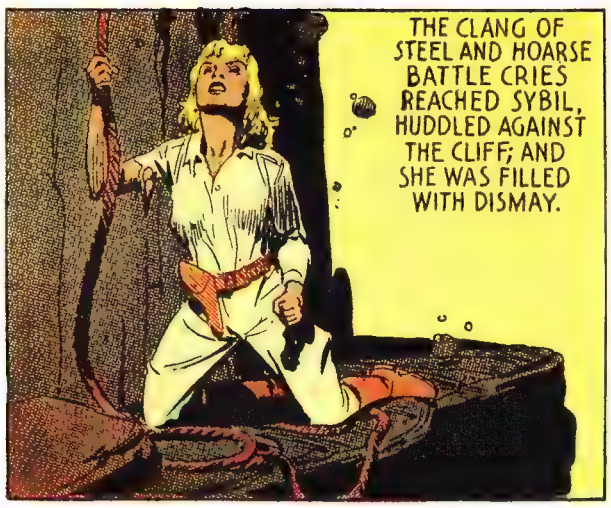
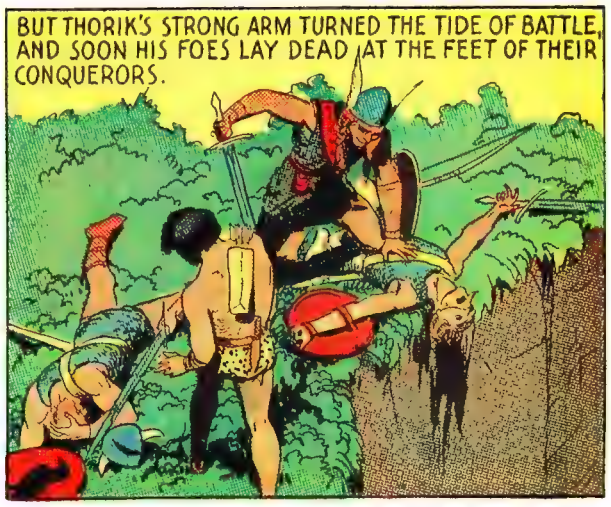
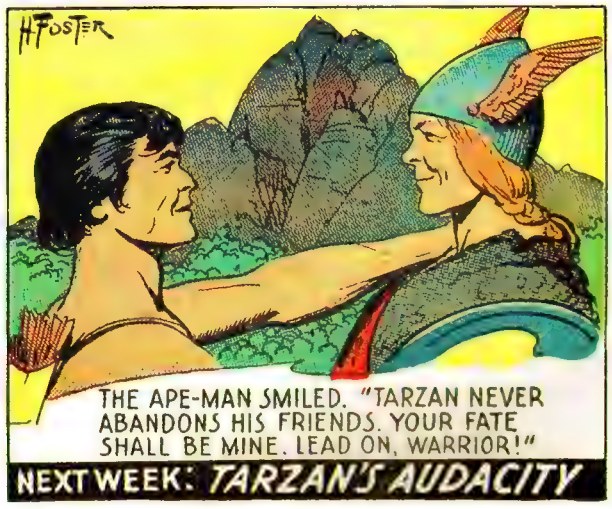
TARZAN'S PERIL











NEXT WEEK: *TARZAN'S AUDACITY*

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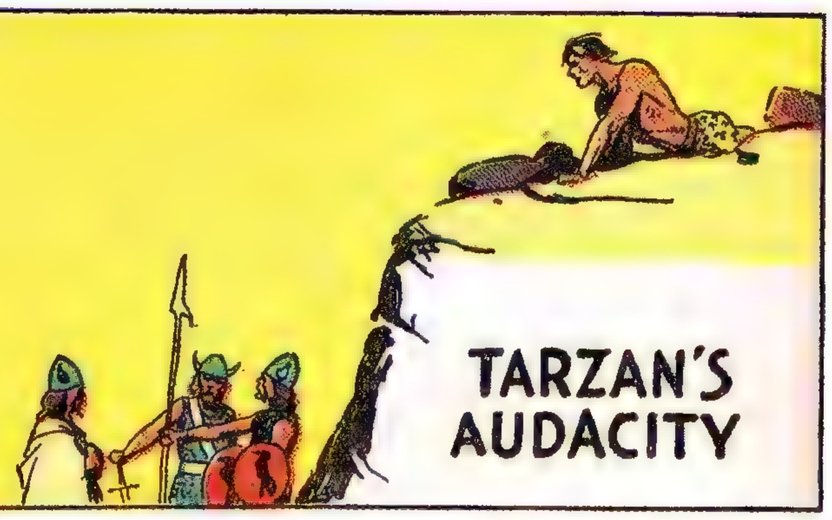
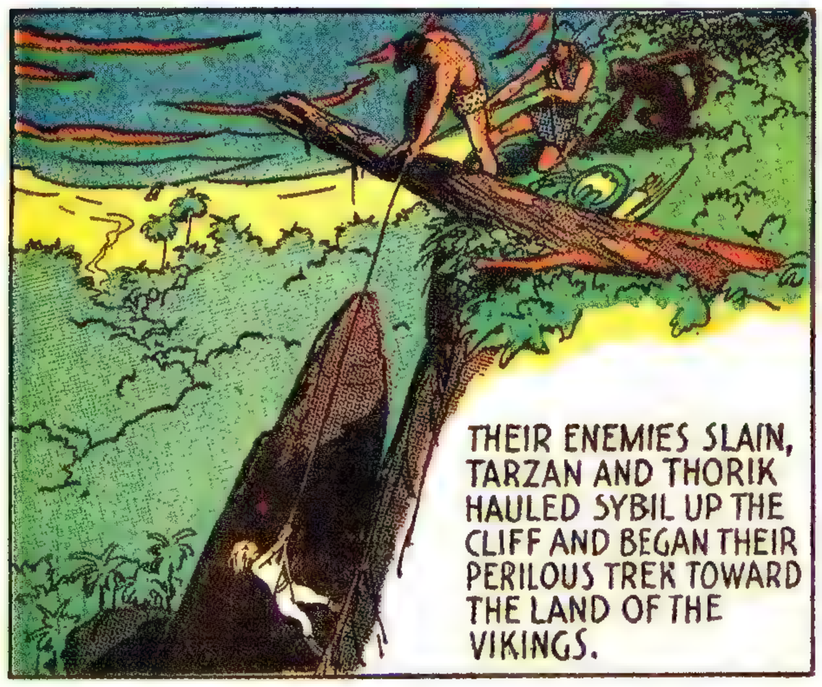
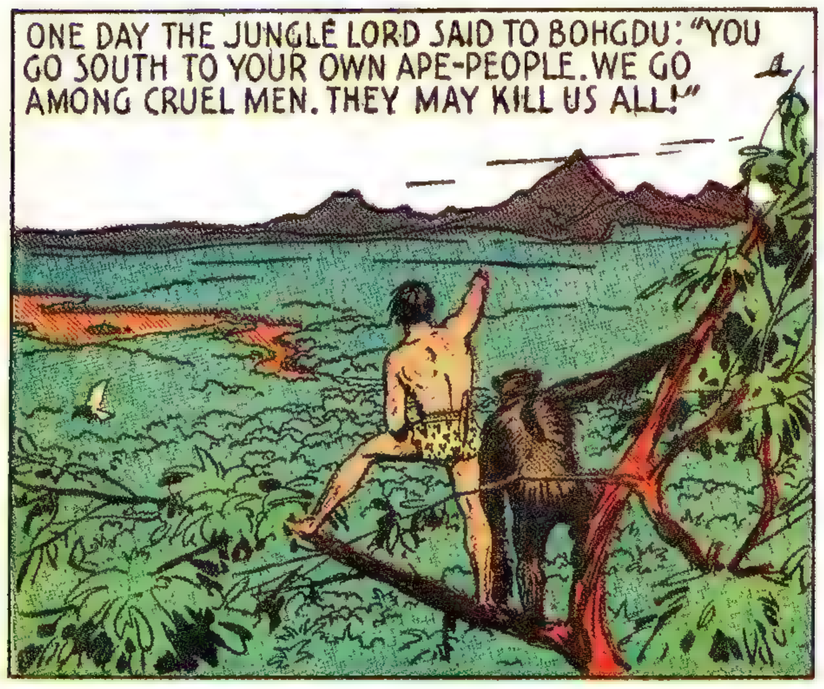
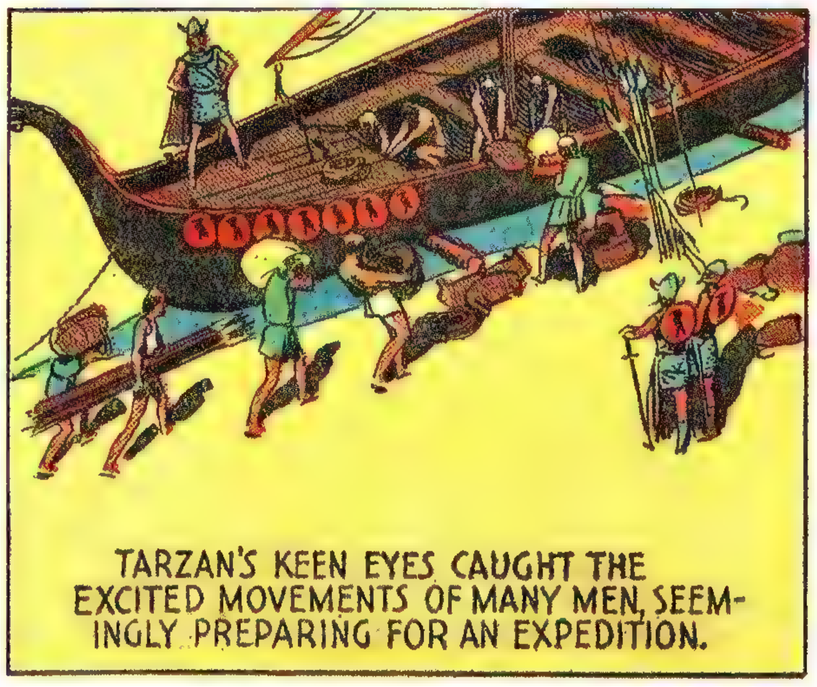
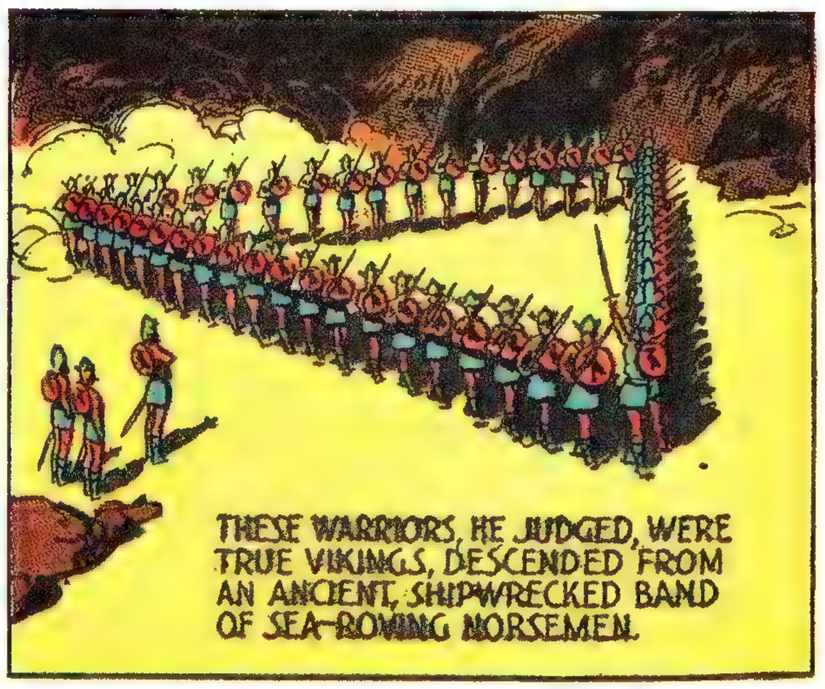


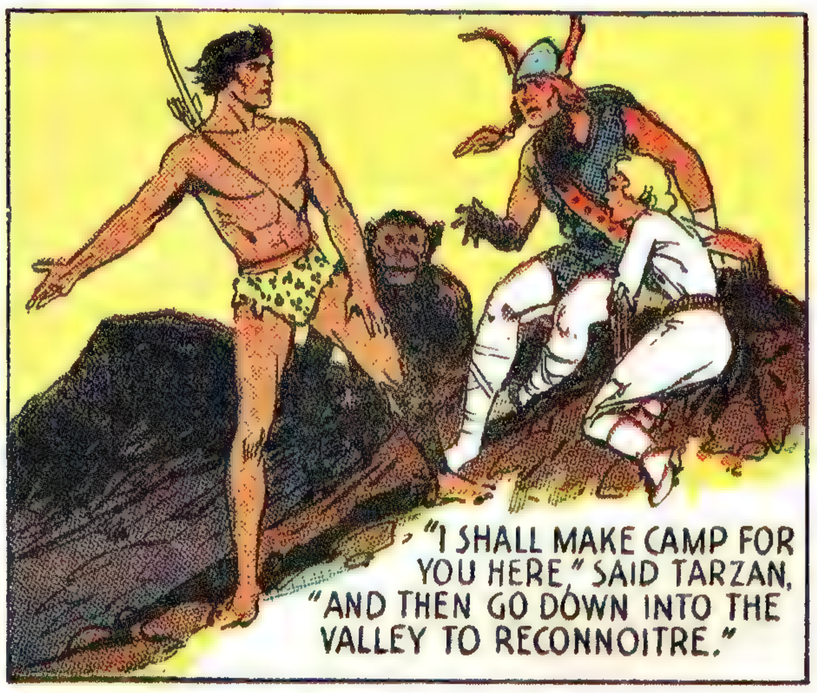
TARZAN'S AUDACITY











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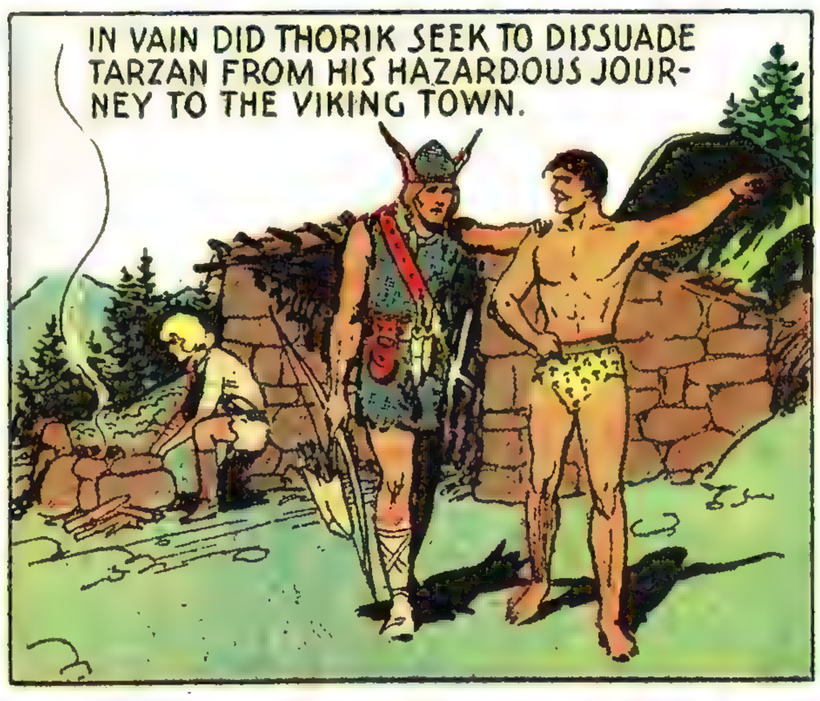
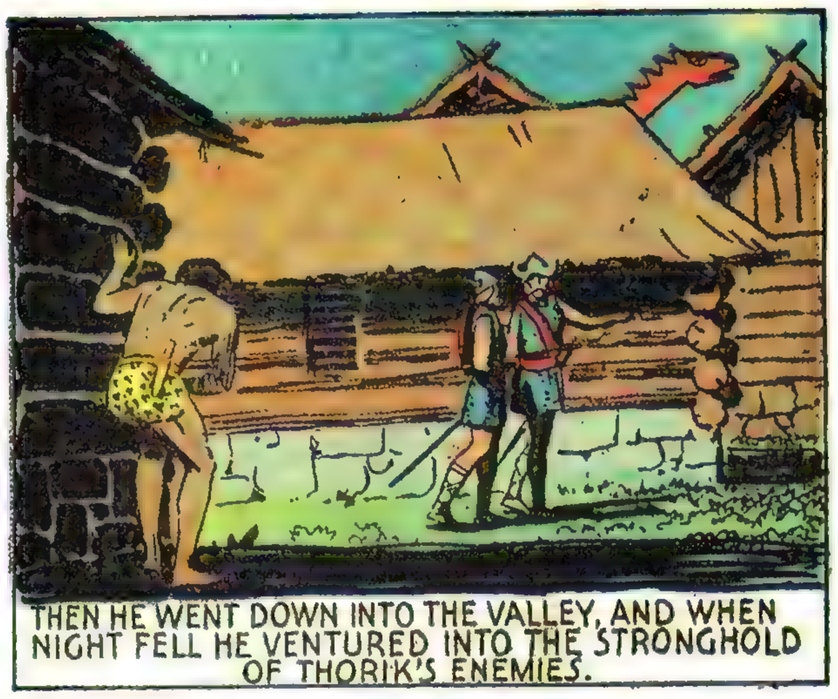
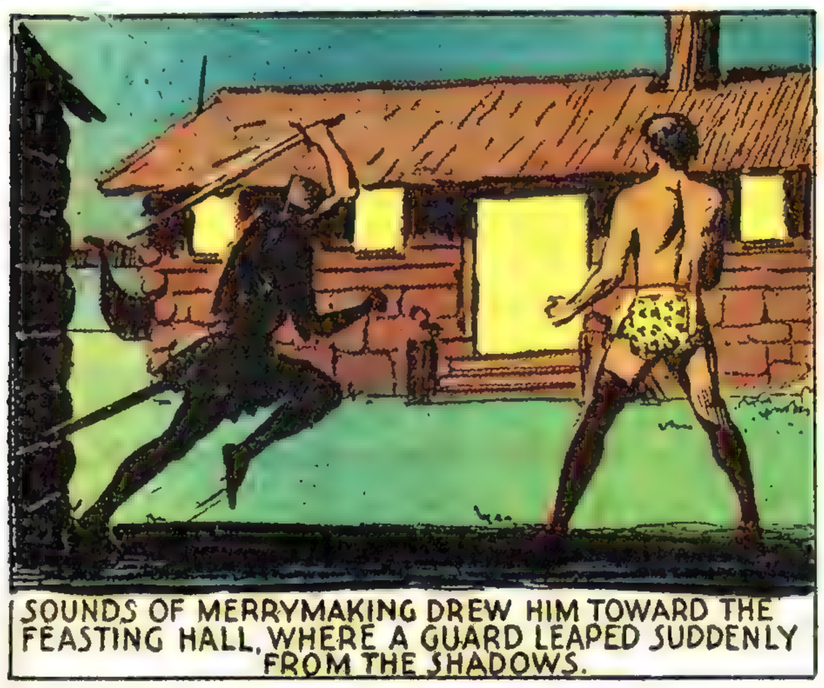
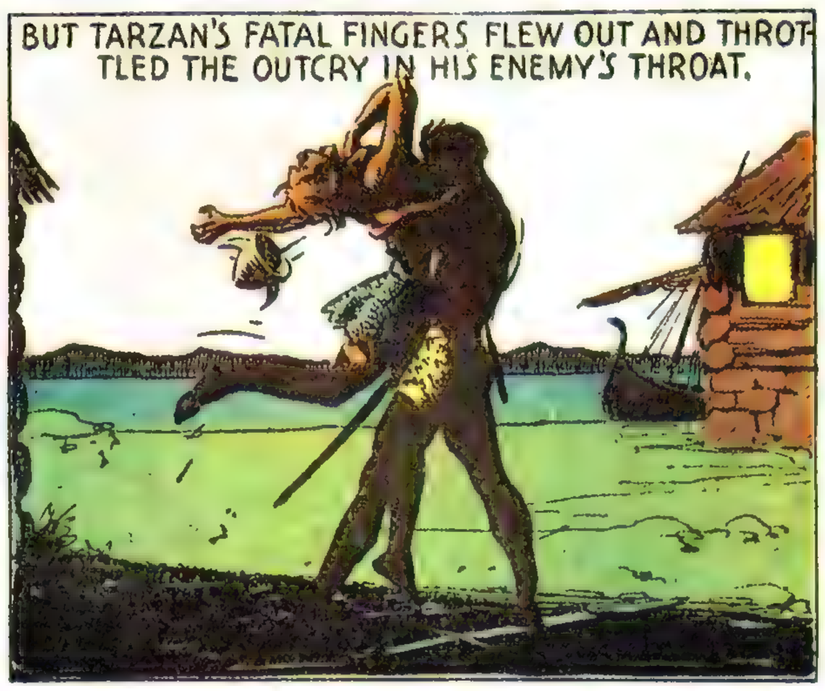
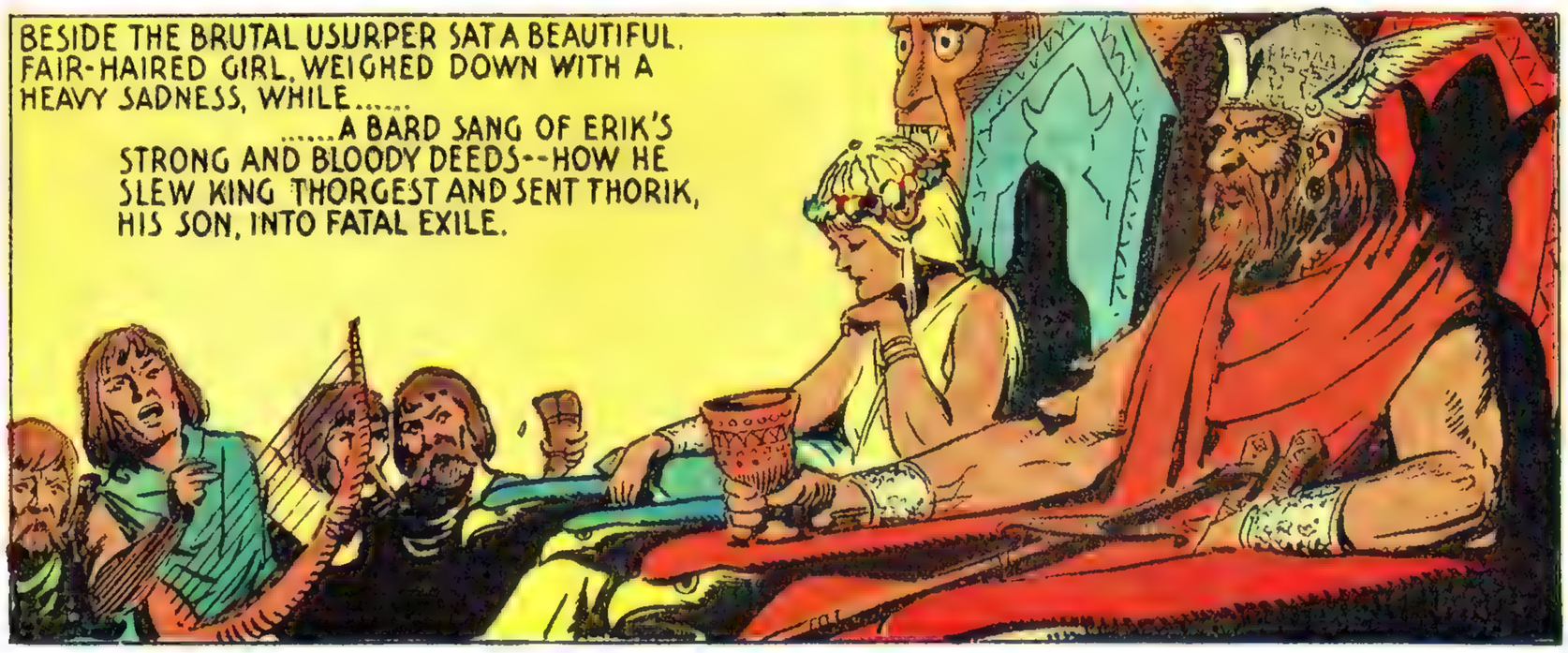
THE TRAGIC MAID

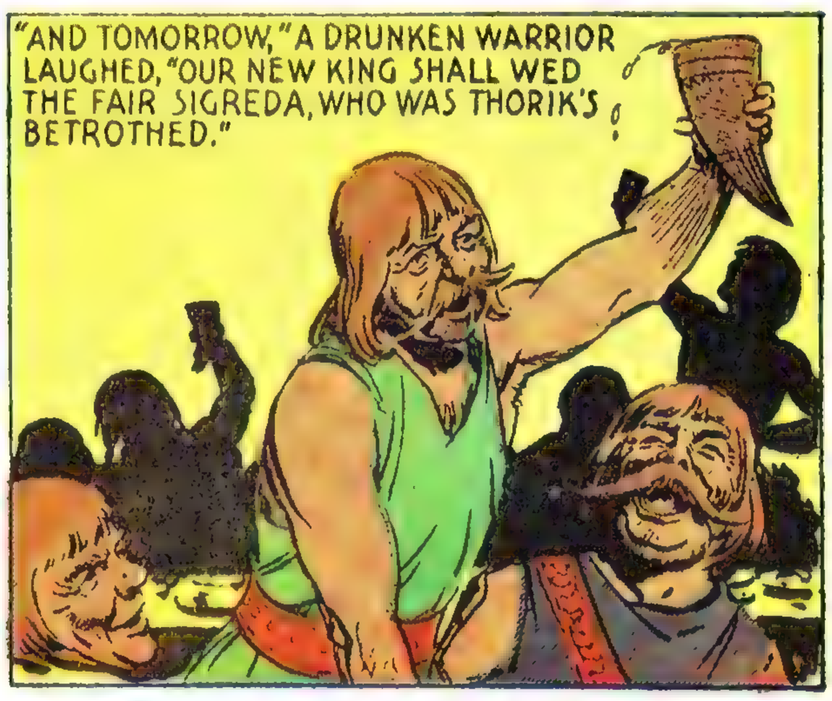












NEXT WEEK: *AMIDST THE VIKINGS*

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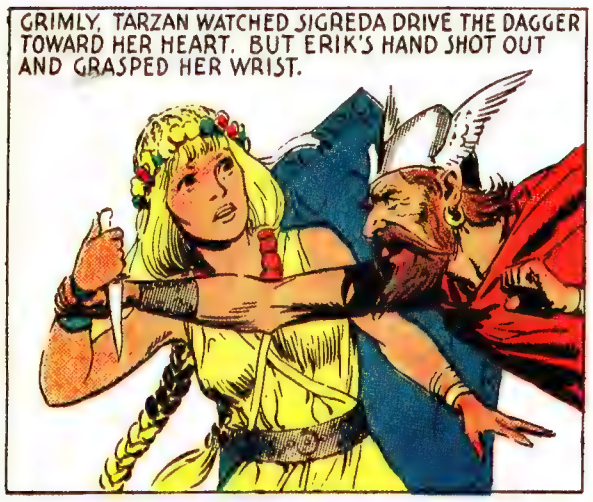
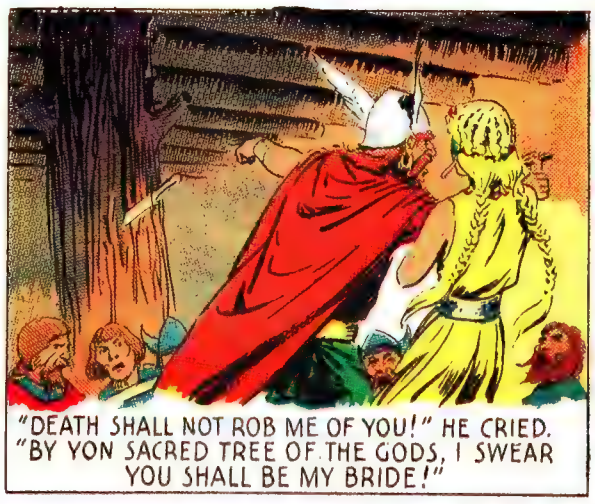
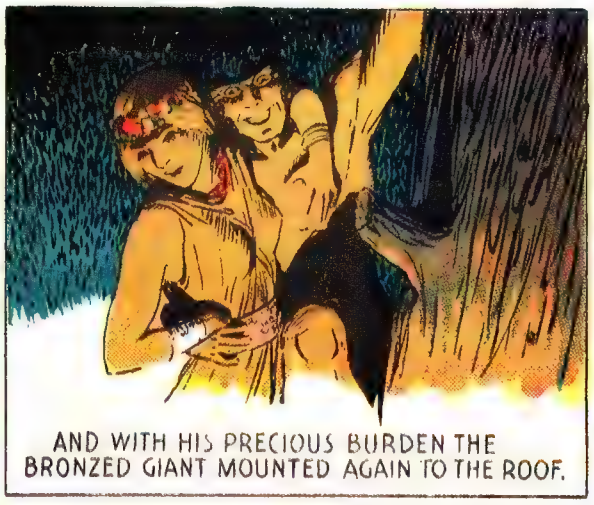
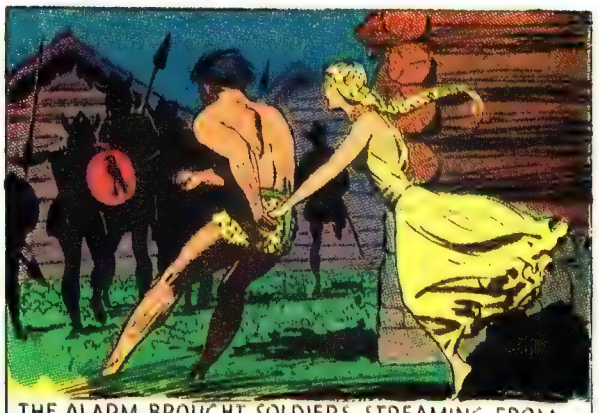
AMIDST THE VIKINGS









THE ALARM BROUGHT SOLDIERS STREAMING FROM EVERY HOUSE. AND TARZAN, COURSING THE STREETS, SAW THAT HIS FLIGHT WAS BLOCKED!"

NEXT WEEK: *THE FUTILE STRATAGEM*

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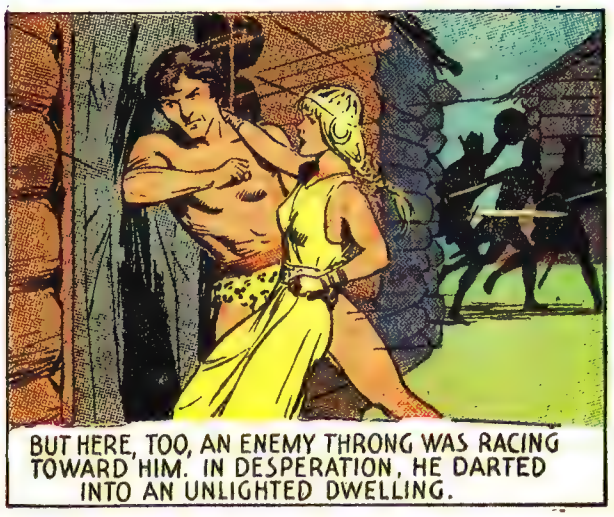
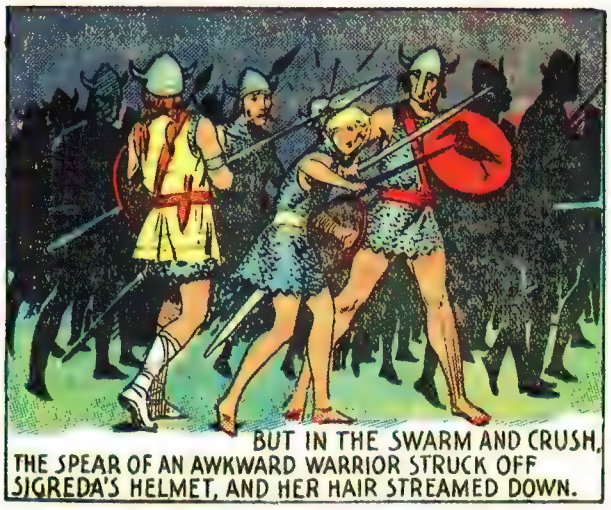
A FUTILE STRATAGEM



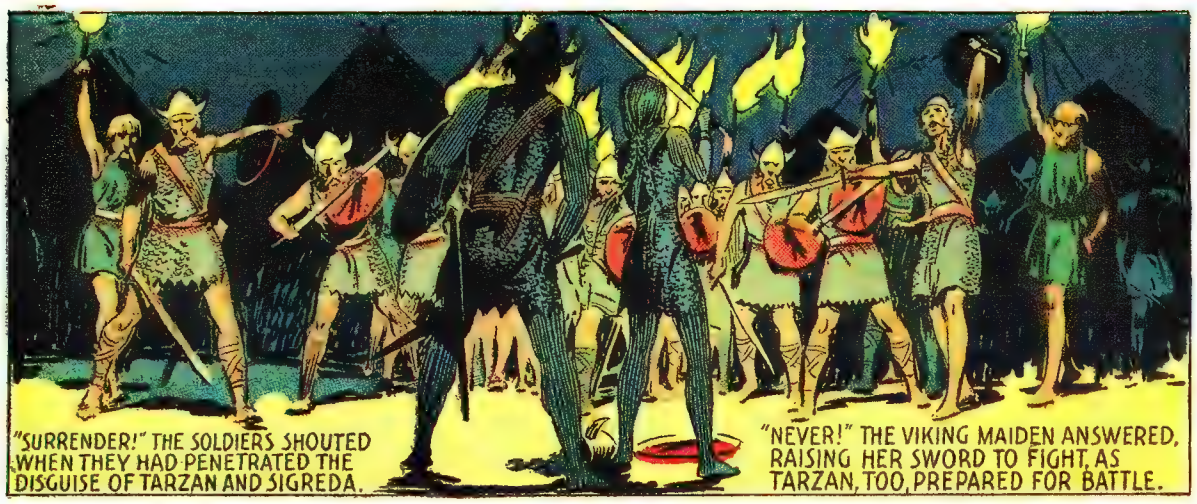


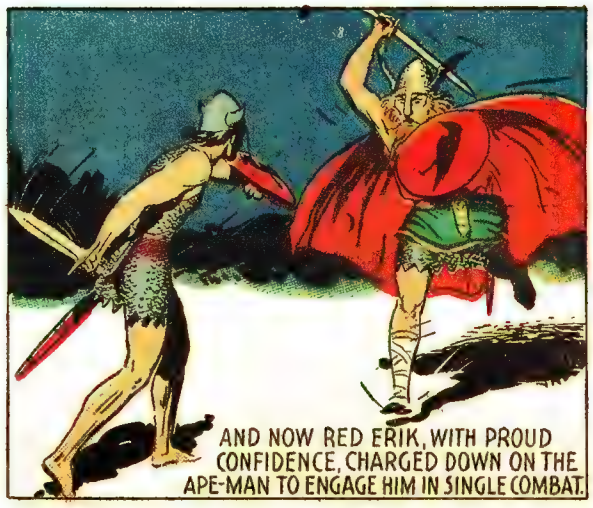
NEXT WEEK: *SIGREDA'S ANGUISH*

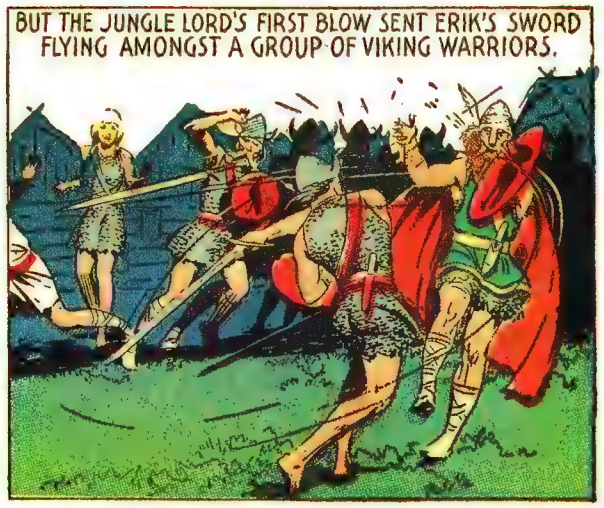
Tarzan

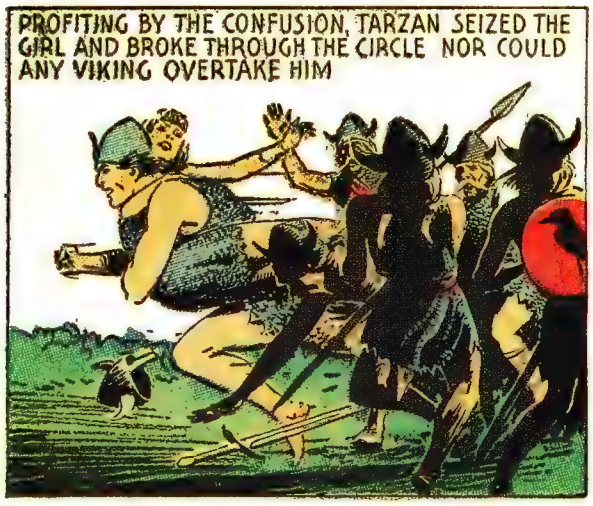
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

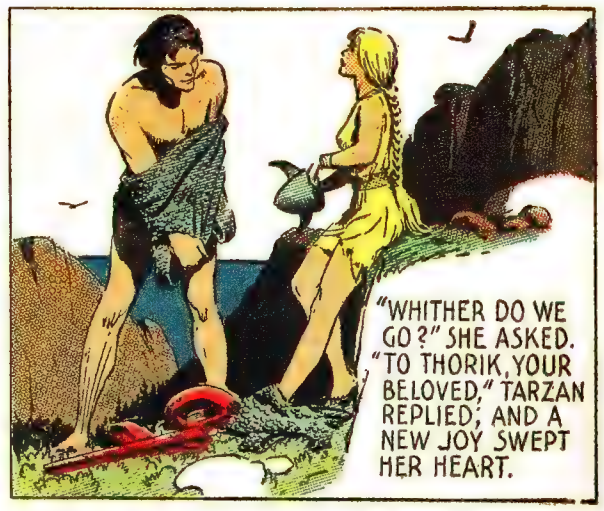
SIGREDA'S ANGUISH

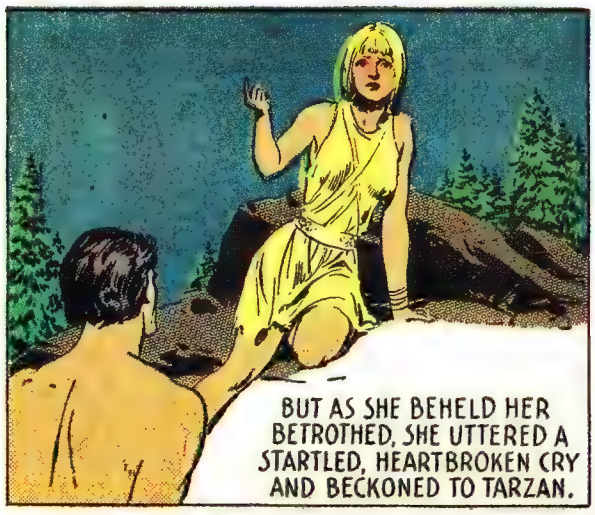


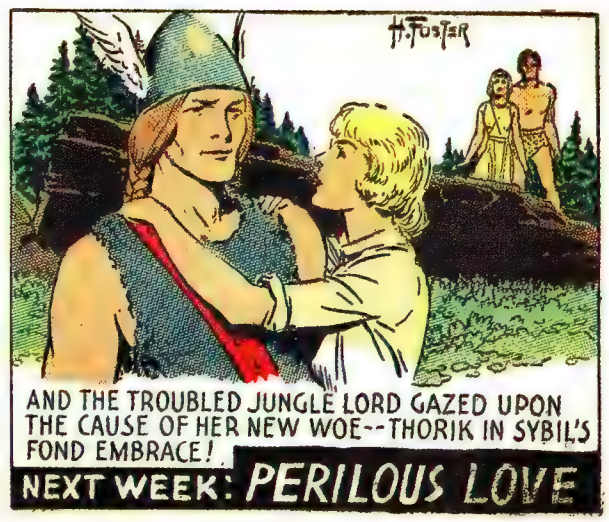












Tarzan

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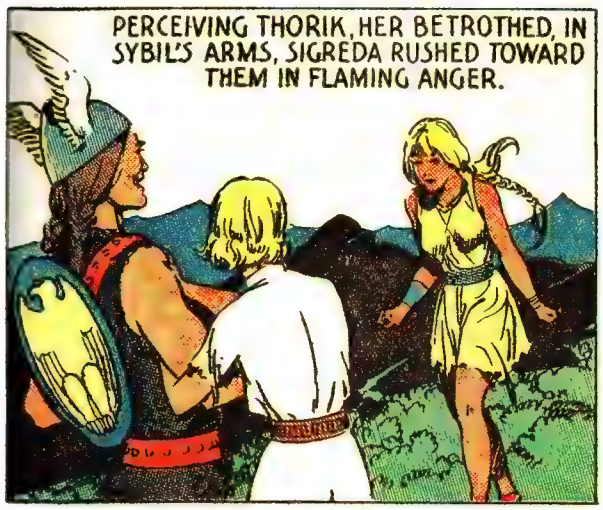
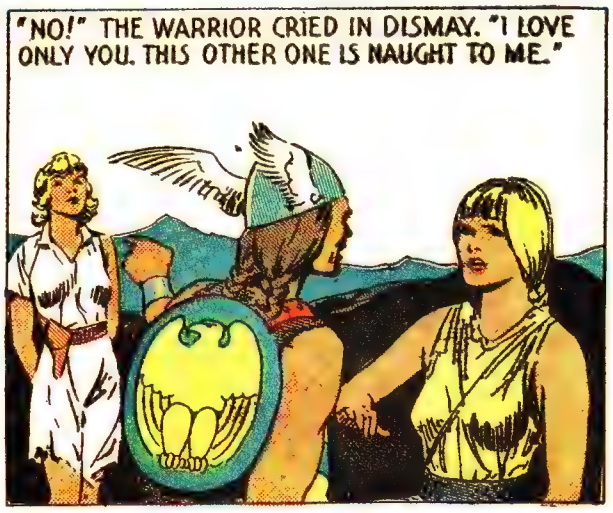
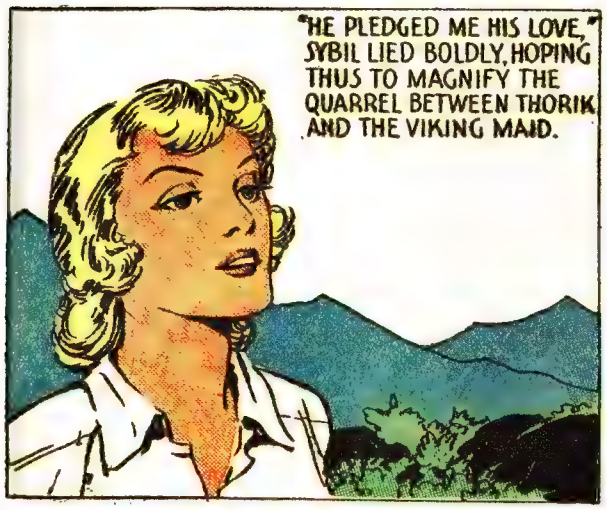
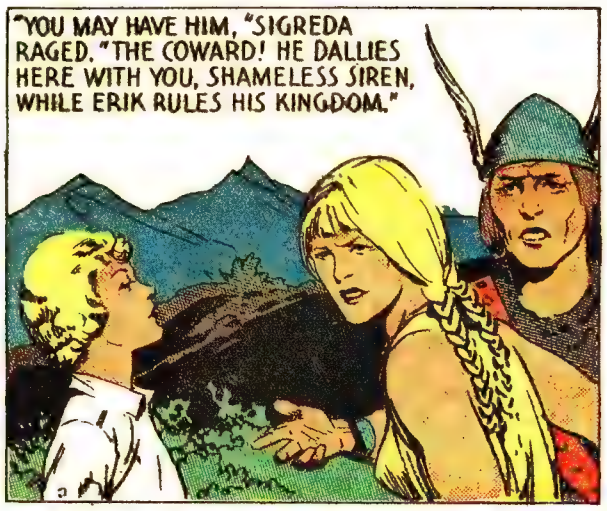
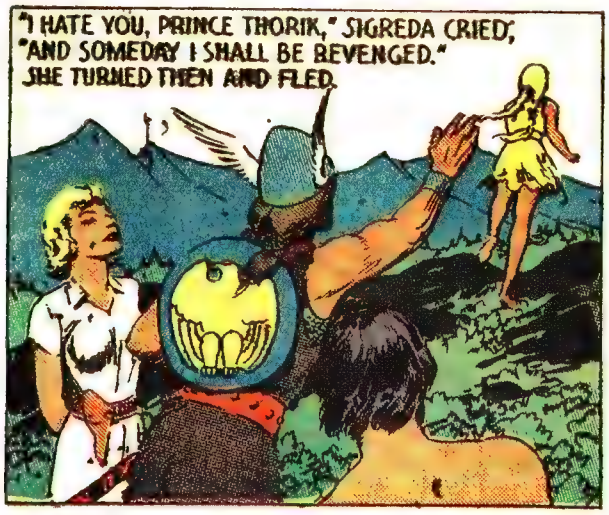
PERILOUS LOVE

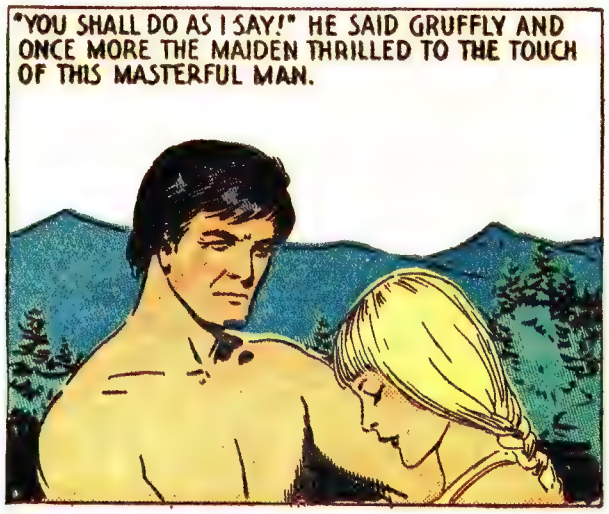


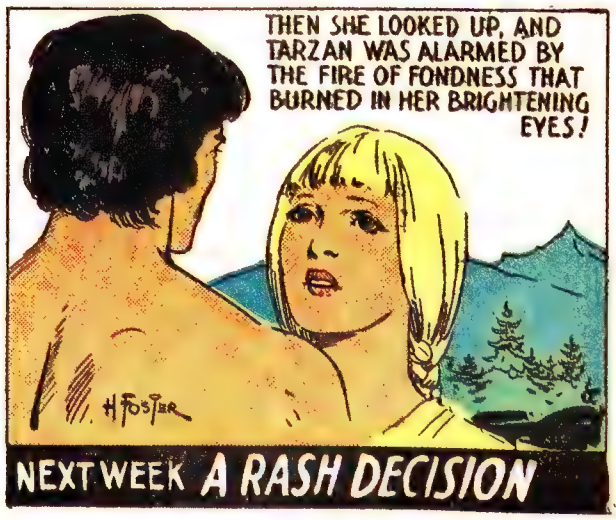












NEXT WEEK A RASH DECISION

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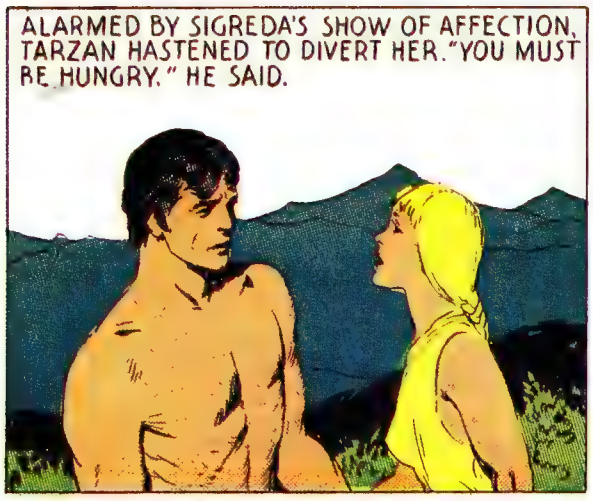
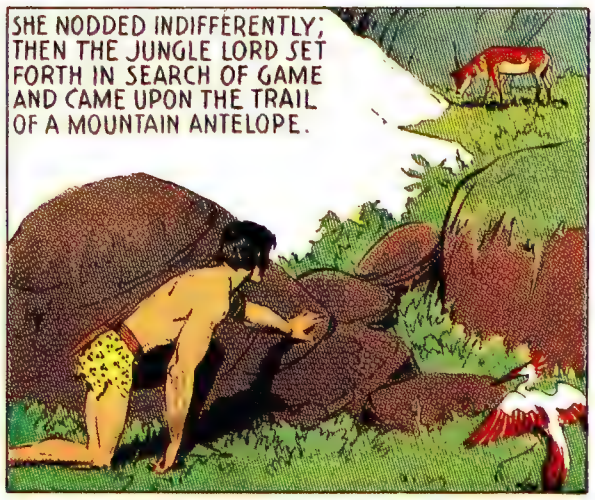
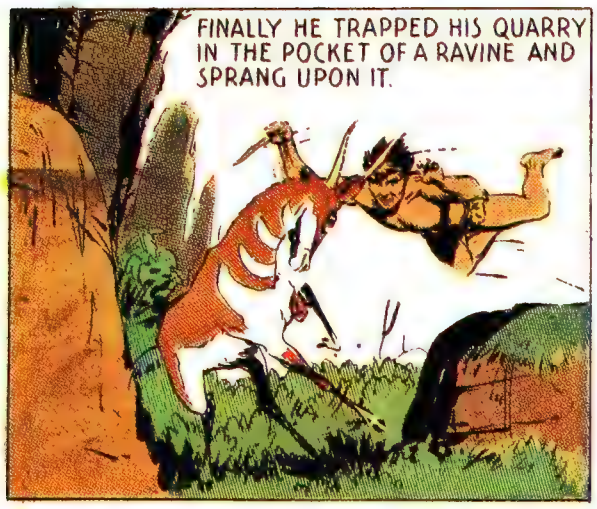
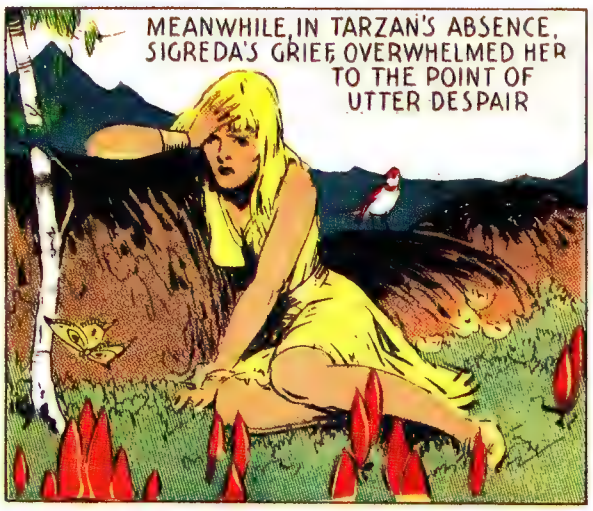
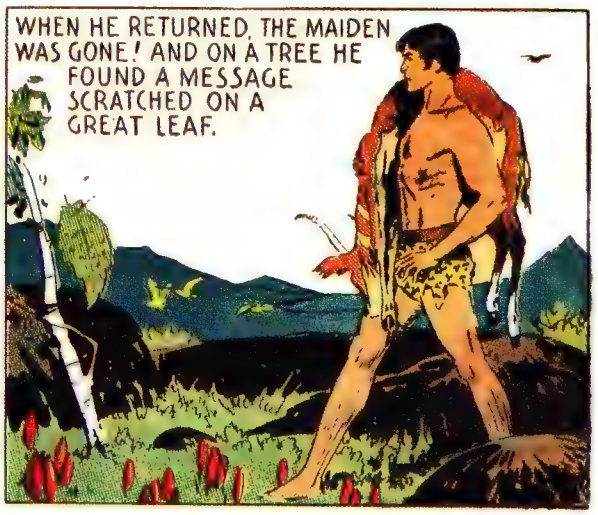
A RASH DECISION

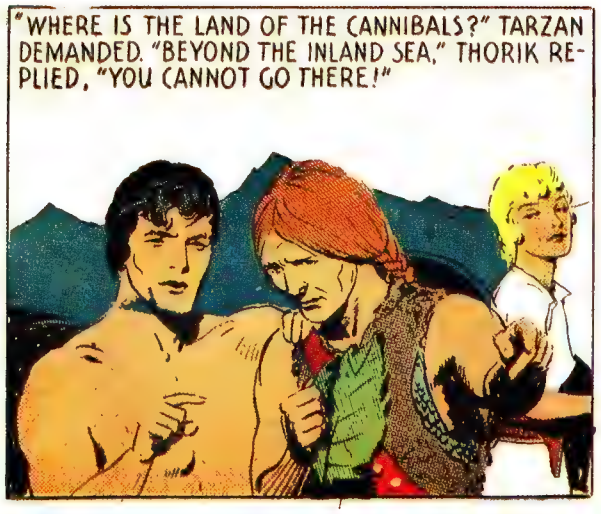


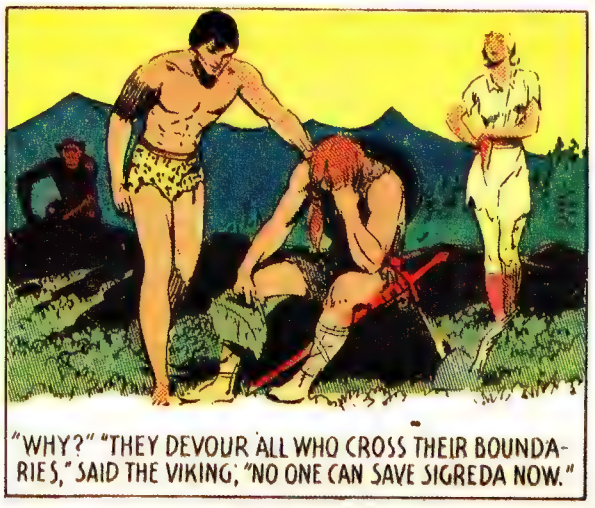












NEXT WEEK: CONDEMNED

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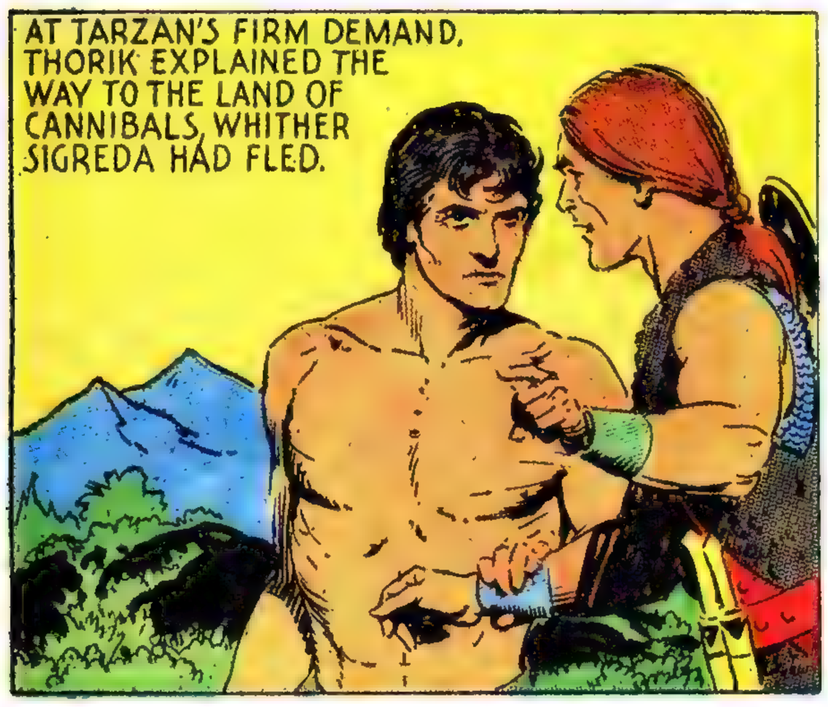
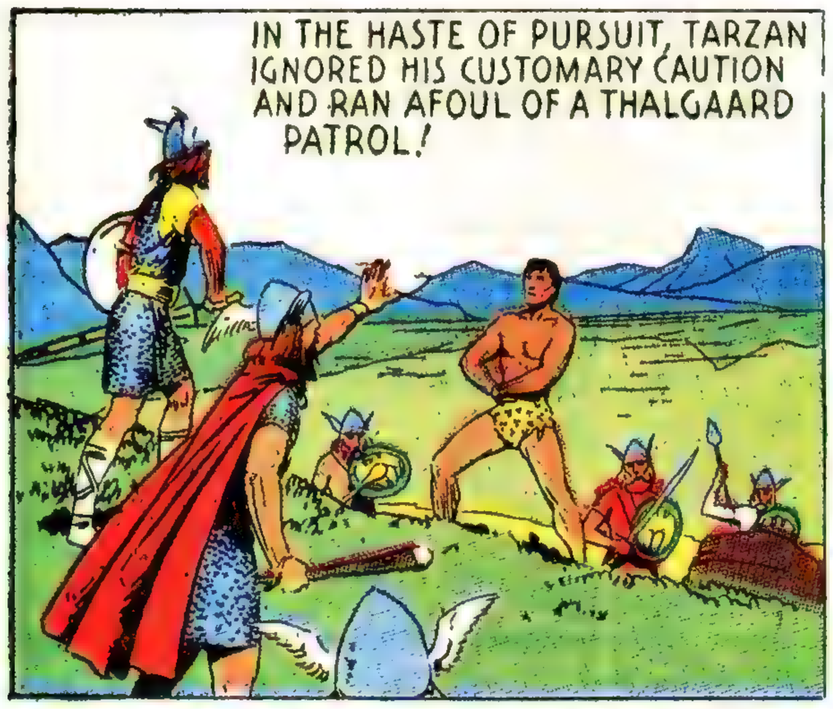
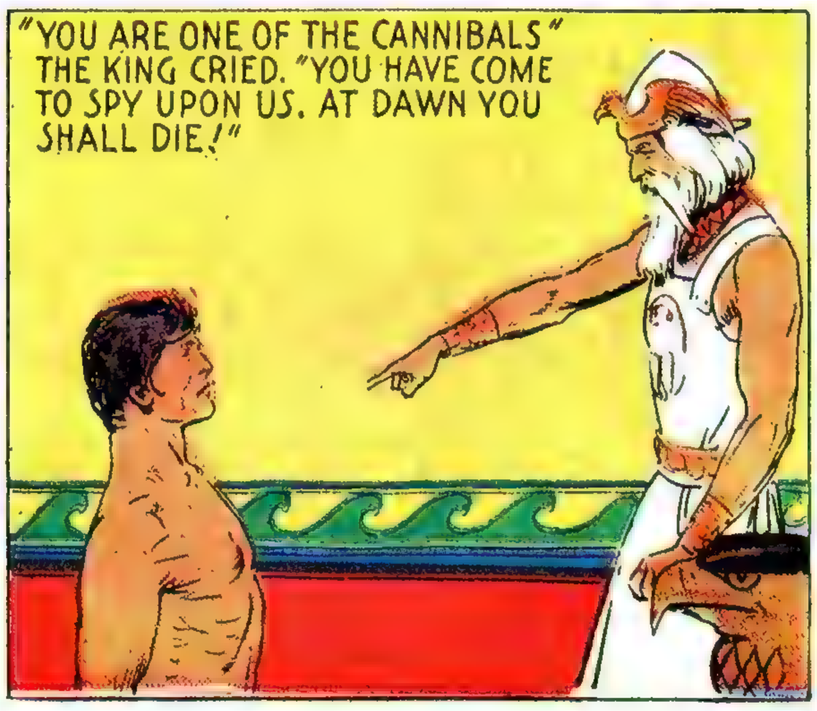
CONDEMNED







NEXT WEEK: *RED ERIK'S RAID*

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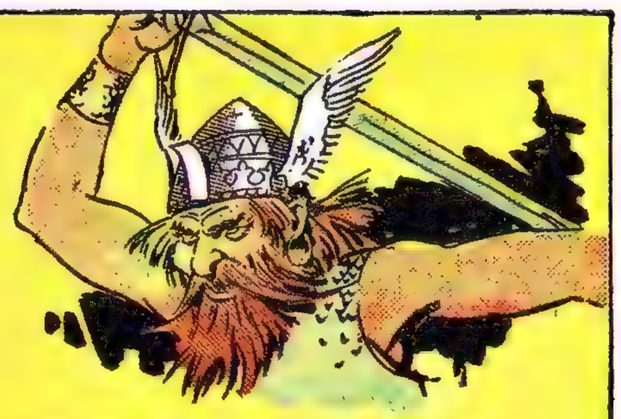
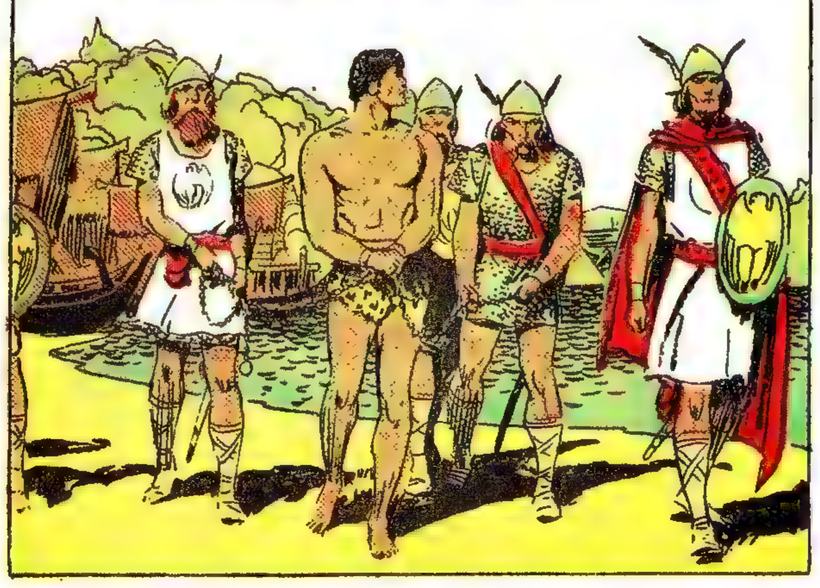
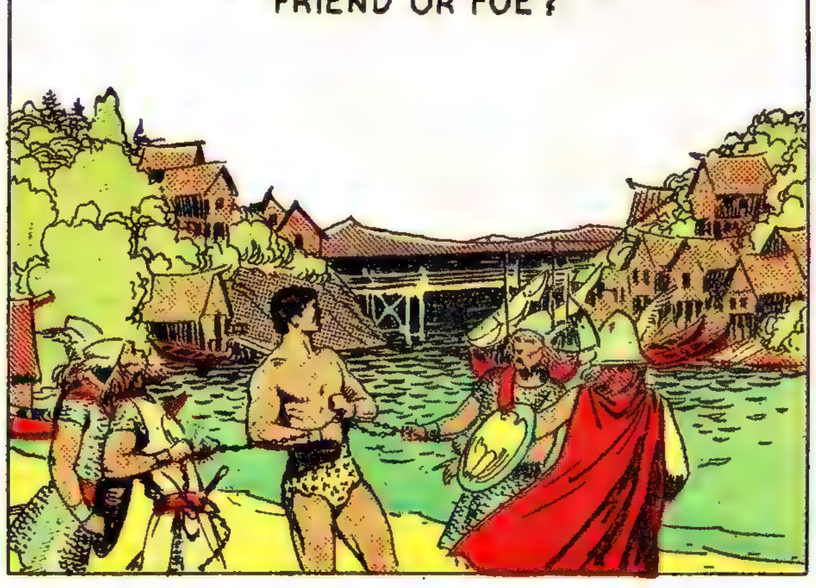
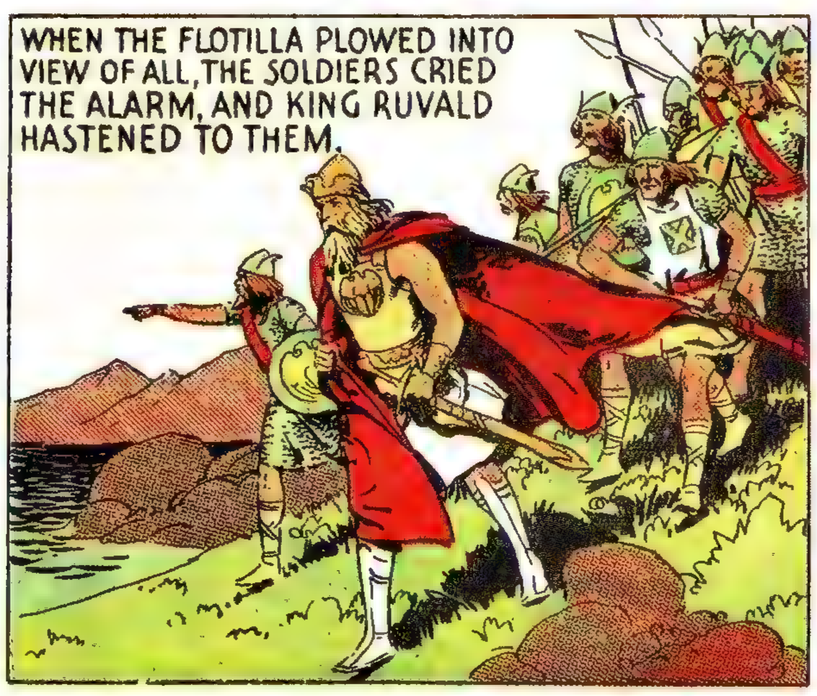
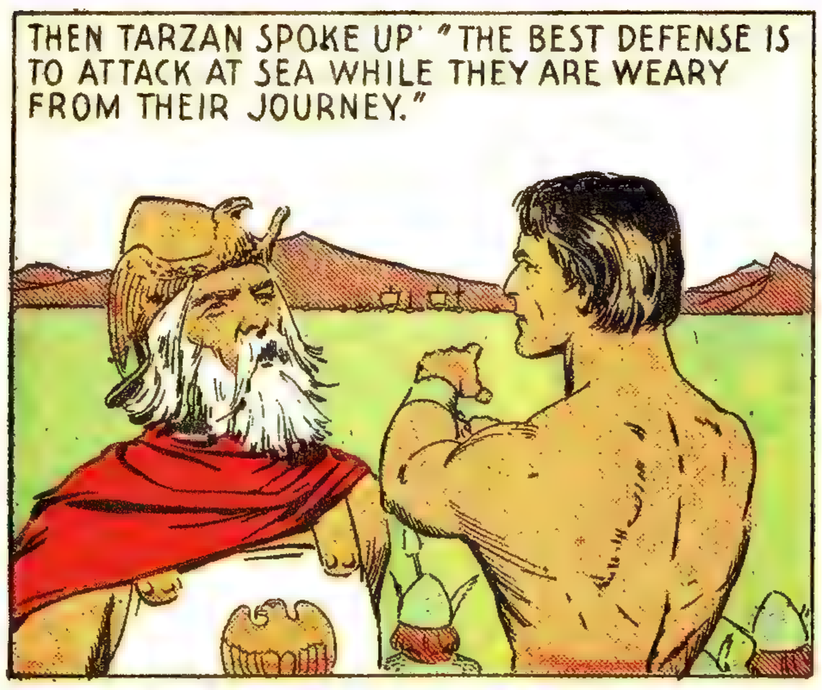


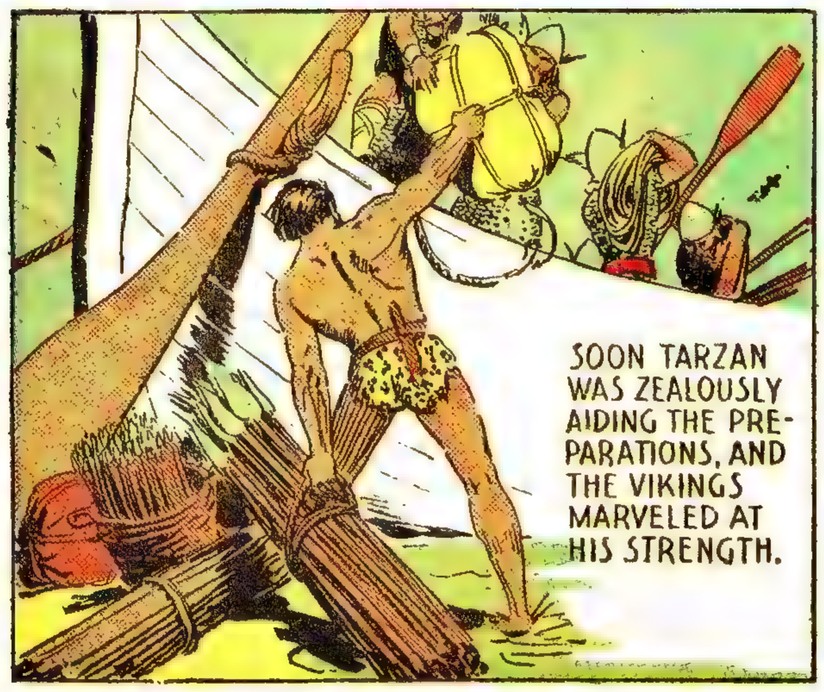
RED ERIK'S RAID











NEXT WEEK: SEA BATTLE!

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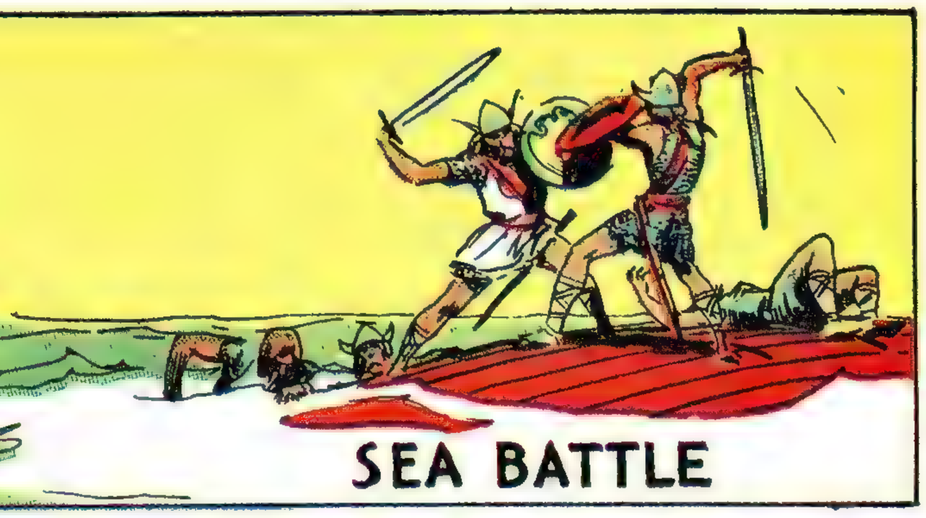
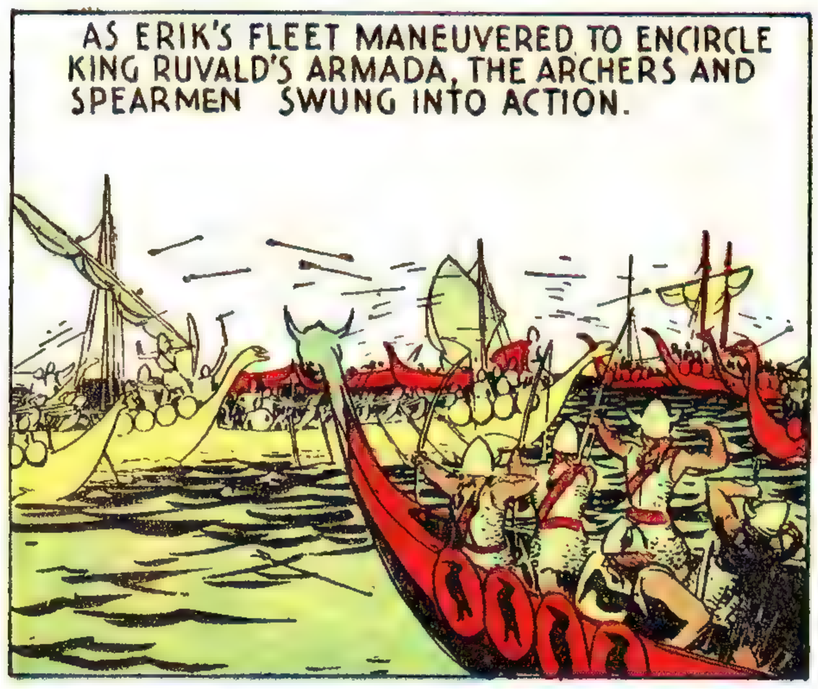
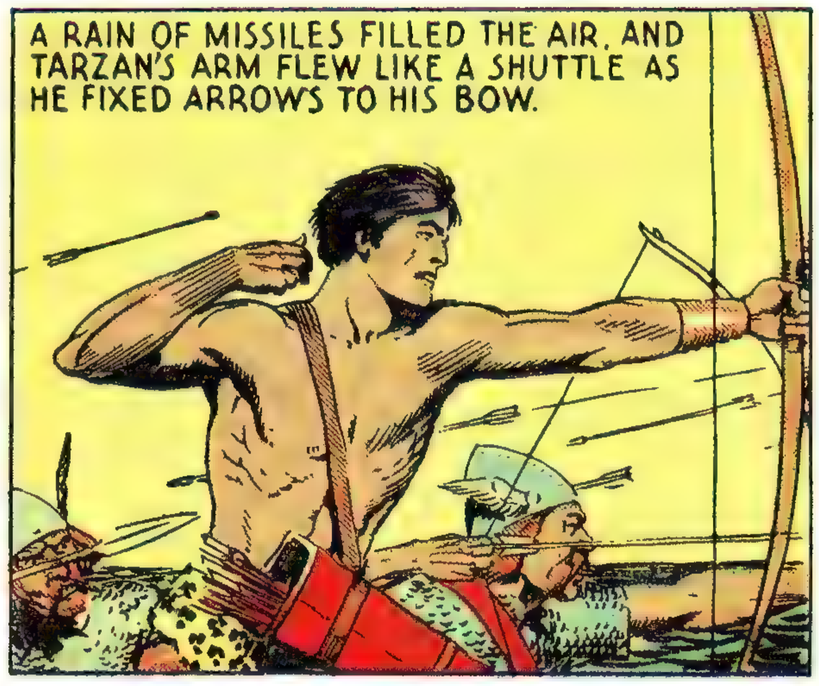
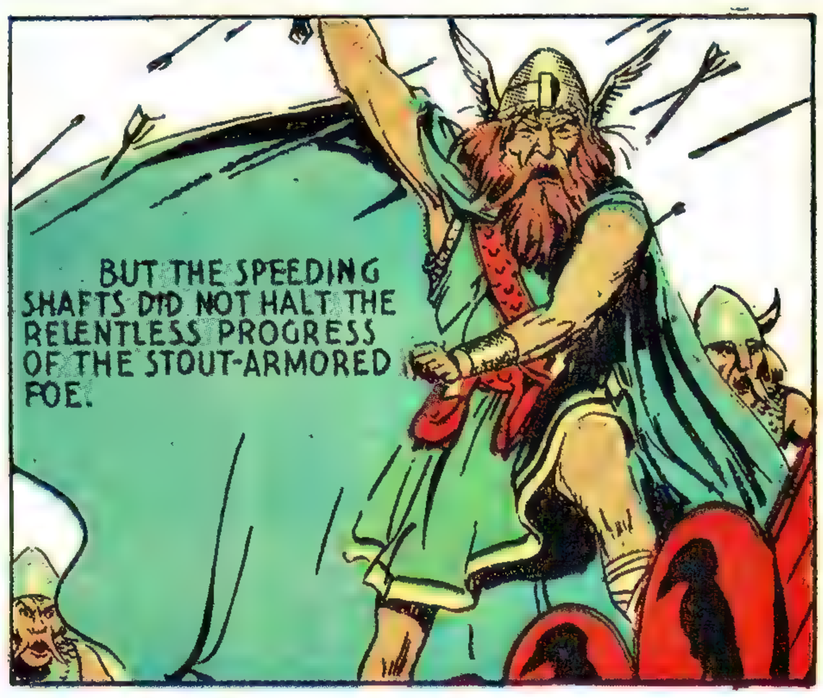
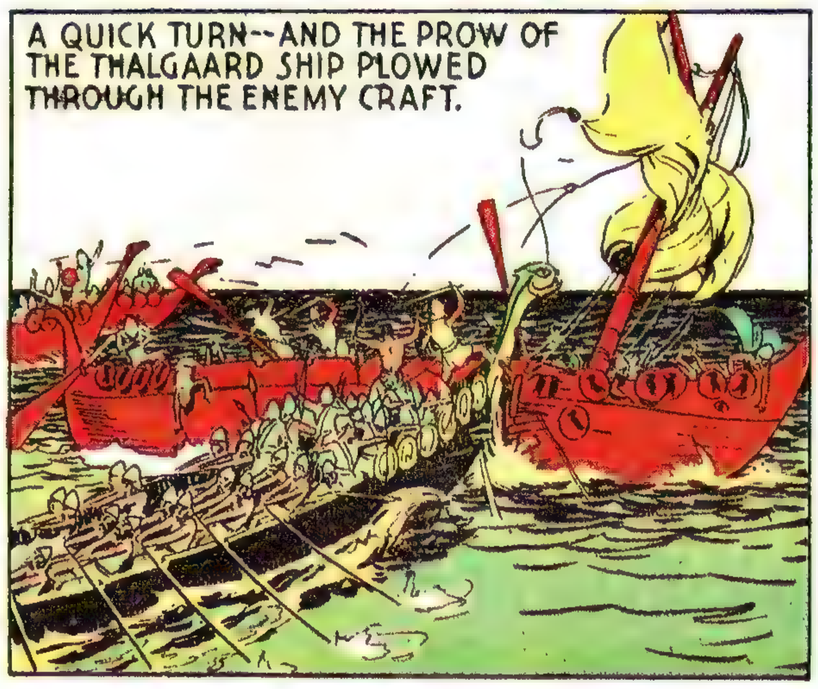


SEA BATTLE









NEXT WEEK: *FIRE*

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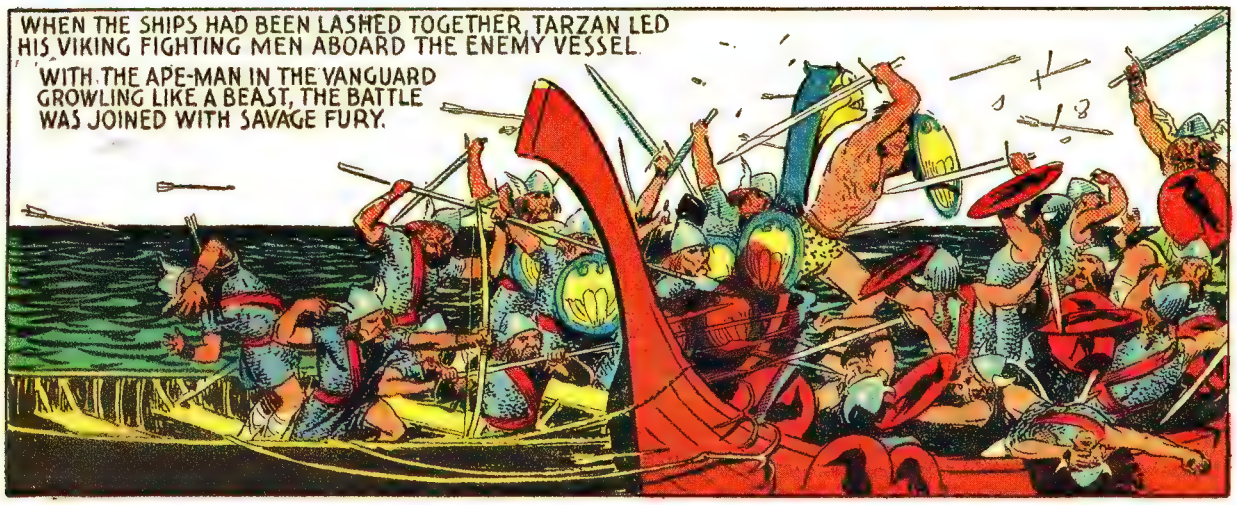

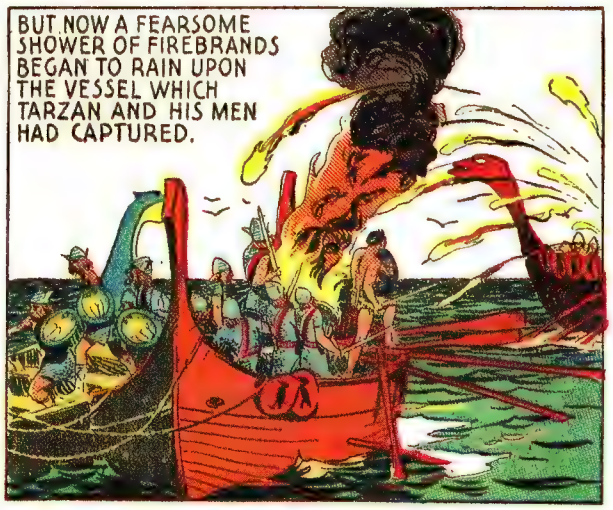

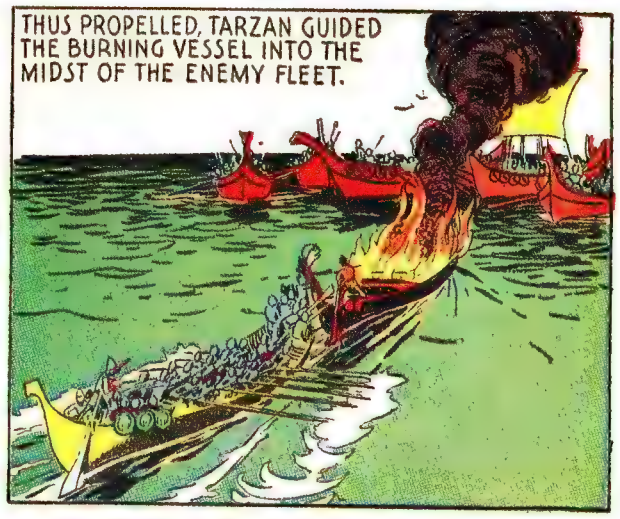

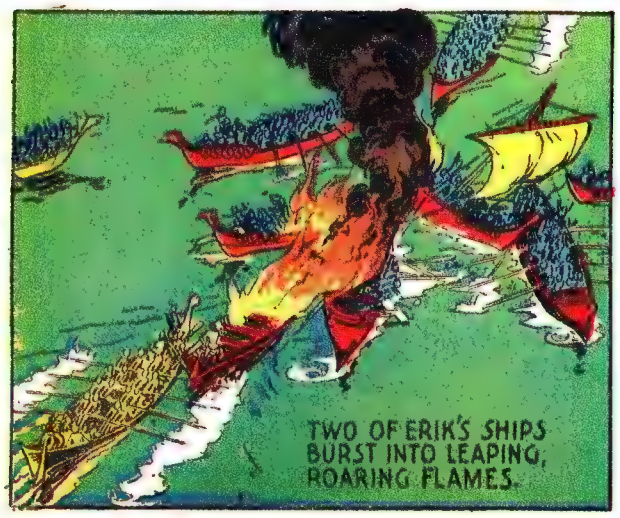

NEXT WEEK: *MUTINY*

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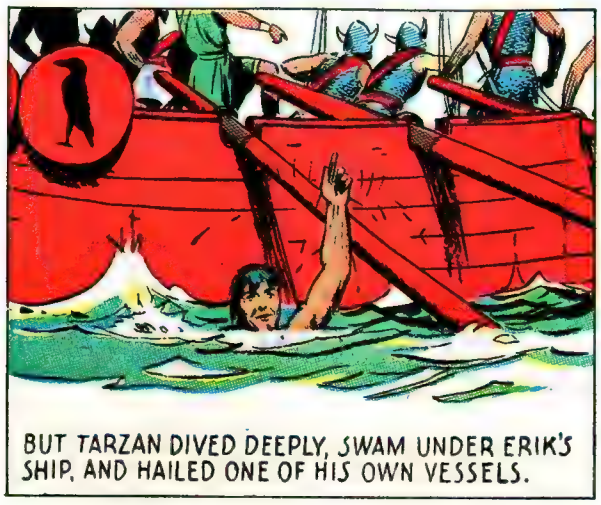
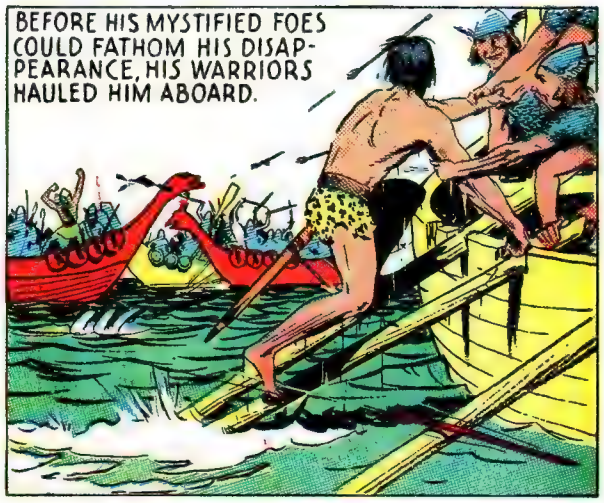
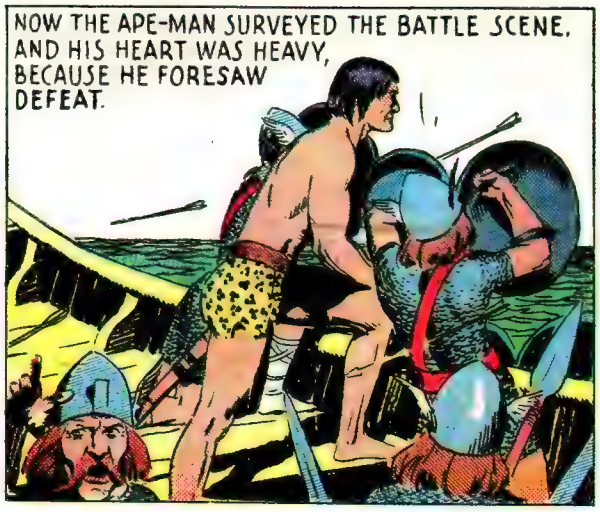
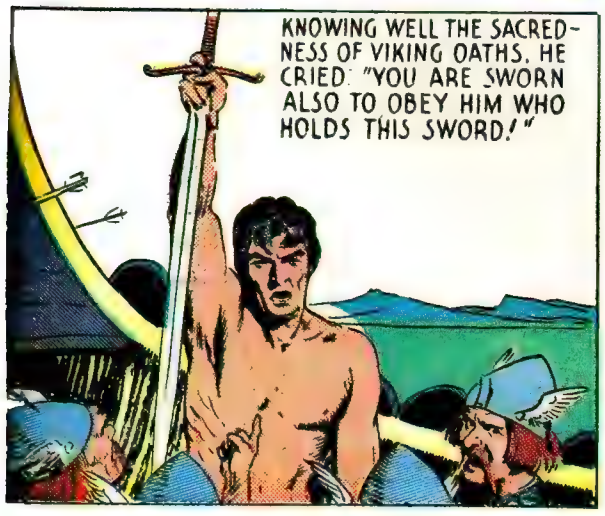
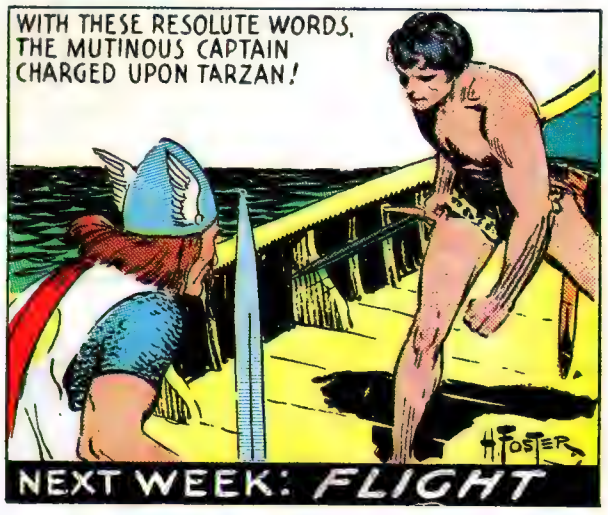
MUTINY!











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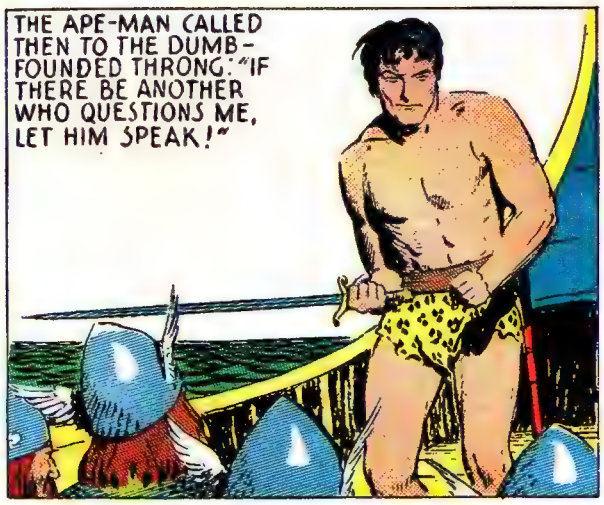
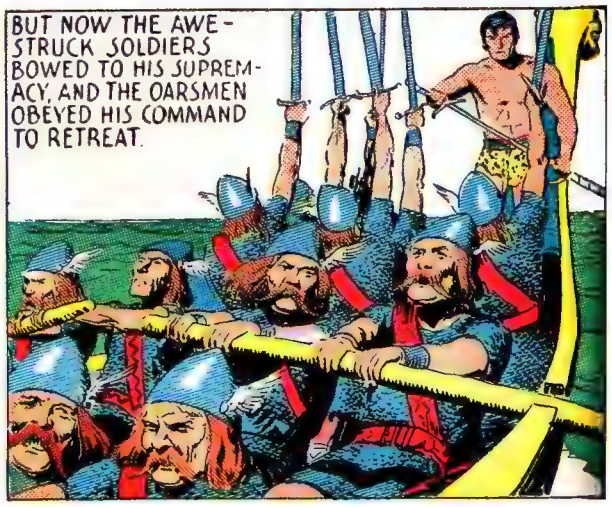
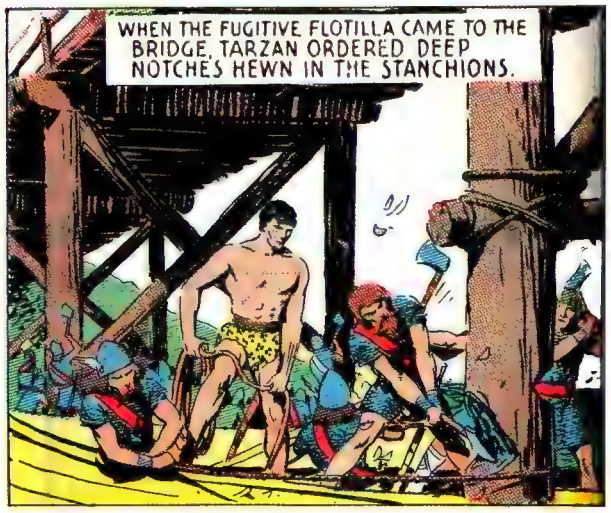
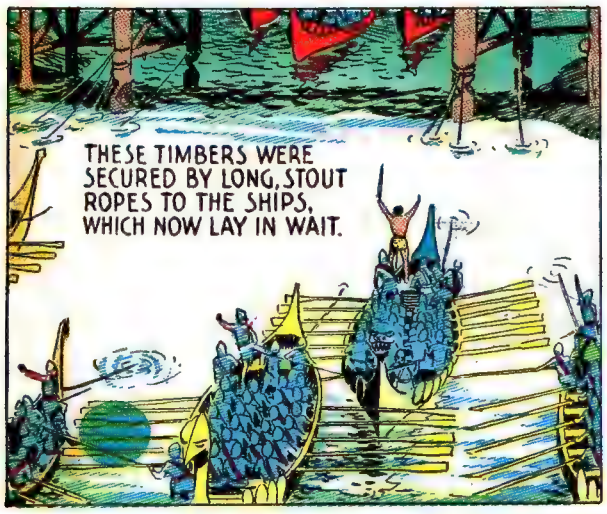
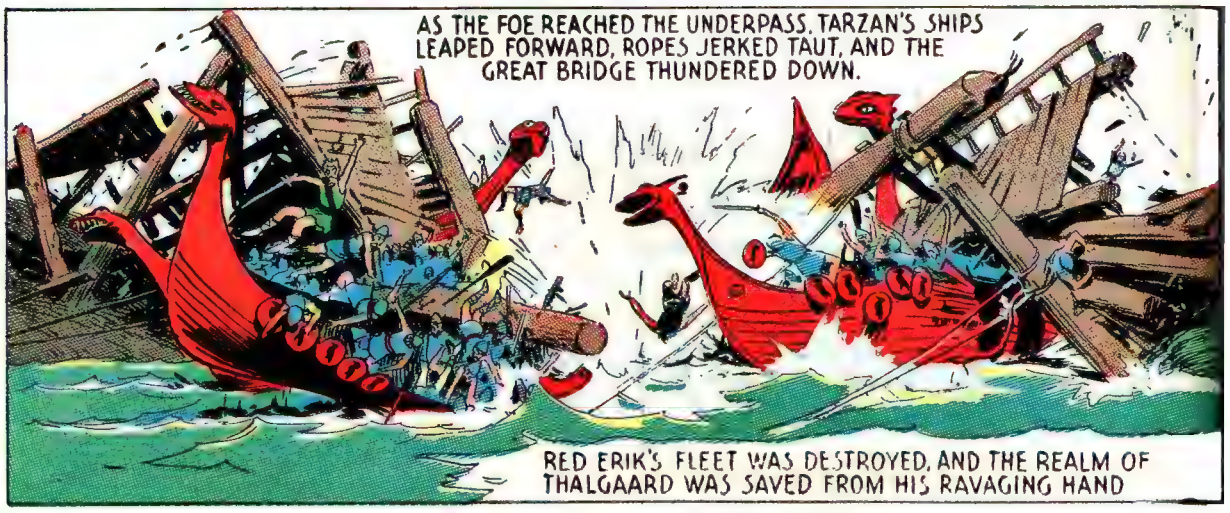
FLIGHT











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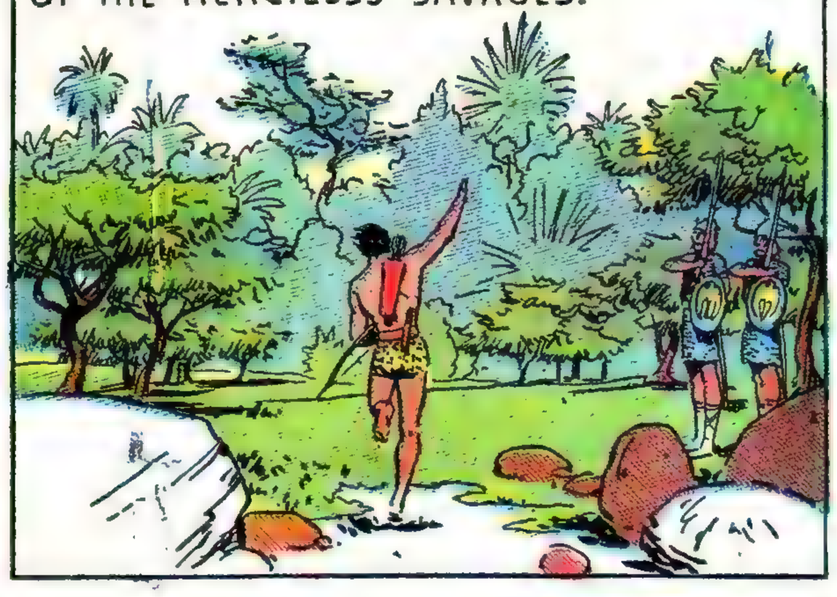
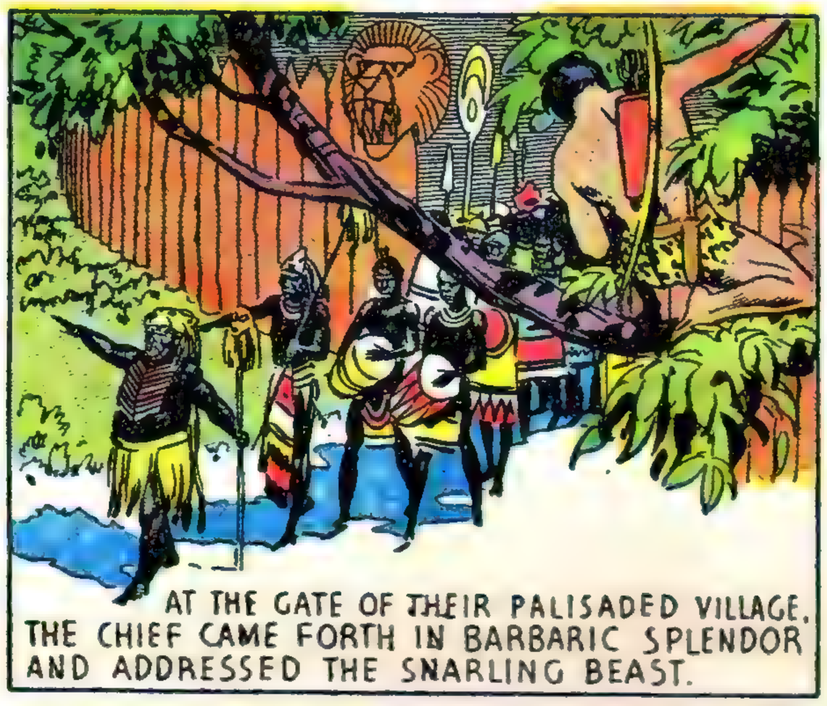
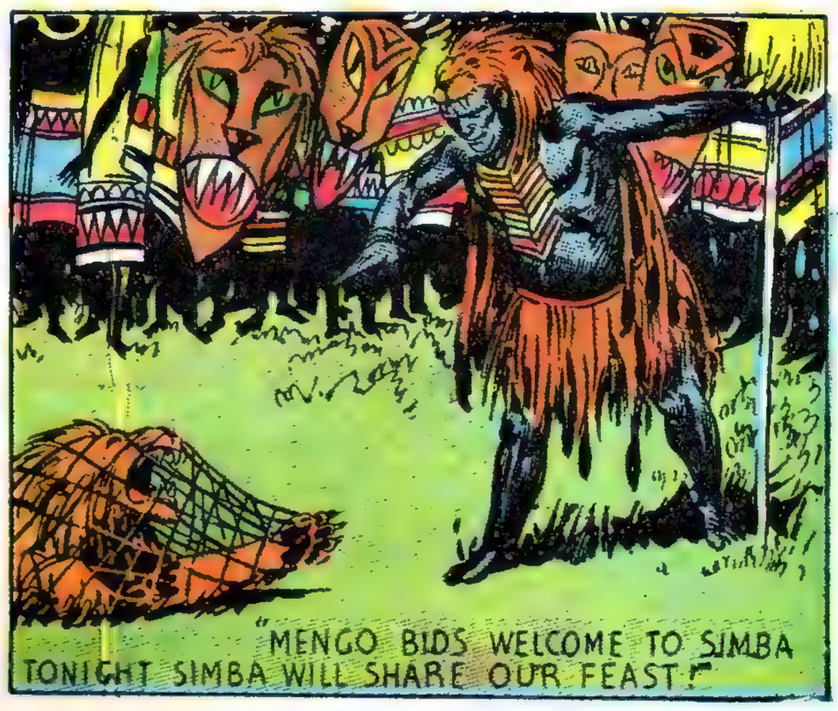
THE LION PEOPLE







NEXT WEEK—THE CANNIBALS' TRAP

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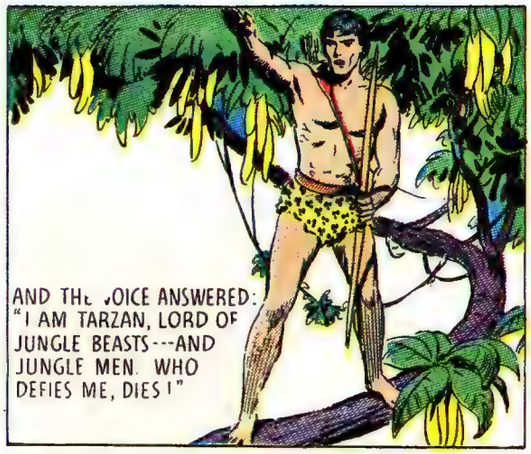
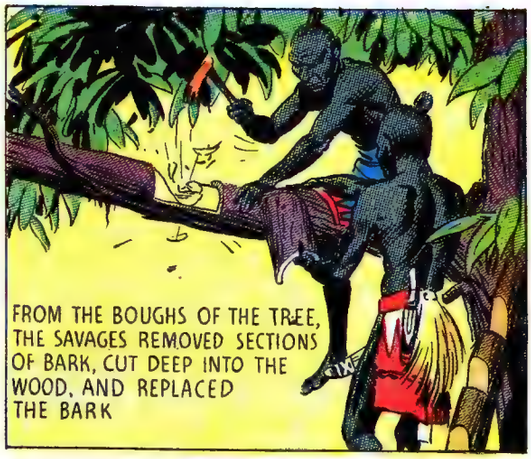
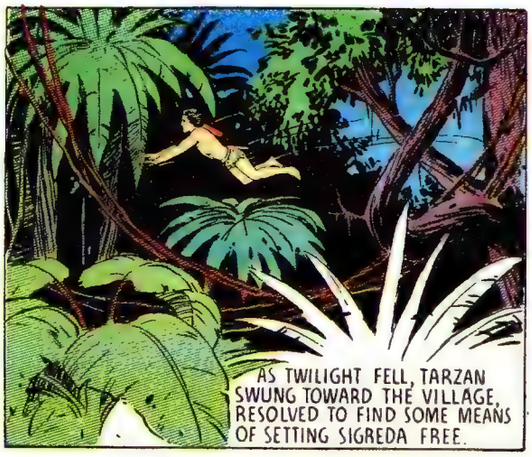
THE CANNIBALS' TRAP







NEXT WEEK: TARZAN'S MISFORTUNE!

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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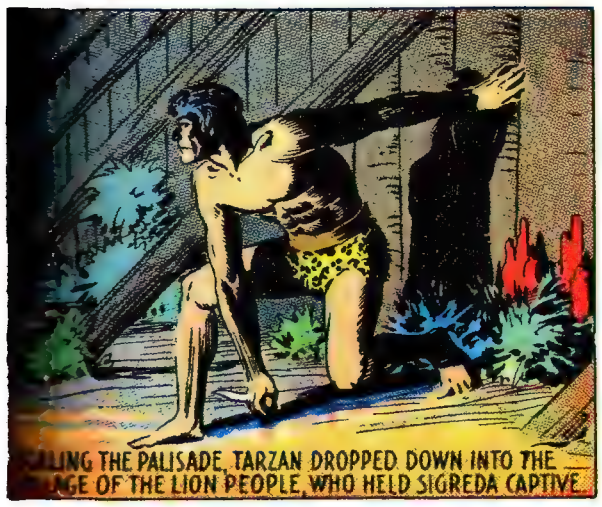
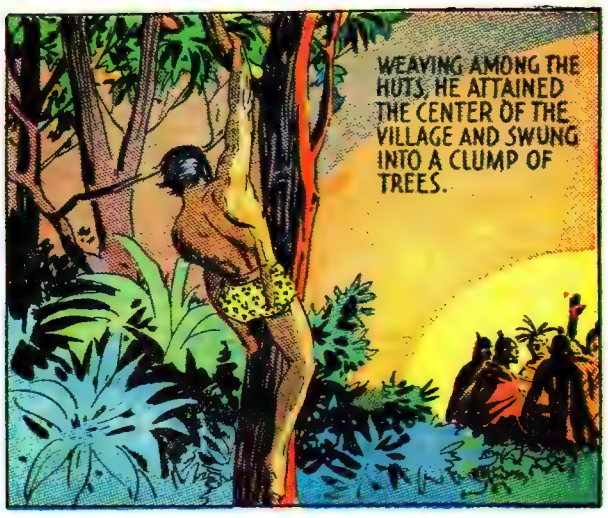
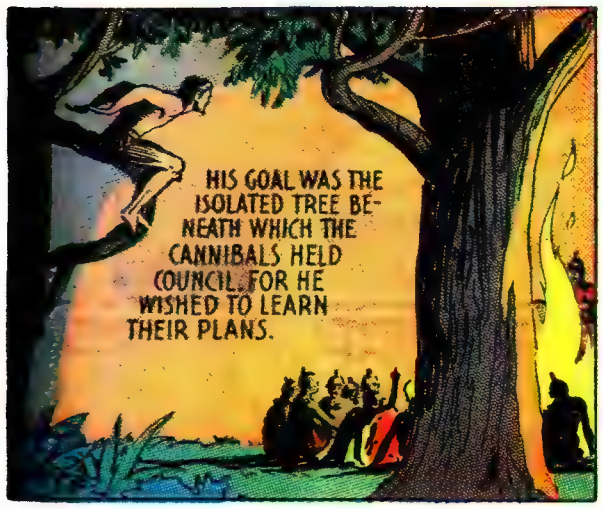
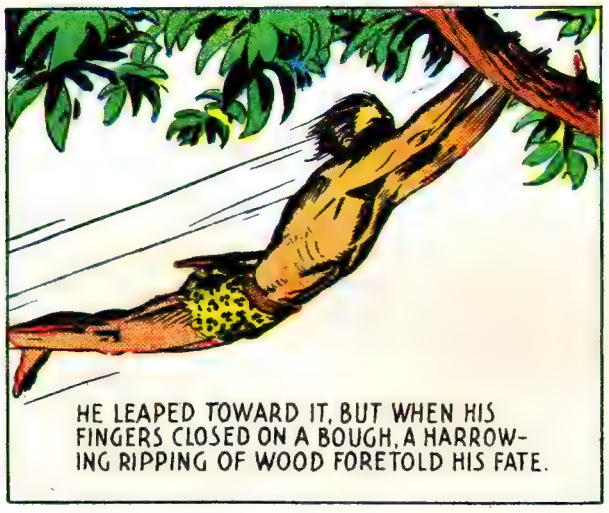
TARZAN'S MISFORTUNE









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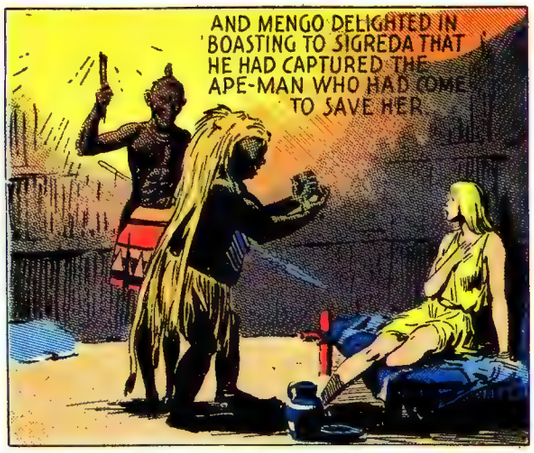
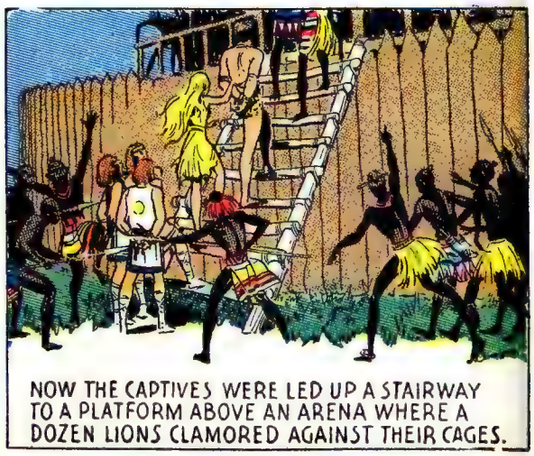
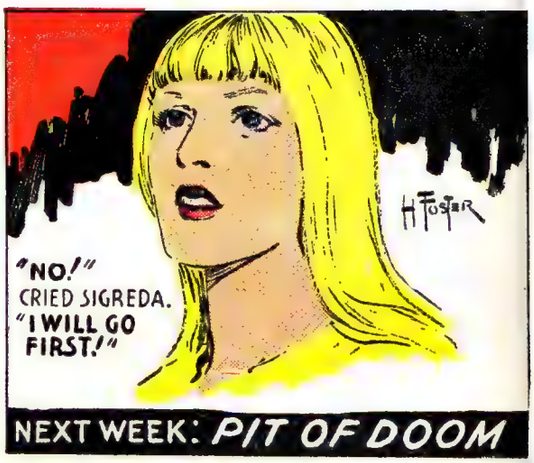
TALONS OF DEATH







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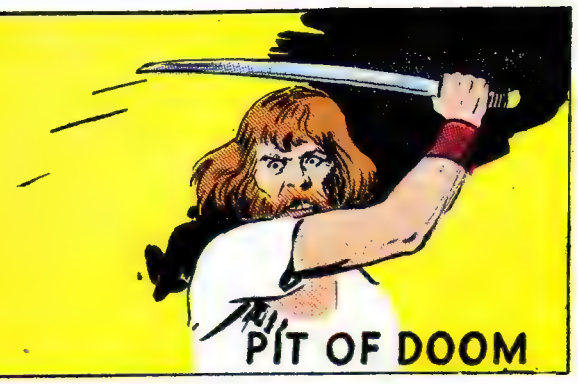

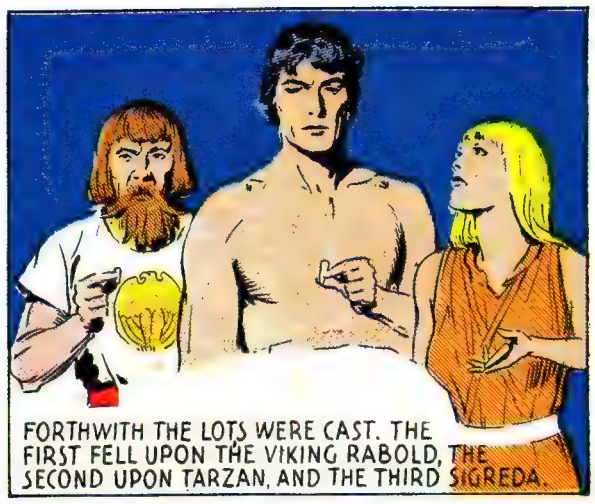

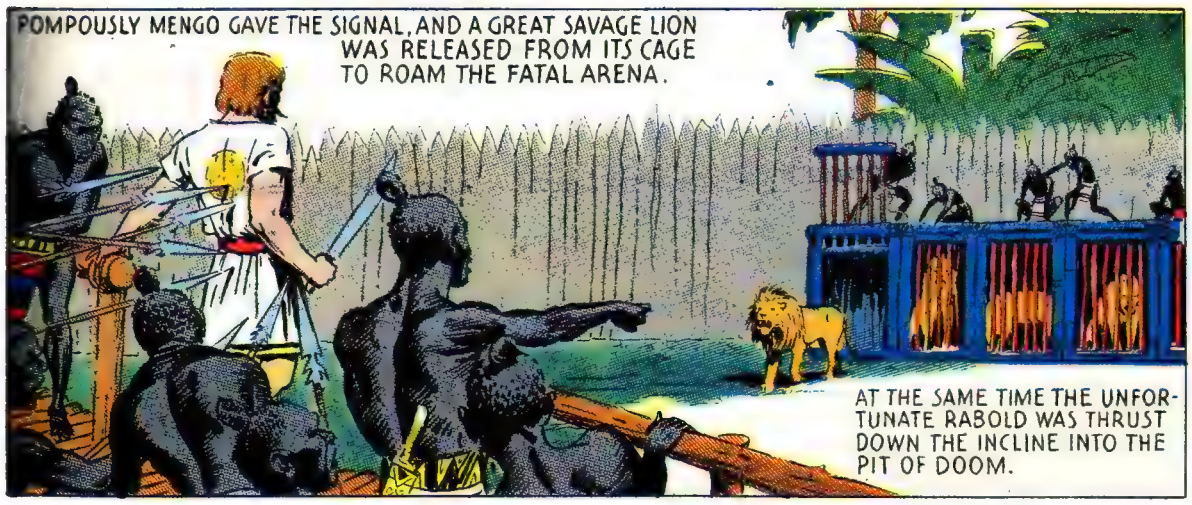

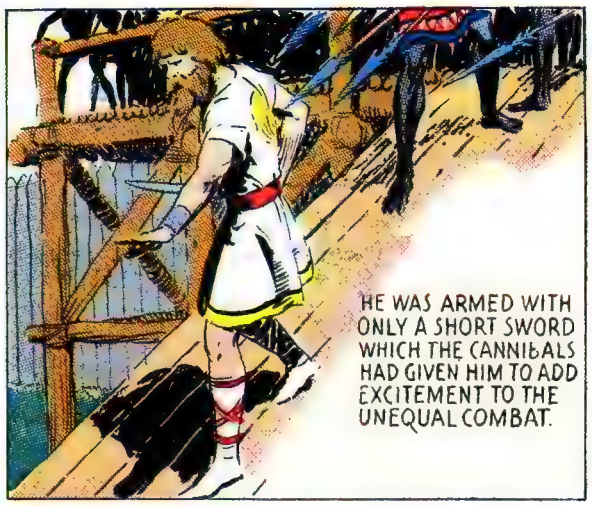

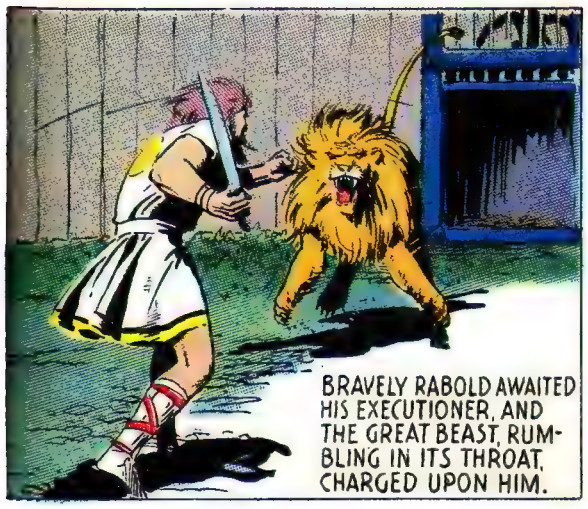

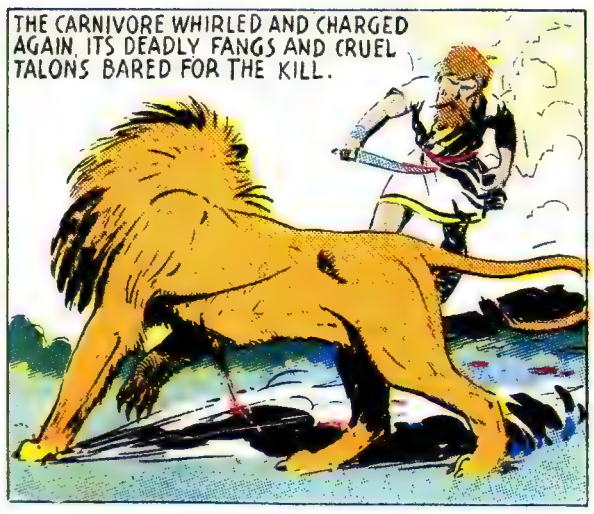

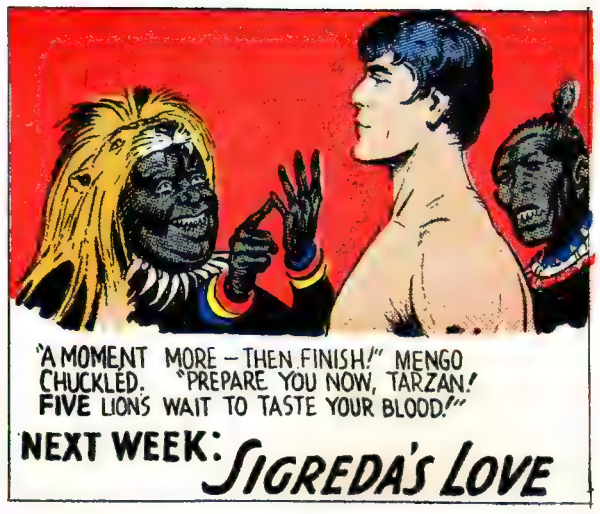

NEXT WEEK: SIGREDA'S LOVE

Tarzan

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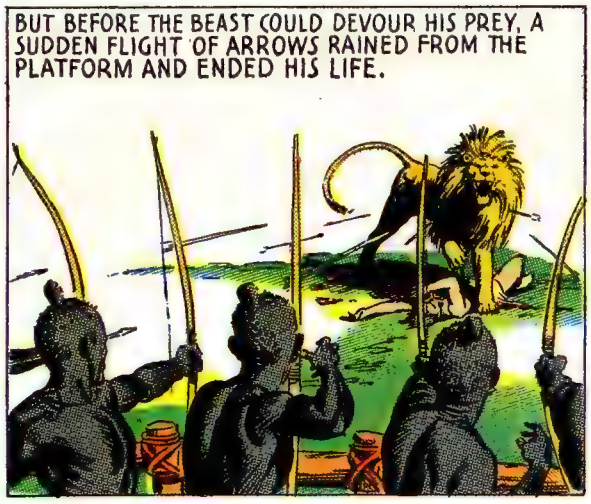
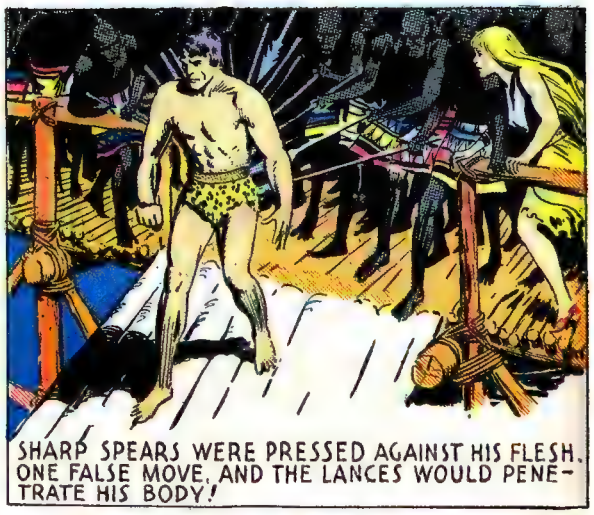
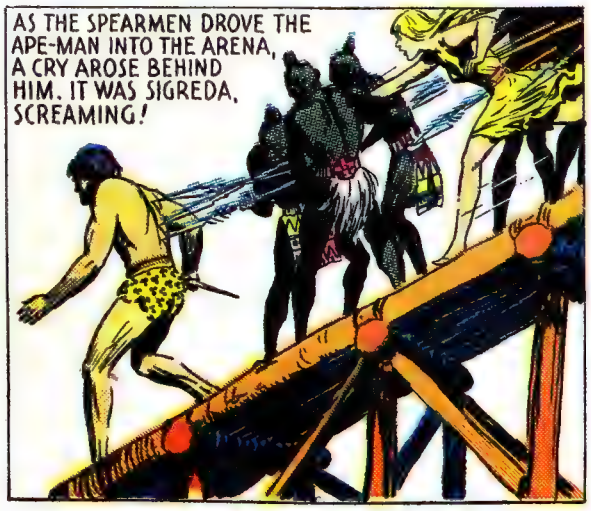
SIGREDA'S LOVE







NEXT WEEK: *TRAPPED BY LIONS*

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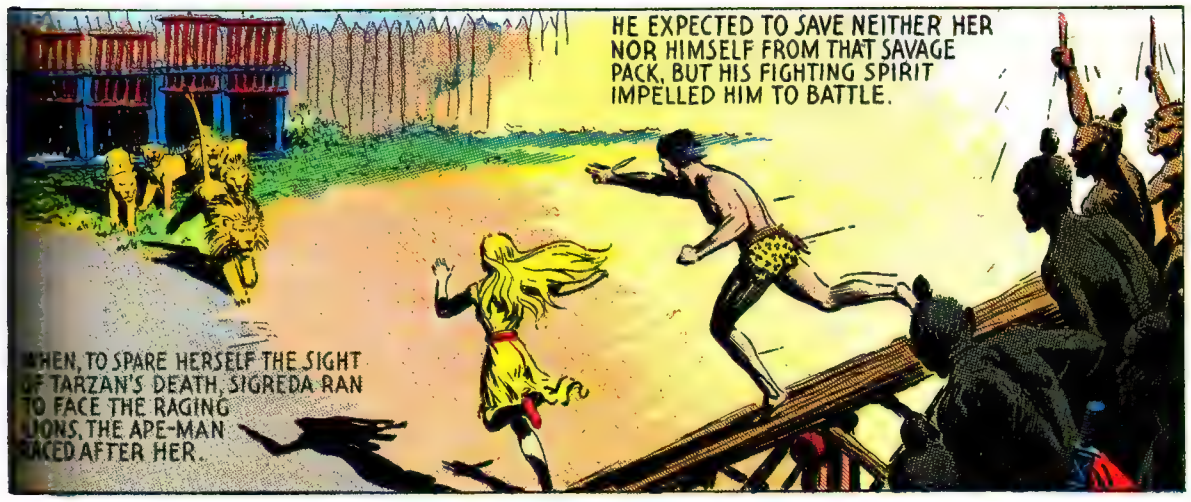
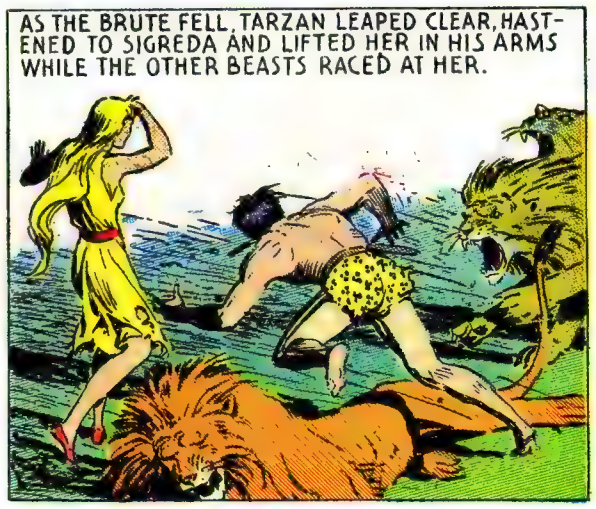
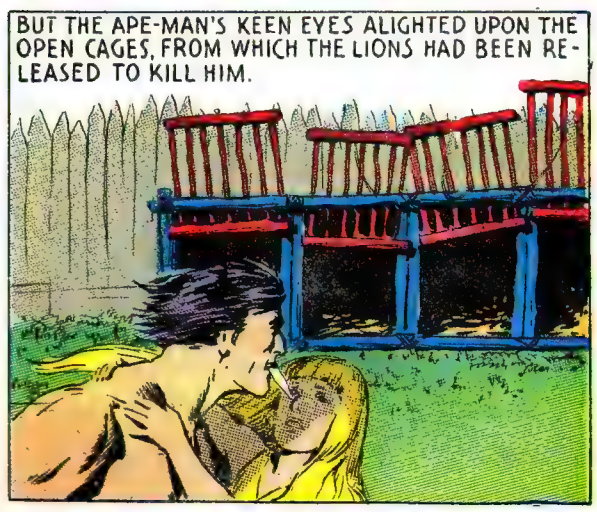
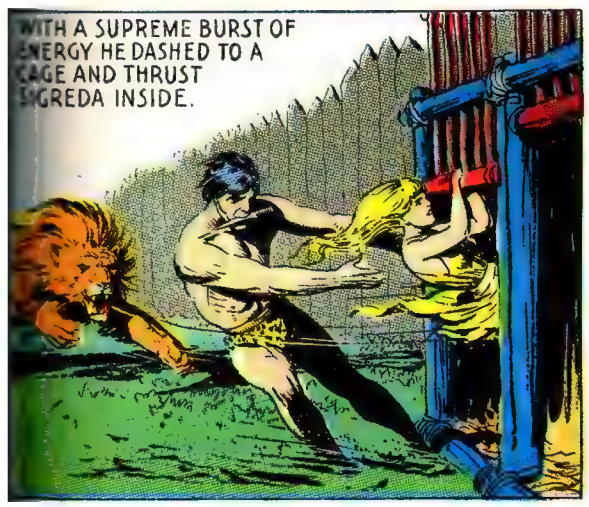
TRAPPED BY LIONS









NEXT WEEK: *CAGED FURY*

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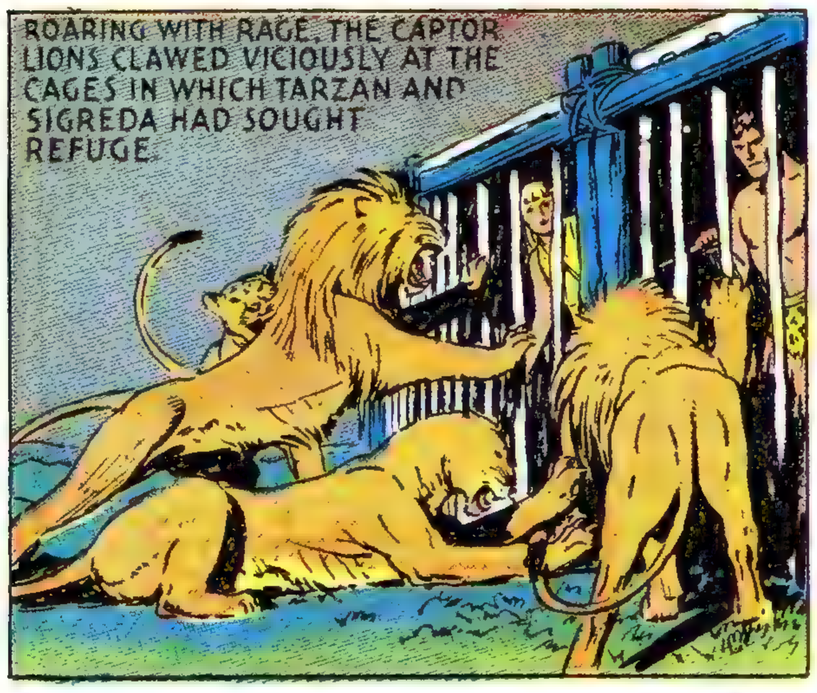
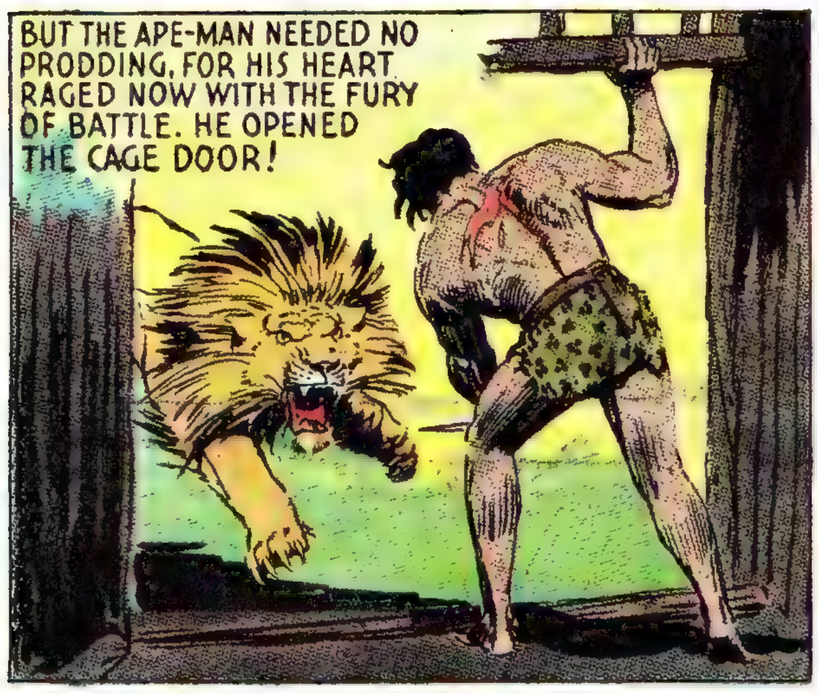
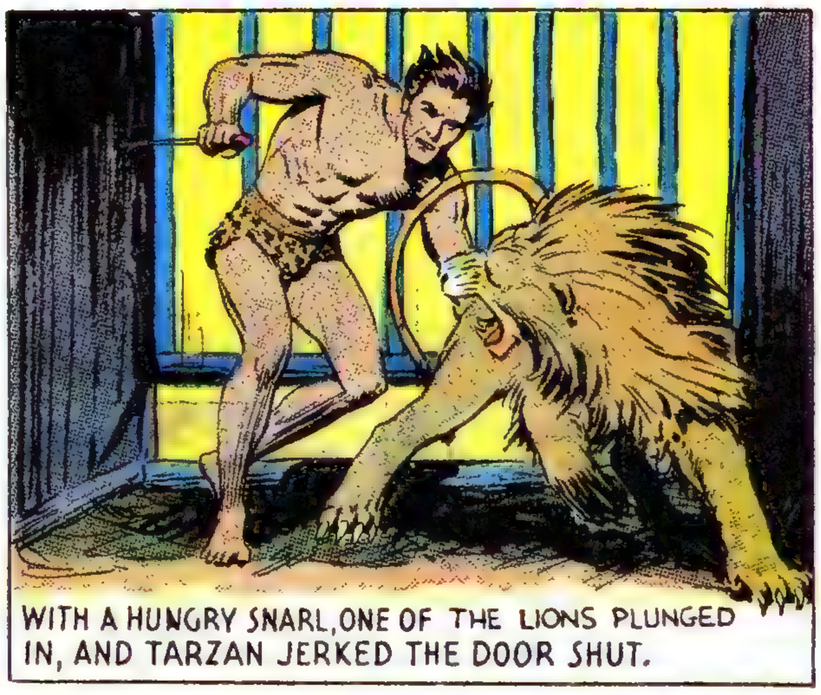
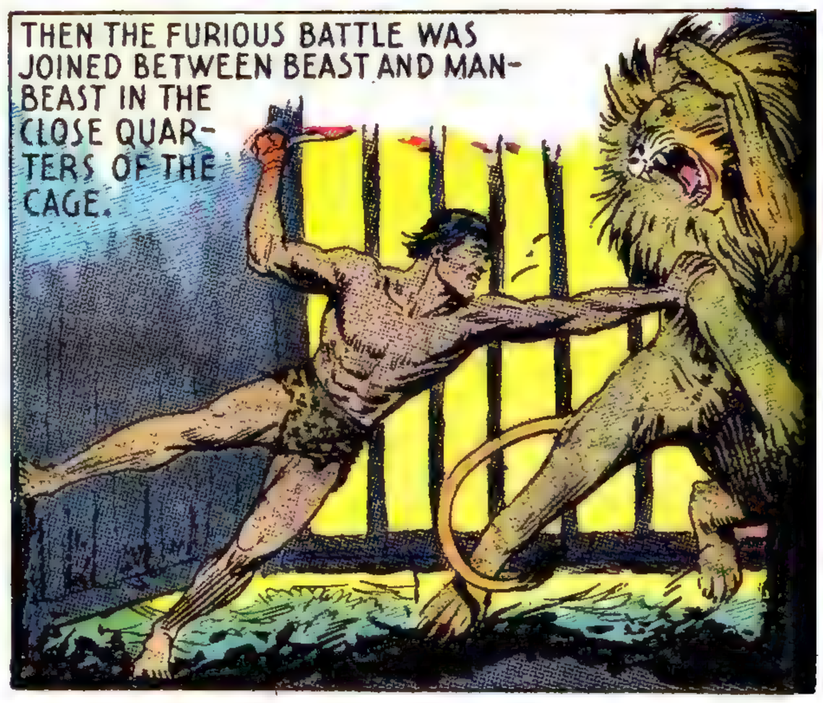
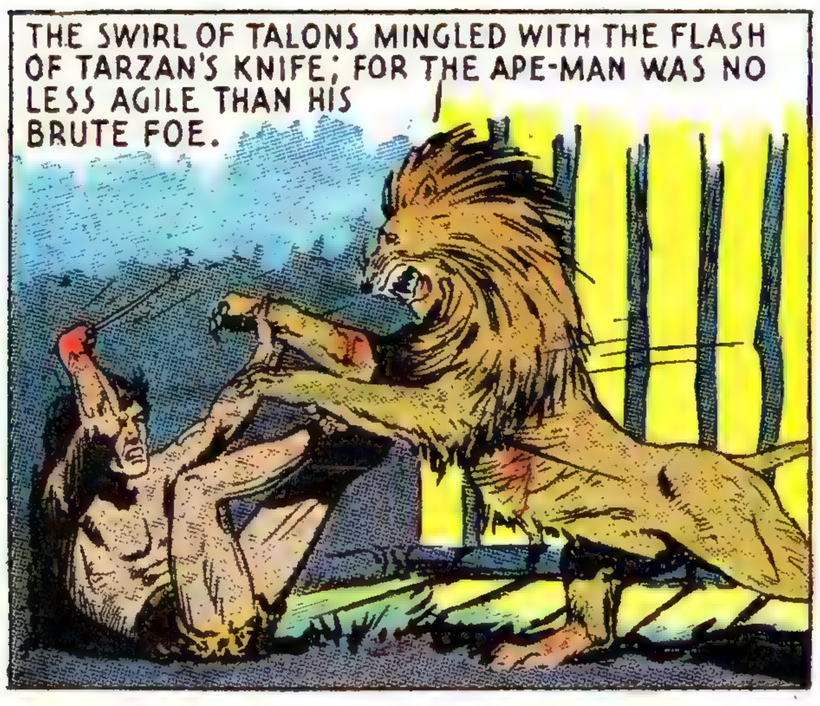
CAGED FURY

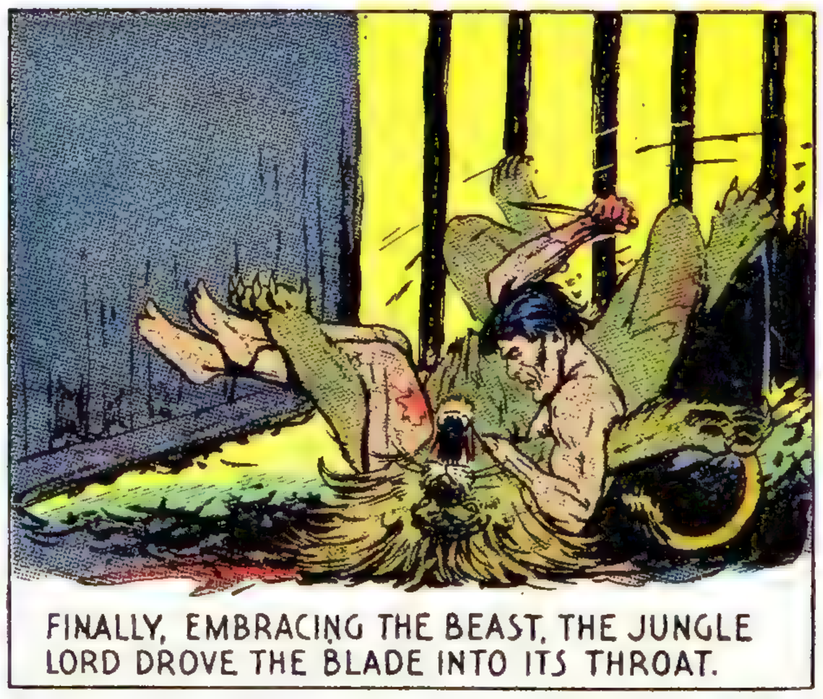


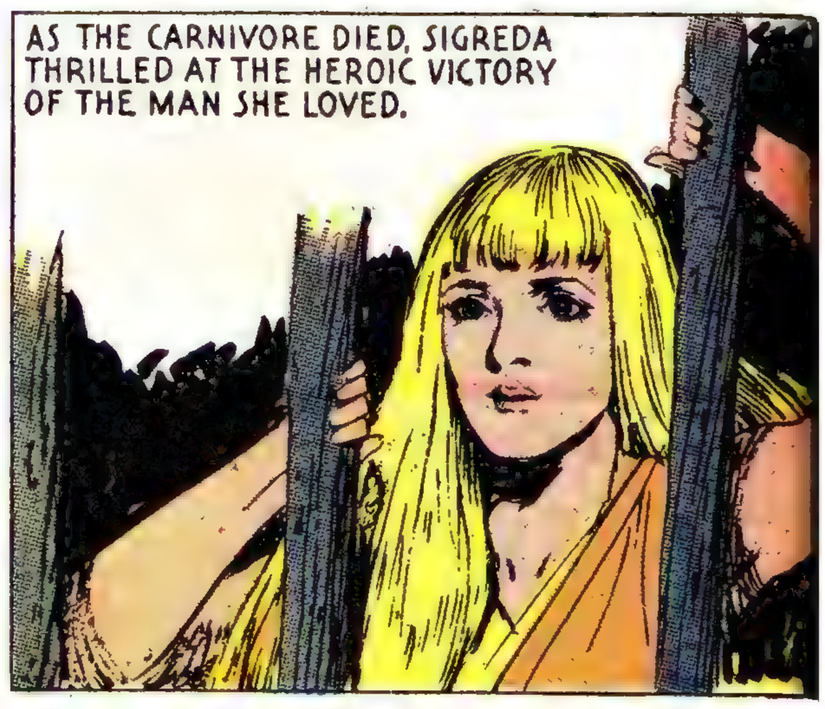


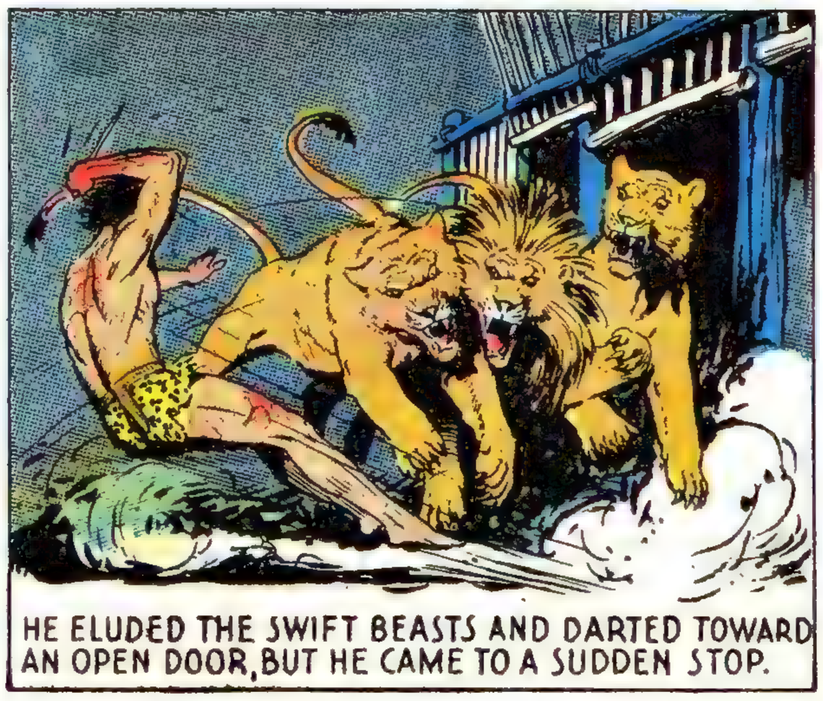


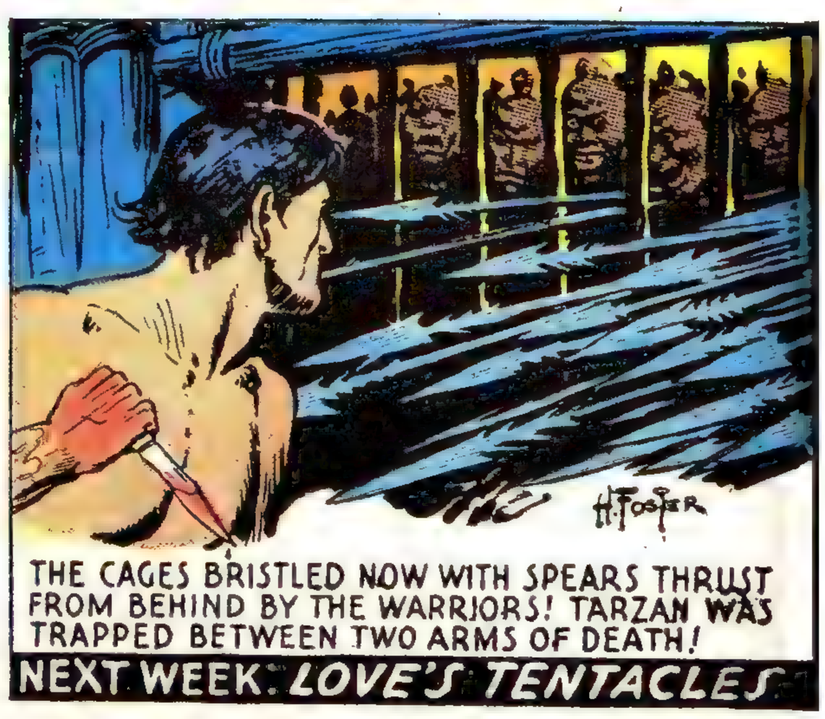












12-1-35

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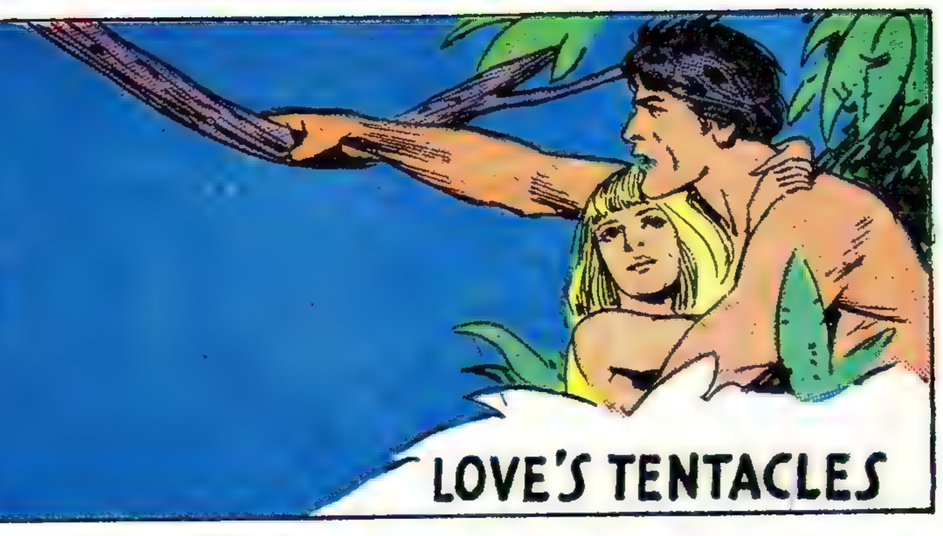
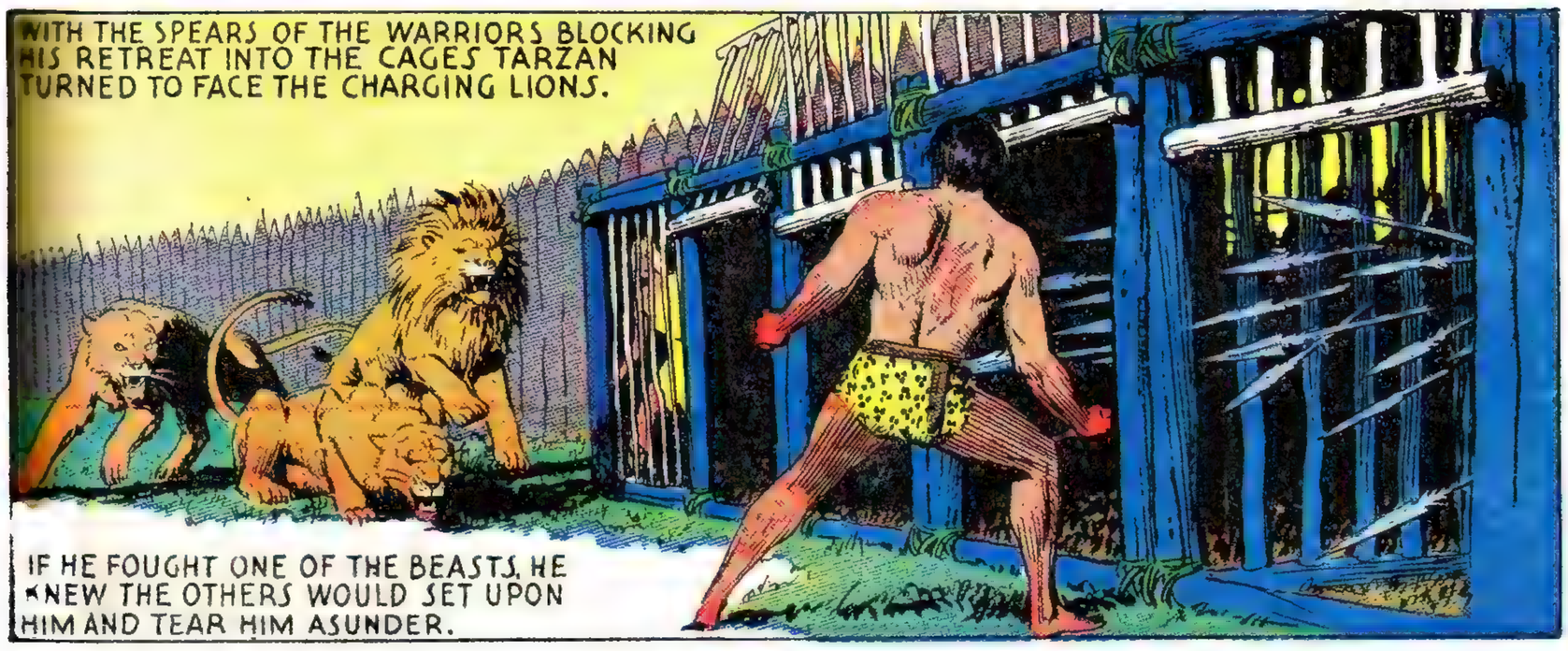
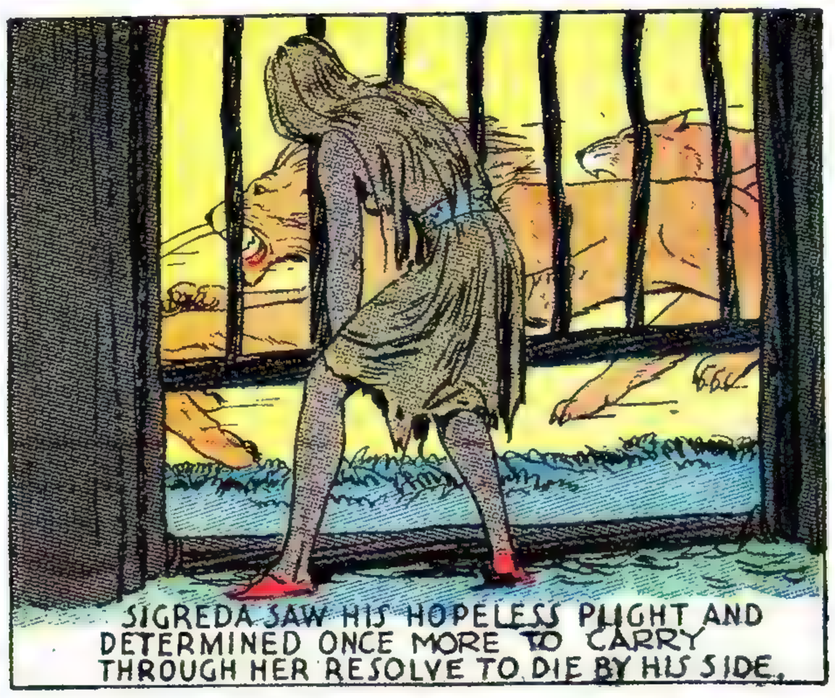
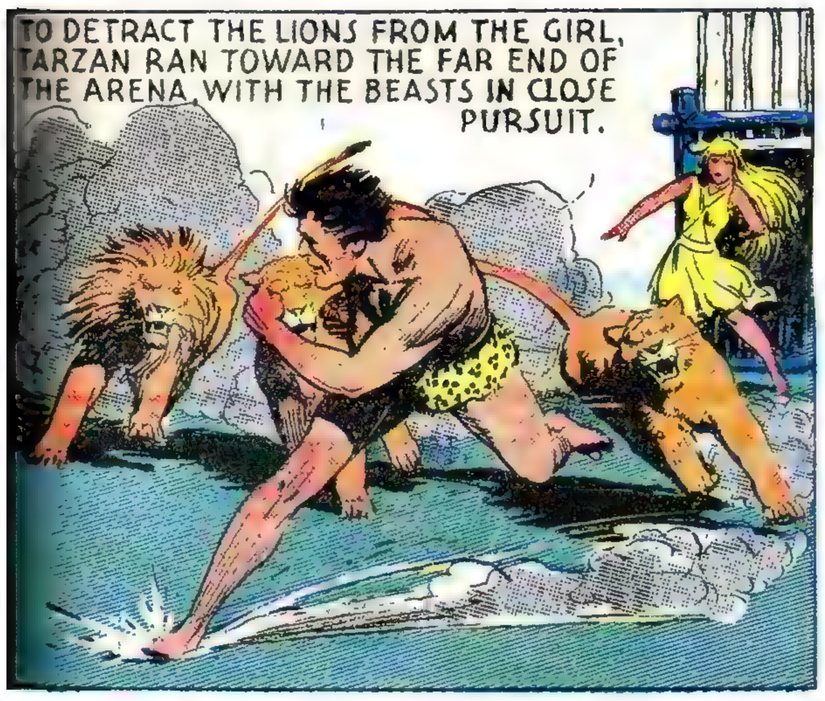
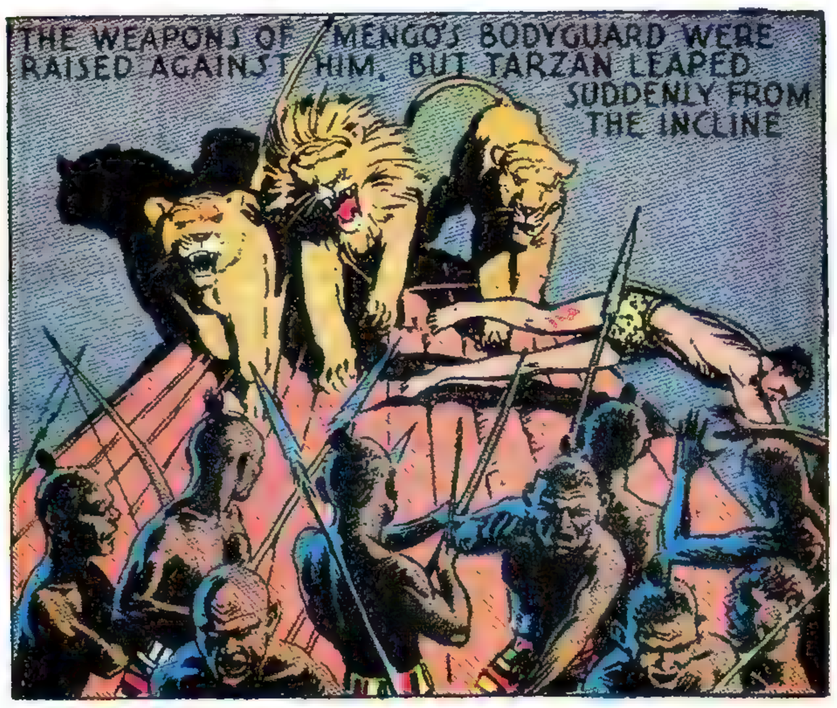


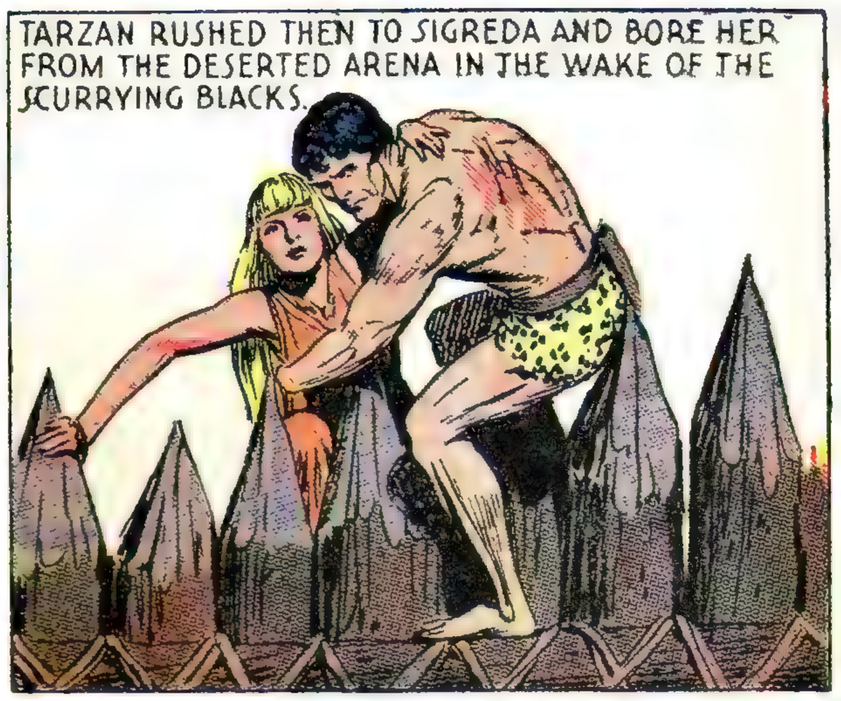
LOVE'S TENTACLES

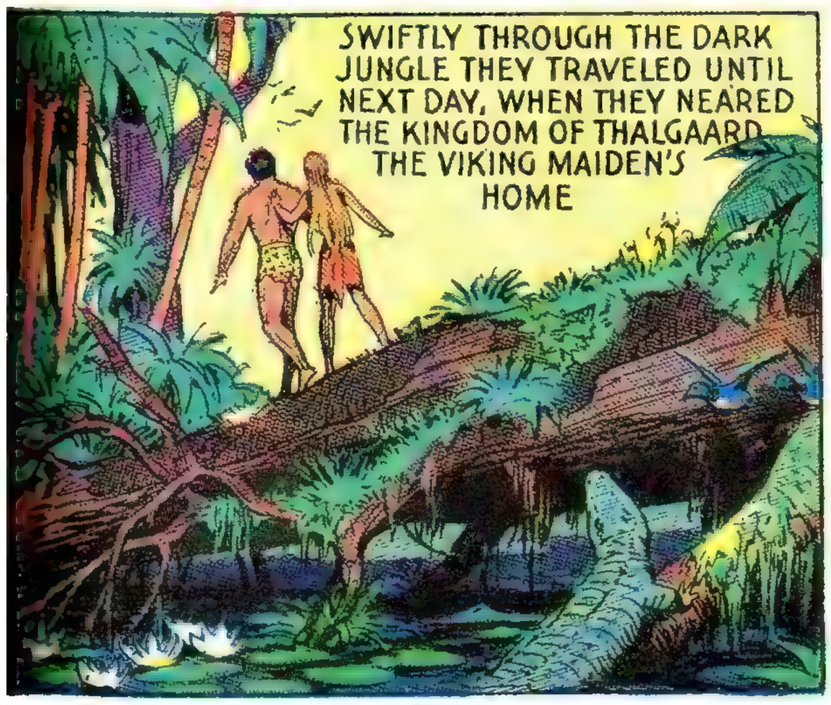


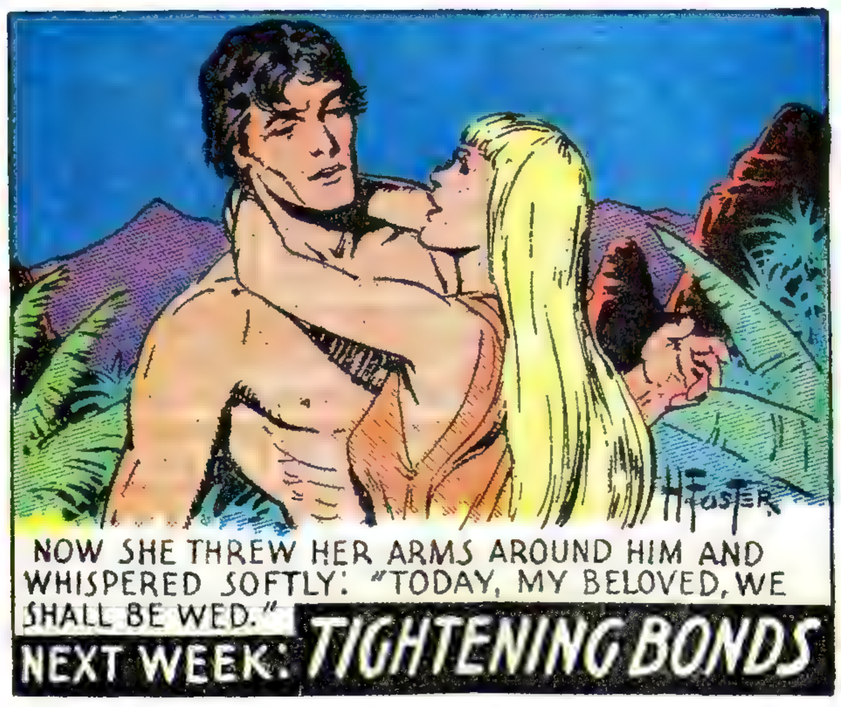












NEXT WEEK: TIGHTENING BONDS

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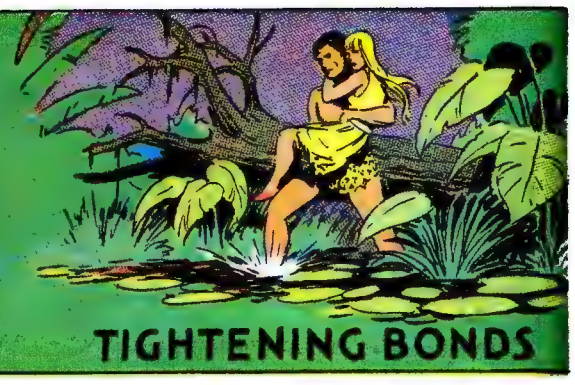
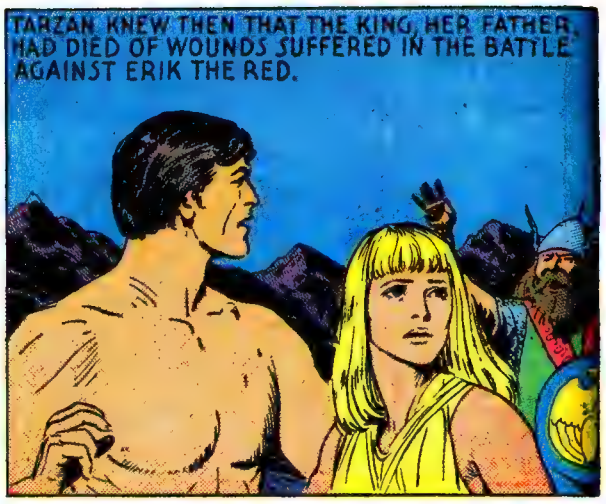
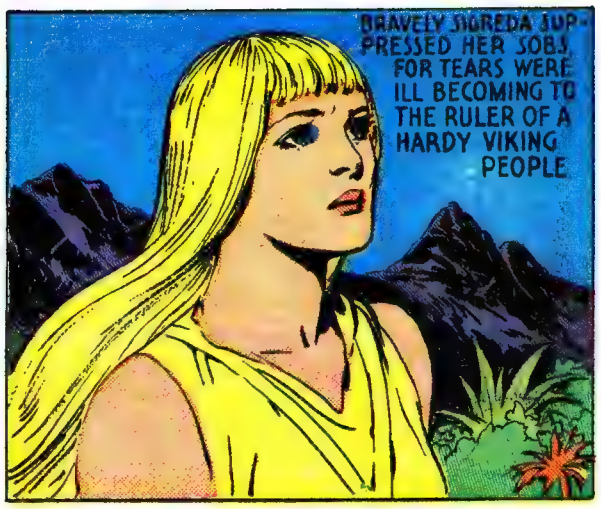
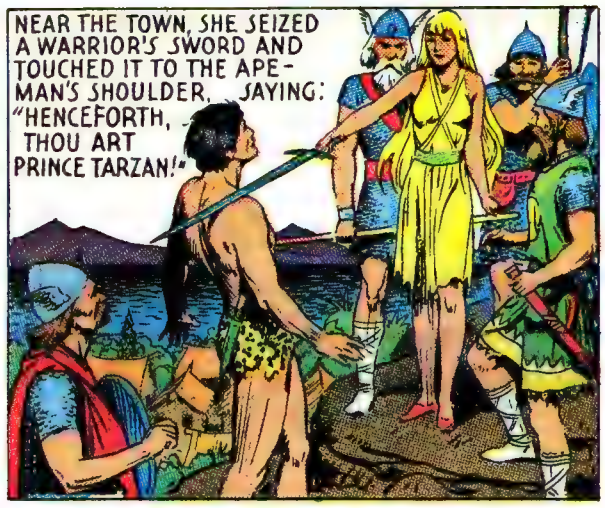
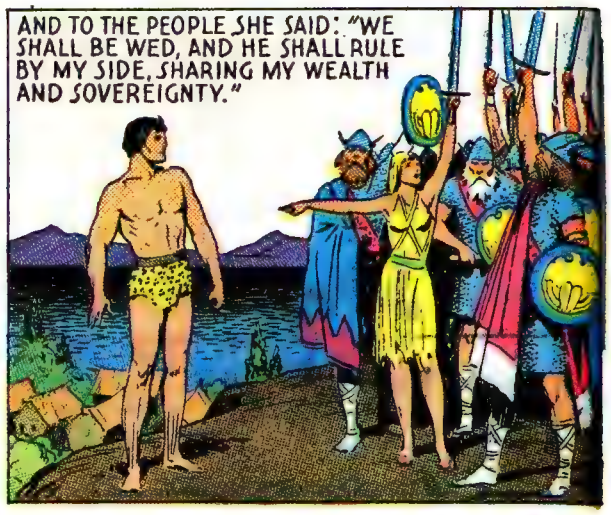


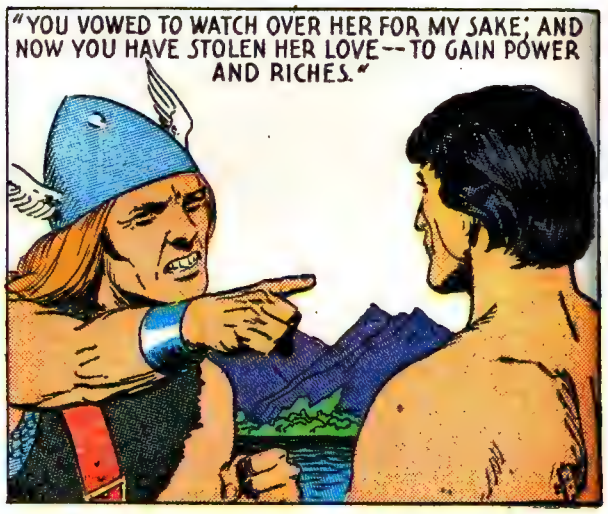
TIGHTENING BONDS

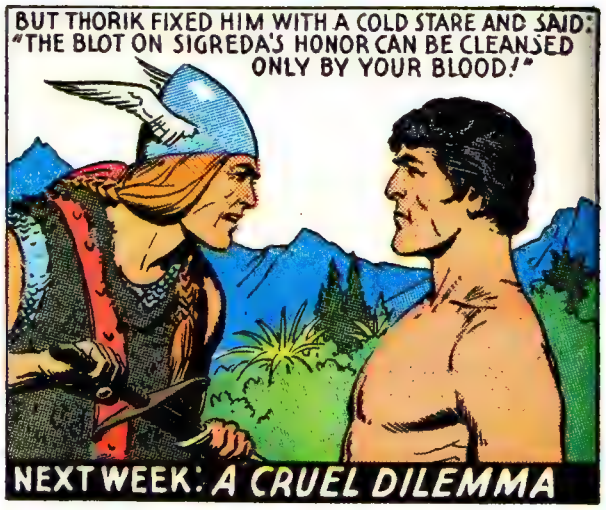












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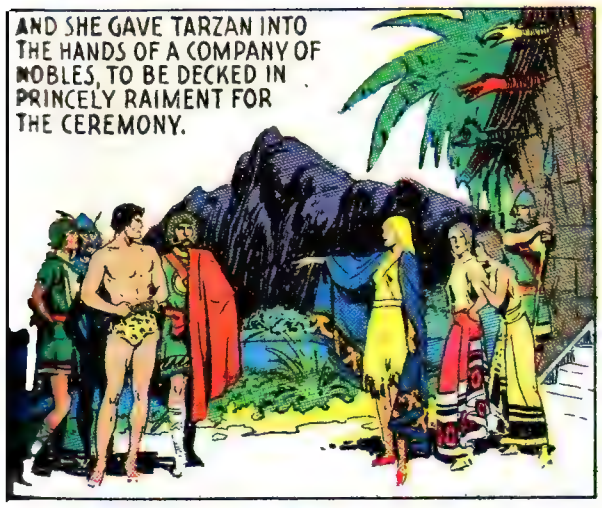
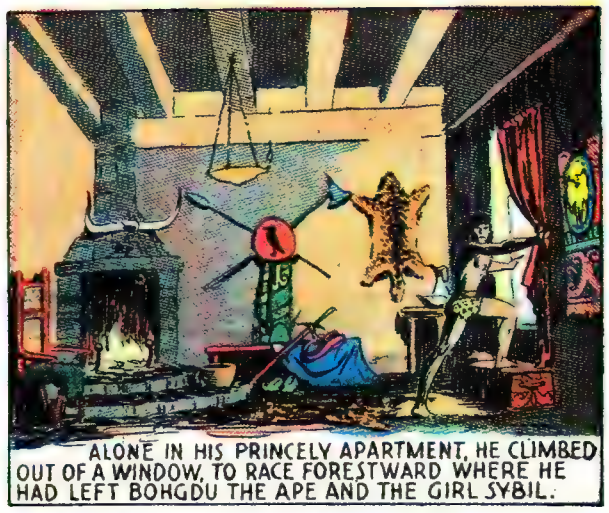
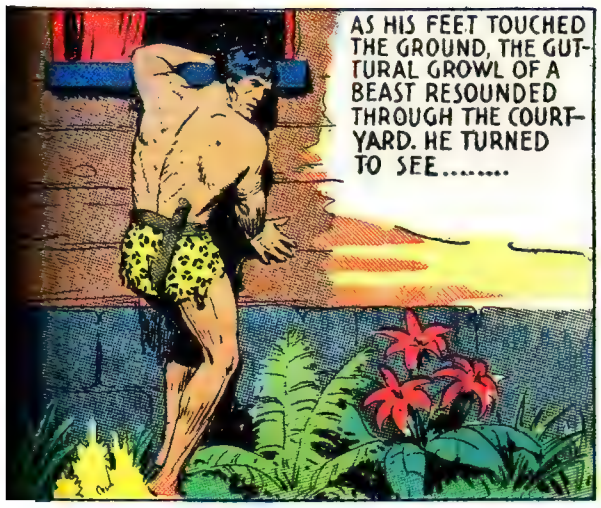
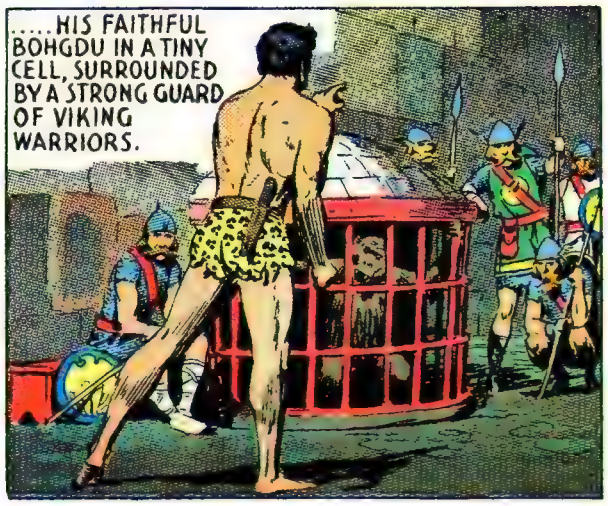
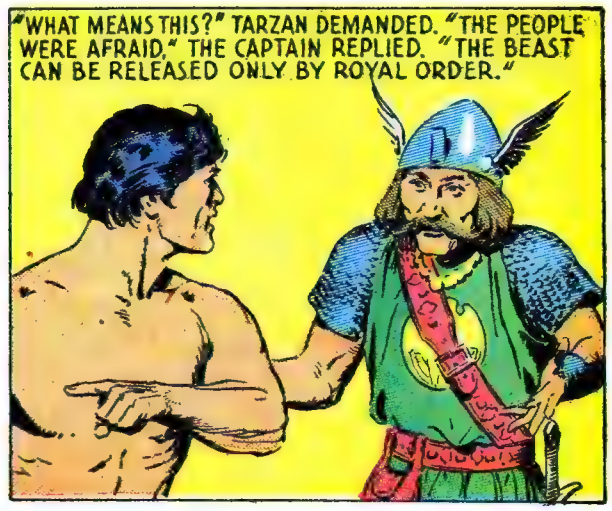
A CRUEL DILEMMA

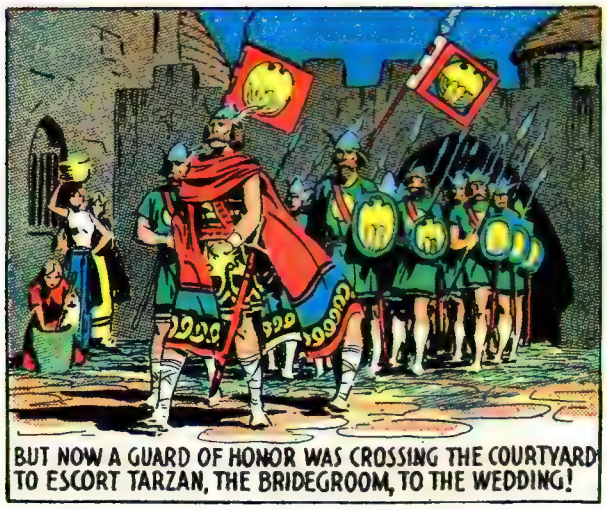


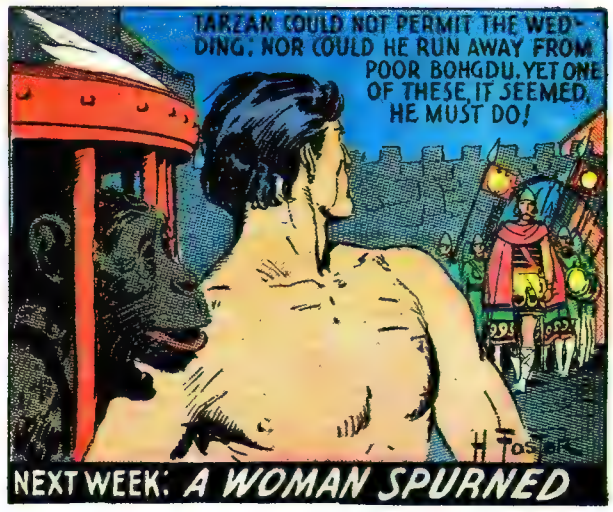










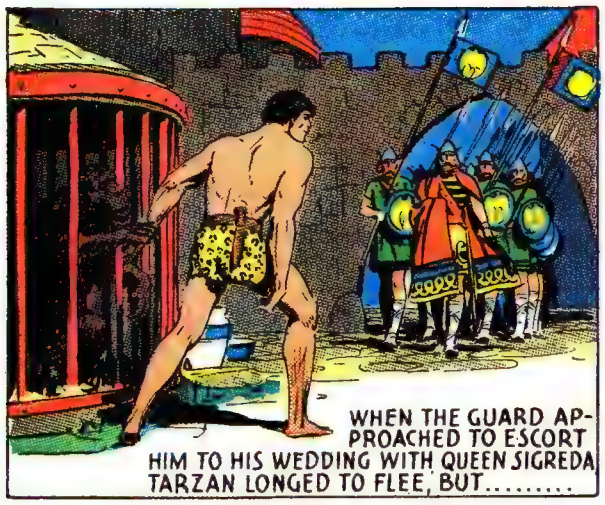


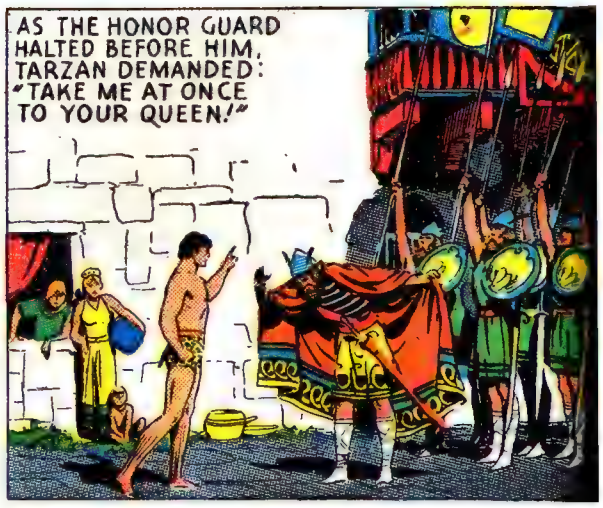
NEXT WEEK: *A WOMAN SPURNED*

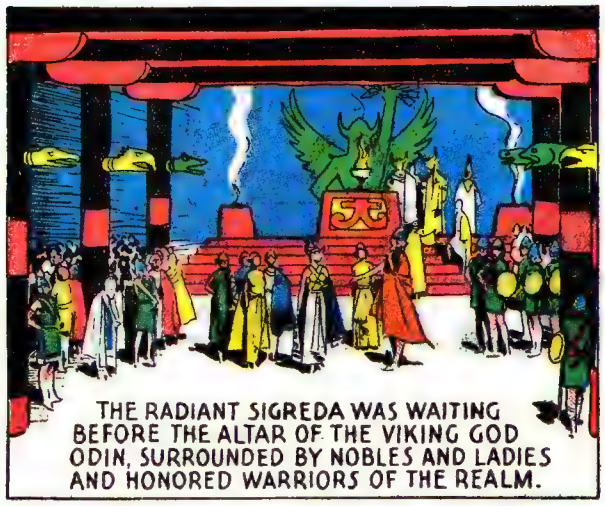
Tarzan

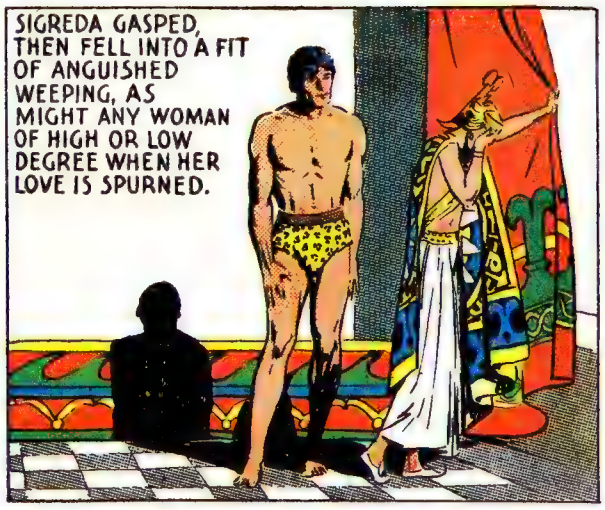
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

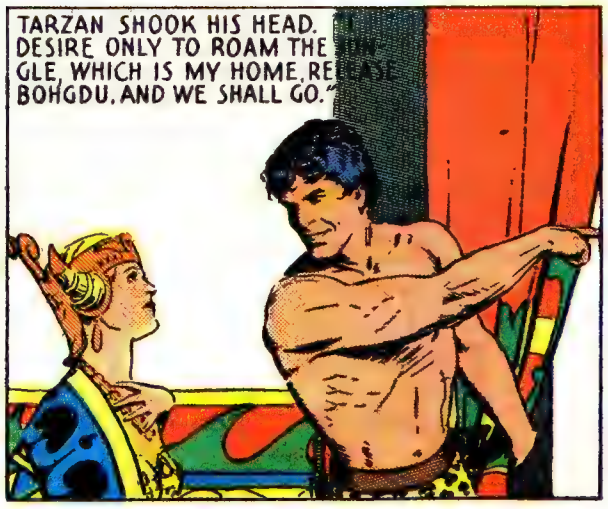
A WOMAN SPURNED

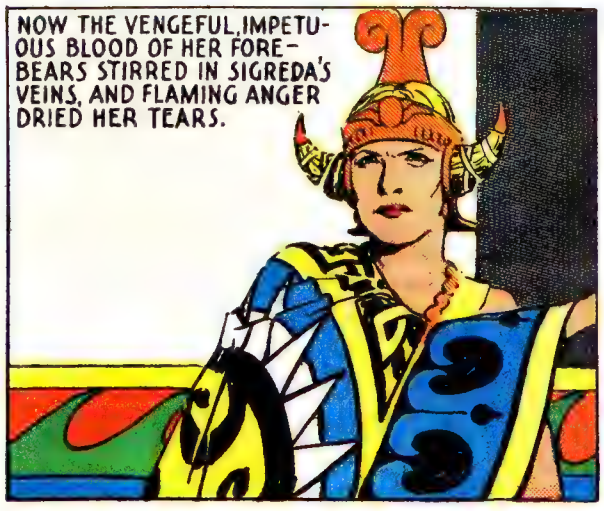












Tarzan

CHALLENGE

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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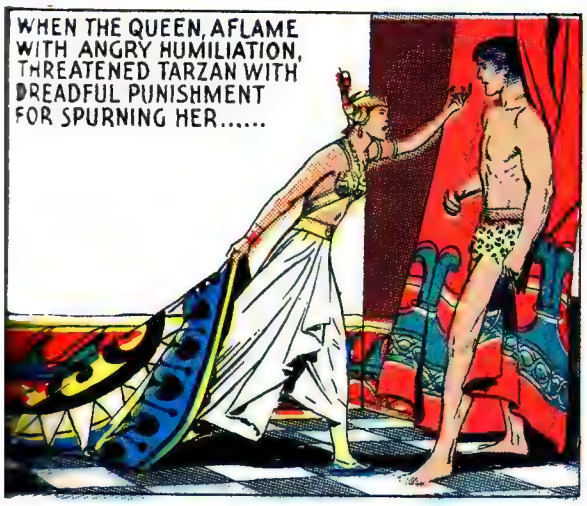
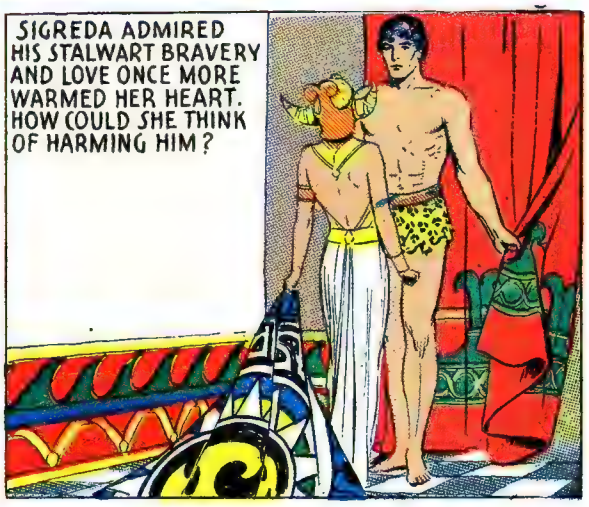
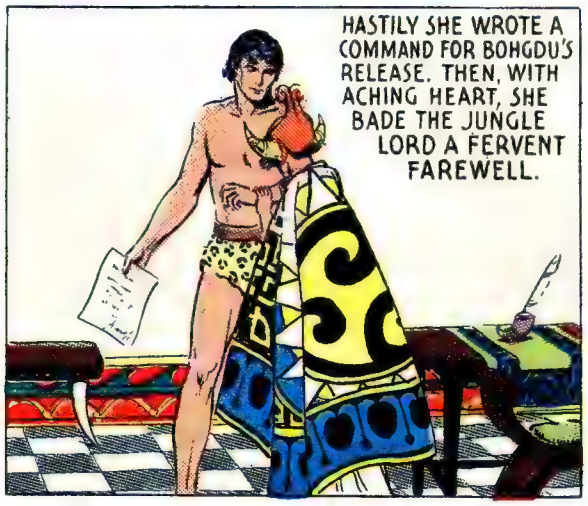
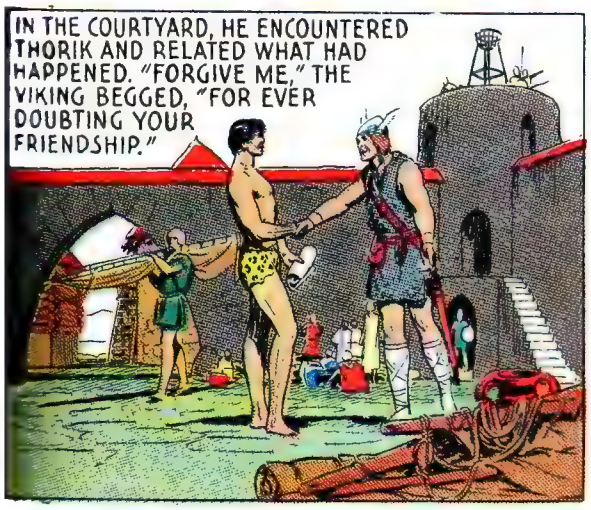
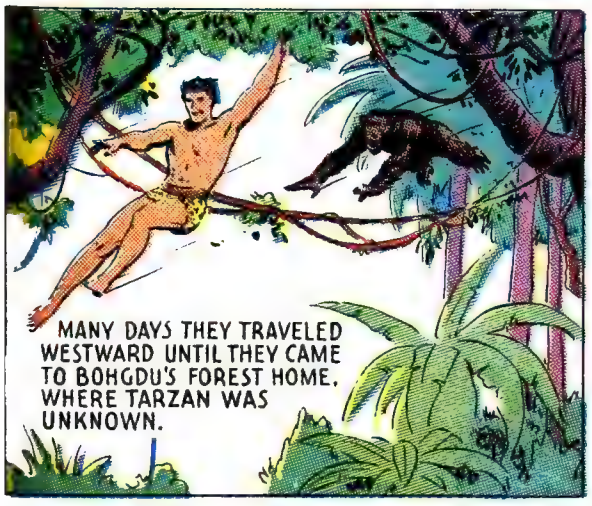
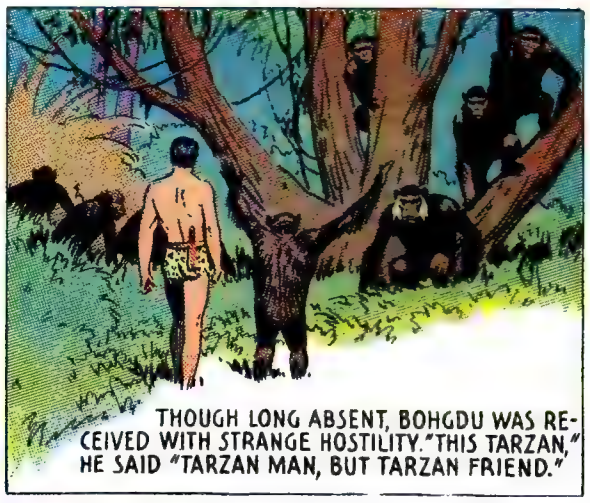


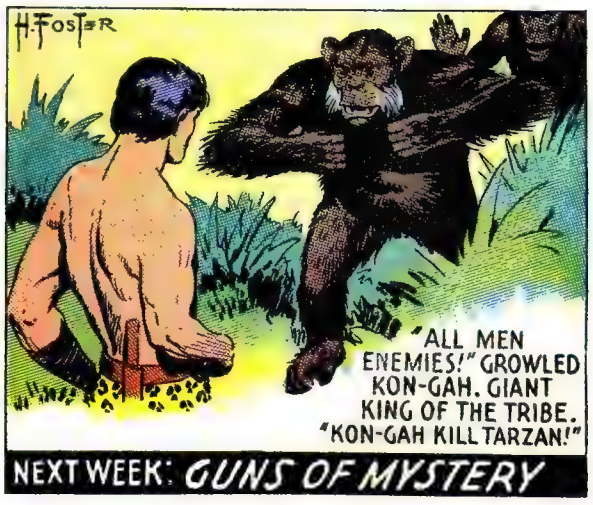












NEXT WEEK: *GUNS OF MYSTERY*

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

In the heart of Tarzan's African domain, a native chieftain knelt before the bronzed white giant. The black man was weary with long travel and in his heart was a growing fear. "Rise," the white giant commanded. "Who are you and why have you sought Tarzan?"

"I am Katonga, chief of the Bangala people," the black replied. "I have come to ask help. Lately a band of shiftas has come into our country. They take our people and sell them into slavery." "But I do not interfere among tribes beyond my own country," said Tarzan.

Call

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"I have come to you, O Great Bwana," the chief implored, "because these shiftas are led by a white man, and it is known among all men that you are an enemy of bad white men." Tarzan's brow knitted with determination. "In that case," he nodded slowly, "I go."

"But I must warn you," the honest Ketonga recommenced; "these shiftas and their white leader are cruel men. They are demons—fiends! They fear nothing. They may kill you, O Great Bwana." Tarzan's grave expression did not change as he repeated simply, "I go."

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

In Alexa

Tarzan of the Apes swung northward toward the lofty Ghosti Mountains. In his heart was the call of battle and high adventure, for his mission was to track down and deal out justice to the band of villainous slave traders who were captured by a mysterious white man.

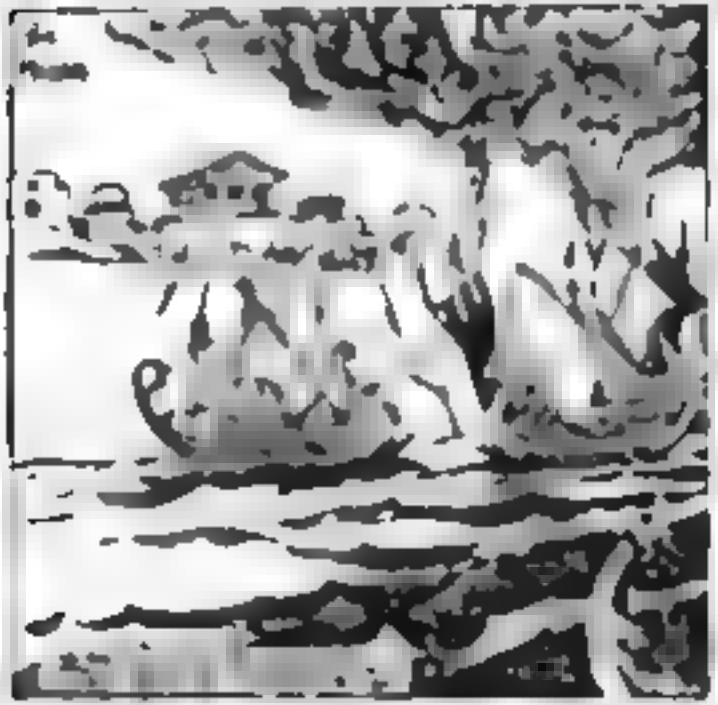
He could not foresee the fantastic hazards which would soon engulf him. Nor could he know that the principal thread in the tapestry of his impending adventures was spun some three and twenty centuries ago when Alexander the Great set out on his mighty conquests.

nder's Day.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

In those ancient days, Olympias, mother of Alexander, was delving deep into the black mysteries of pagan cults under the guidance of a mad, epileptic priest called Nicrohm. But her wild weird soul hungered for gods more terrible than Orpheus, Demeter and Dionysus.

So she commanded Nicrohm to journey with her son and bring back to Macedonia the mystic rites of Asia. And that journey, as we shall see, set into motion a chain of events that slashed down through the ages and finally encircled Tarzan of the Apes in modern Africa.



In the meantime, team of Alexander the Great, the pagan priest Kor has crossed the Hellespont into Asia. With growing bloodlusty eyes he beheld the capture of Sardis, Ephesus and Miletus. He witnessed the siege and destruction of the ancient cities of Tyre and Gaza.

He saw the Persian Darius lost his mythic breathing war chariots against the solid Macedonian phalanxes, and he saw the Persian army turned to retreat toward Arbela. With each crushing victory the youthful Alexander gained more honor in the eyes of Kor-ban.

ee of Baal

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

But while the priest was an eager witness of every trial of arms he did not neglect his studies of the strange religions of the enemy tribes. He was to be found often in the temples, poring over ancient chronicles and investigating the secret writings of the priests.

At last Nimrhus became a convert to the cult of Baal, that dark god who was worshiped by the Canaanites and other tribes against which the ancient Israelites had battled under the banner of Jehovah. And the conversion of Nimrhus was the cause of his final undoing!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

The glamorous Alexander continued his triumphant march. He thrust his troops across the threshold of India and overwhelmed the elephant-mounted cohorts of King Porus. And all this time Niarchus was trying to convert his impulsive master to the frightful cult of Baal.

Niarchus began to call Alexander "Iskander Bag," the title which was bestowed on "the young god" by his eastern subjects. The priest became his constant attendant. It was Niarchus who blessed the wine Iskander drank that fatal night in Babylon when he caroused with Medius.

ow of Death.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Next day, Alexander fell ill. Ten days later he lost the power of speech and the learned physicians said he would die. Then the men of Macedonia filed through his chamber in final salute to him who had led them to the mightiest conquests the world had ever known.

At his side lingered the epileptic priest, giving him drink, muttering incantations, and believing that the dying conqueror would come at last to accept Baal. But nearby stood Hippiatus, a captain of cavalry, and watched with suspicious eyes the mad devotee of the dark god.

As Alexander the Great lay dying, Nuwabu approached. "Accept Baal, O Iskander, and show the world that you are in truth his son." Alexander raised weakly on his couch, his lips moved, but no speech came from them. Then he fell back. Alexander the Great was dead.

"He believed." Nuwabu murmured, for as he interpreted Iskander's last gesture. But the grief-mad Hippolytus cried to the priest: "It was you who killed him. You poisoned him, as you cast upon him an evil spell of Baal. For this you shall die. Hal" The guard

Flight.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Nuarchus knew now he was in the hands of enemies, for all had hated him except Alexander. His only hope was flight. Before he could be seized he darted into the courtyard. There he found Alexander's chariot, which was always kept in readiness for the conqueror

Through the streets of Babylon, the soldiery pursued him, and across the plains, but there were no steeds as fleet as those of Iskander. At last Nuarchus reached the sea and took ship for Africa, where he was to fulfill the strange destiny that was to link him with Tarzan

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

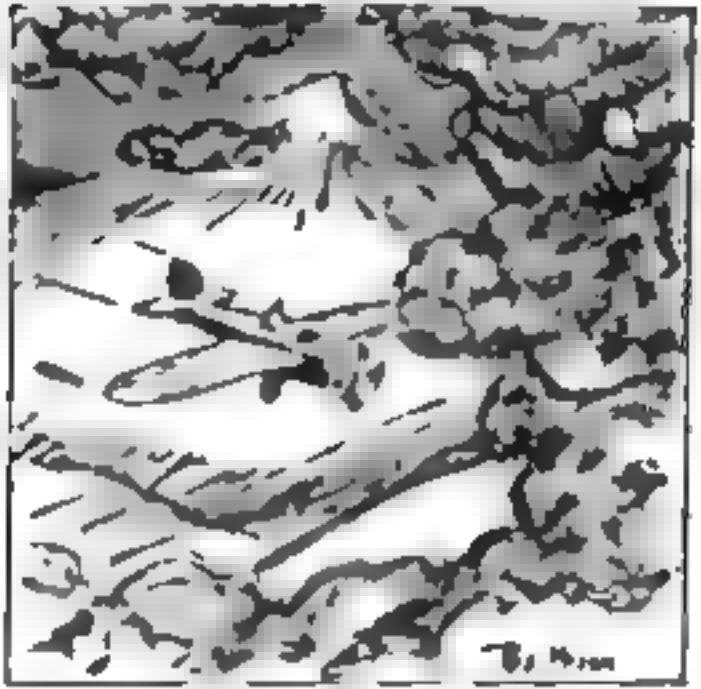
The Mou

The ship bore Niarchus to the Egyptian coast. There he bought a fair-haired slave-girl of the north and prepared to settle down as a priest of Baal at this meeting place of many creeds. But the relentless messengers of Alexander's friends pursued him thither to slay him.

Niarchus took flight again and pushed on into the heart of Egypt. His fanatic epileptic mind began to crack under the strain of pursuit. He believed now that Iskander would rise from the dead, deliver him from his enemies, and conquer the world in the name of Baal.

ntain Retreat.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



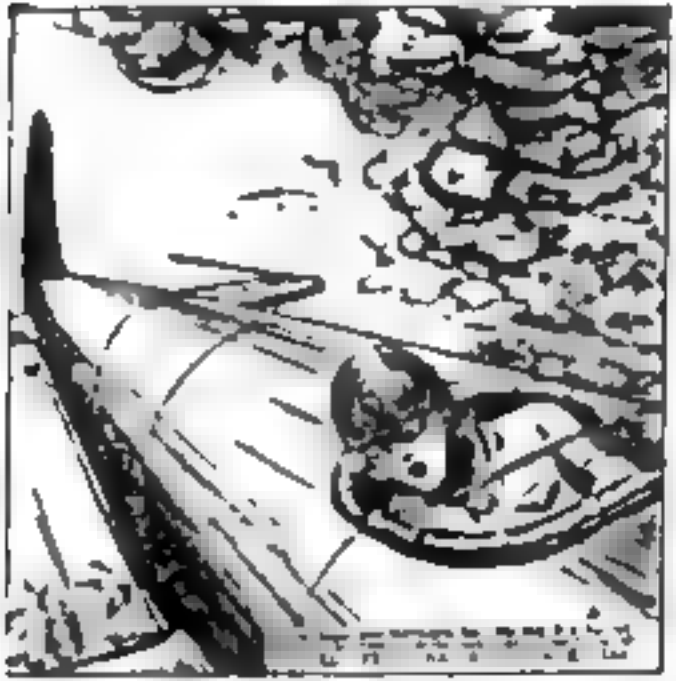
One day at the edge of a Sudanese village, he seized a boy and slew him as a sacrifice to his blood-thirsty god. Then he and the slave girl fled on into the heart of Africa until they were lost to the eyes of men in the trackless jungles that surrounded the Chaine Mountains.

Seventy generations passed and fate drove Tarzan toward that same tower of rocks. At the same time Lady Beth Barrier flying from Cairo to the Cape, encountered blinding clouds above these lofty peaks. Her fuel was almost exhausted. She must take to her parachute.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

From Out the Clouds



Lady Beth Barclay peered into the dark cloud bank, seeking desperately to discover some rift that might reveal a smooth valley cradled amidst the towering peaks. Only as a last resort would she jump, for likely the winds would dash her to death against the mountain side.

But suddenly a granite escarpment loomed up ahead like a mammoth, fantastic spectre. She pushed the nose of her ship sharply upward and lifted it by a hair's breadth over the edge. Then the engine sputtered and died just as another cliff stood out from the black clouds!

. . . On the earth below, a bearded man of solemn, ruthless visage stood at the foot of the giant escarpment that is the crater wall of a long extinct volcano. His name was Niarchus, a name which had come down through long generations from the dim recesses of time.

His face was turned upward toward the source of a strange, ominous, drumming sound. Niarchus spoke then to the people clustered about him. "Perhaps it is Iskander, son of Baal who comes at last to earth. Go ye, lesser priests, and prepare the son of Aidon for a sacrifice''

As the droning overhead grew in volume, women wailed, children shrieked and the ancients of the tribe collected trembling about Niarchus, who chided them in shrill voice: "Have no fear if you trust in Baal our god, Iskander his son, and Niarchus his prophet."

Then spoke Heth the elder: "But suppose, Father, that it is not Iskander who comes. Suppose it is a demon who is an enemy of Baal, and who comes to plague us who worship him." The hideous face of Niarchus was twisted in fanatic fury as he turned to Heth.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Dare you deny the revelation of Niarchus the First, father of my fathers, who prophesied that Iskander would come to us from the skies? Dare you deny that I, your prophet, who walks in the sacred grove, shall recognize the shining glory of Iskander when he cometh?"

"But it was revealed that demons, too, would come," Heth insisted. "True," Niarchus admitted; "but should this be a demon, it shall be tested before the Fiery Pillar of Baal, which visits torture and miserable death on those who do not believe in him!"

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Into the Te

Now the frightful sound from the heavens thundered down upon the people of Nimrchus, who stood in terror or ecstasy, as each interpreted the significance of the phenomenon. The drone grew to a mighty roar. A woman screamed and fainted. Then another, and another . .

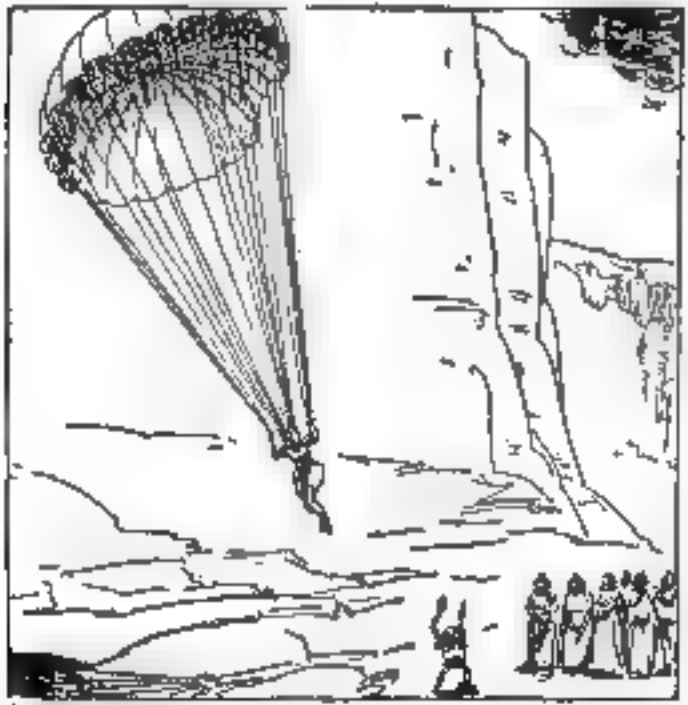
. . High above them, enveloped in the cold, wet clouds, and only a few seconds removed from an inevitable crash, Lady Beth Barclay breathed a prayer and bailed out of her plane. With the utmost care she counted ten, then pulled the ripcord of her parachute.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

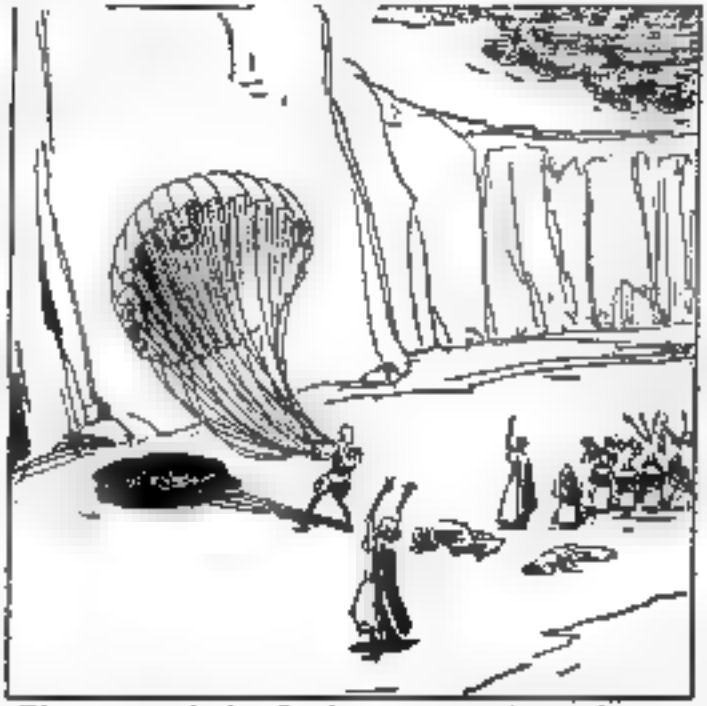
. . . The tribesmen below heard the terrifying crash of the plane against the cliff. Then they began to fall writhing to the ground, gasping for breath. It was the curse of epilepsy that the first Niarchos, centuries ago, had visited upon generations yet unborn.

But those who remained standing were soon rewarded by the appearance of a strange apparition from out the skies. And Lady Bath floated down toward these repulsive people, whose disease-wracked minds stimulated their fanatic devotion to Baal, most terrible of gods.

The Welcome



As Lady Beth floated down toward the crater, the tribesmen fell on their knees. And when they recognized the outlines of a human form beneath the great white, cloud-like thing, Niarchos raised his hands in supplication, then fell into an epileptic fit.



The cries of the Baalites, a mingling of terror and ecstasy, rose to a high pitch as the girl came to earth. Quickly she disengaged the harness of her parachute and stood staring at them. The tribe numbered perhaps 500, of whom forty lay writhing on the ground.

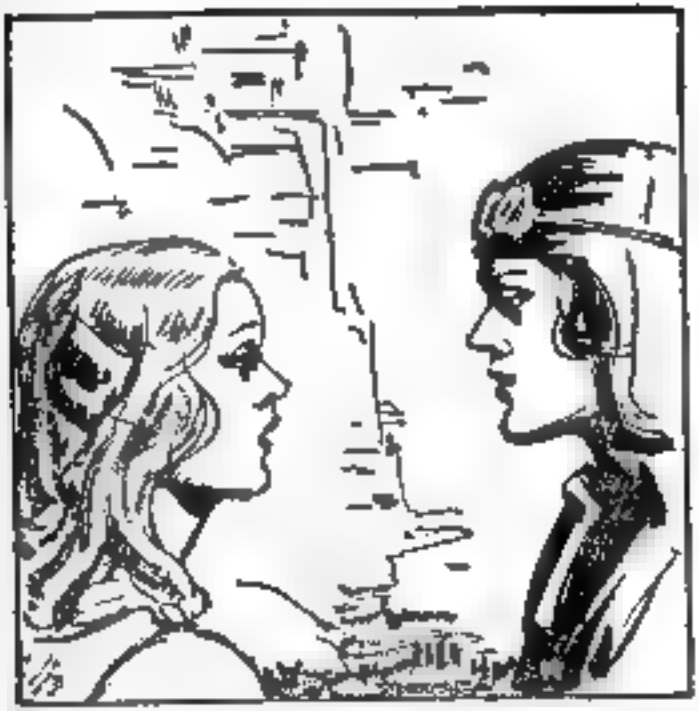
Lady Beth was astounded. In the heart of Africa, she had landed amidst a settlement of white people! Naturally she was unfamiliar with that strange bypath of history wh ch these peop e had trod since the first Niarchus had fled Alexander's host in Babylon 2,300 years ago.

Among them she saw no weapons, but from their hideous, epileptic faces she knew that they were capable of dreadful cruelties. And she recalled with sinking heart that this crater, fully five miles across, was rimmed around by solid walls. There was no escape.

Lady Beth Barclay recovered her boldness when she saw that these creatures offered her no violence. Instead their attitude was one of awesome worship. Slowly now a singularly beautiful, gold-haired girl rose from the prostrate herd and approached her dreamily

Lady Beth smiled. The girl returned the smile, but quickly erased it from her features and looked fearfully about her when she remembered that death was the penalty for smiling, until that happy day when Iskander, son of Bazz, should return to earth.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



"Where am I?" asked Lady Beth. "What country is this?" The girl shook her head, for she understood no word the stranger spoke. Then she asked in turn "Who are you? Are you an angel that our Lord Baal has sent from on high?" Now Lady Beth shook her head.

Slowly now Niarchus, prophet and high priest, opened his eyes and beheld the strange scene. He arose then and advanced toward Lady Beth as in a trance, his eyes ablaze with fanaticism. In vain she sought some sign to reveal whether he was to be friend, or foe!

As Niarchus advanced toward Lady Beth with appraising eyes, he called to the girl "Get thee gone, Arbela. How durst thou address this heavenly visitor!" The girl stepped back. Lady Beth gathered from the old man's tones and gestures what he had said.

She felt safer with this girl by her side, and she wanted to keep her there. But how could she challenge this gnarled patriarch who seemed to be the leader of the tribe? Then she recalled the impression her miraculous appearance had made on these people.

She determined now to assert her "divine" authority. With a commanding gesture Lady Beth took the girl's arm. It was plain to all that she wished Arbela to remain with her. A sudden mad light blazed in the eyes of Nearchos as he crept forward.

Engendered by Lady Beth's challenge, a horrible doubt took root in the old man's twisted mind. Perhaps this creature was not divine after all. Certainly this was not Ishander, for Ishander was a man god. Verily must she be hosted by the Lord Baal's Fiery Pillar of Death!

Nurchas, the high priest, crept toward the two women, his eyes blazing with fanatic fury. The girl Arbela drew close to Lady Beth, trembling with fear, for she knew that the old prophet was capable of inflicting the most horrible cruelties in the name of Baal the bloodthirsty.

Fear gripped the heart of Lady Beth, too, but she preserved an outward calm. She put an arm around the golden Arbela and said: "Remain with me." Arbela did not understand, but there was something in the tone that reassured her, and now her face shone with a new serenity.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Niarchus halted suddenly. The sky-creature had spoken in a strange tongue and the girl Arbela had understood: "What doth she say?" he demanded. Arbela thought quickly. She was the cleverest of the tribe, and she wanted to protect this beautiful visitor from the priest.

"She cometh from on high, bringing a message to the people of Canaan." The elders wanted prayers of thanksgiving. Niarchus merely nodded and said: "Then her sacred person will be unharmed when she standeth before Baal's Pillar, which bringeth death only to sinners."

Arbola was horrified when she realized that Niarchus was determined to subject the visitor to the test of the Fiery Pillar. She had seen many approach the mysterious monolith, but none had ever returned alive! She protested: "Her heavenly origin needeth no test."

"In truth I believe in her," Niarchus replied; "but it is written in the sacred books of our fathers that they who claim divinity shall be proved before the pillar." It was by this device that the ancient priests purged the tribe of those who sought to usurp their authority.

Goddess

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Lady Beth knew her fate was being decided on this conflict between the golden girl and the hideous old man. To calm her tingling nerves she extracted a case, lit a cigaret, and blew smoke through her nose. Astounded by this miracle, Nuruhna fell reverently to his knees.

The clever Arbela cried out: "Behold, she consumeth fire and smoke cometh from her nostrils. She is indeed she to Baal. To doubt is sacrilege!" "Forgive me," Nuruhna wailed. Arbela's eyes blazed in triumph, but her triumph was destined to be short-lived!

Now the high priest asked Arbela what message the heavenly visitor had brought to the people of Canaan. The girl thought quickly. She must concoct a message of such astonishing import that the tribe would look with proper awe and reverence upon her new-found friend.

She addressed Lady Beth in a meaningless jargon. The English girl answered: "I'm sorry, but I do not understand." Arbela turned to the people, her face alight with pretended exaltation, and cried: "Rejoice, for she is a harbinger of the coming of Iskander!"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

All raised up their voices in frantic jubilation. To them the legendary Alexander the Great was a messiah, a redeemer, the son of their Lord Baal. For 2300 years this strange, isolated tribe had waited the coming of Iskander. Now, in worship, the people crept toward Lady Beth.

For the first time Niarchus, the high priest, felt himself ignored. Before, it had been his privilege to prophesy and interpret the will of Baal. Now his high station had been usurped. A vengeful bitterness welled up in his heart against Arbela and the heavenly visitor.

The Sacrifice.

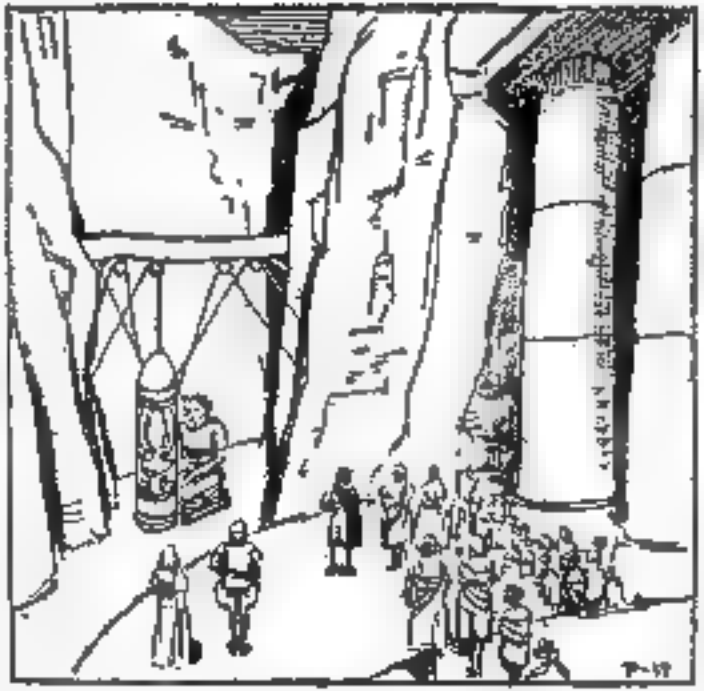
Lady Beth understood that she was being received as a divinity. Still, she was not reassured, for she saw in the hideous faces of these people a mad fanaticism that might easily be turned against her if she should make some error that would arouse doubt in their twisted minds.

Now Niarchus, the neglected high priest, wished to attract attention to himself. "A sacrifice!" he shouted. "Let there be a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Fetch quickly the son of Arhoosh, for the sacred signs have shown that he must be the next to die for the glory of Baal!"

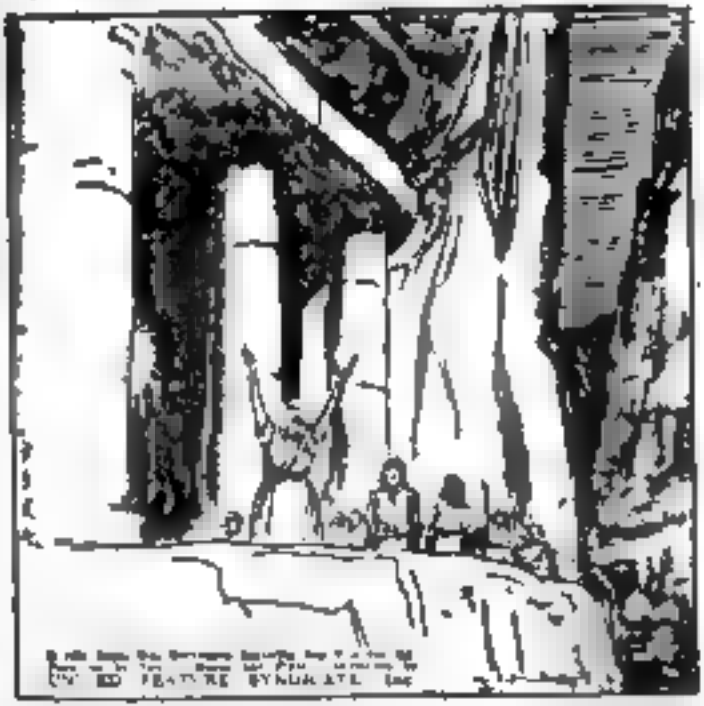
Shrieking wild hosannas, the throng arose and formed into a long line. Arbela grasped Lady Beth's arm and led her to the head of the column. Then the procession began to move slowly toward the dark and mysterious ravine which inclosed the High Place of the dreadful Baal.

As the cortege passed the dwelling caves of the tribe, Lady Beth saw two men dragging from one a struggling boy, who cried out in fear and horror. She knew instinctively that she was about to witness some terrible pagan rite in which this child would be the helpless victim!

Dusk fell gloomily as the solemn cortege, with the screaming boy in its van, entered a ravine and came to a massive, rock-hewn temple, dismal, mysterious, terrifying. In dark corners, flickering lights danced fantastically before pagan idols. Lady Beth shuddered.

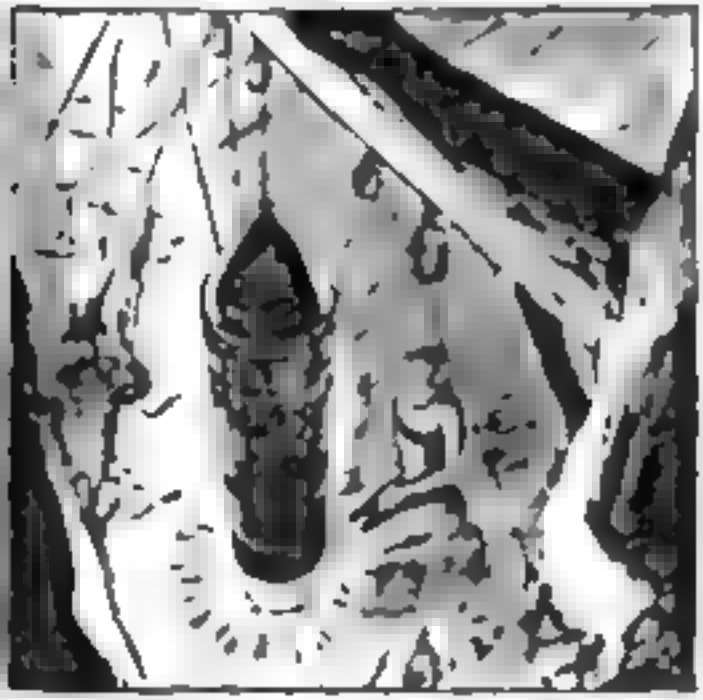


Followed by Niarchus and the people, Arbela led her up an ascending ramp. The boy was no longer with them. Soon the throng came out upon a stone balcony that overlooked another section of the ravine. In the distance a giant monolith rose from the floor of the chasm.



Behind it stood a colossal image of the hideous Baal. Toward these symbols all eyes were turned in silent, wondrous wave. Marchus called out in a loud voice that echoed through the mystic canyon: "Uncover the Fiery Pillar and let us behold the glory of Baal!"

He raised his hands on high in pious supplication: "O Baal, may the sacrifice we are about to give thee prove pleasing in thine eyes. And may it be pleasing to thy heavenly messenger." He looked at Lady Beth. Then from below came the pitiful screams of the child.



When Nuvrohm gave the order to expose the Fiery Pillar the canyon resounded with the creaking of crude machinery. In rusty sockets men strained at ropes that passed over great wooden wheels. Slowly the wooden cover was hoisted, and showed light at the bottom.

Inch by inch the cover crept upward until the pillar stood wholly revealed in a sparkling mass of cerise blue-white light, casting on yellow-red rocks on the image of the ugly god. Lady Beth was filled with awe and astonishment. What dreadful magic was this?

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Now amidst gleeful shouts the son of Artocsh emerged from the temple below and walked toward the Fiery Pillar, his boyish cries of terror ringing through the ravine. As he came near to it, he staggered and put his hands before his eyes. Yet he continued to approach.

The English girl knew that the mysterious rays from the fiery column would soon accomplish the sacrifice. He would surely die—a death of torture. Suddenly a desperate cry burst from her lips: "Stop!" Nurchus turned to her, his evil eyes ablaze with bitter suspicion!

At Lady Beth's shout, deftly translated by Arbela, the cover was quickly lowered over the luminous pillar and the boy rescued. Narchus scowled grimly. He said to Arbela: "'Tis strange that this divine messenger should find unpleasing our dutiful sacrifice."

Even the quick-witted Arbela was at a loss for an immediate answer. She understood the suspicions that rankled in the distorted brain of the high priest, and she knew that he would soon find reason to subject the beautiful stranger to the test of the deadly pillar!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Immensely relieved Garetta laughed. "Get out of here. You and your fool light! I thought you had discovered some danger." The black, however, was by no means reassured. "It is danger, master," he whimpered. "When we see the Demons' Light, misfortune comes!"

Garetta noted that a strange uneasiness had seized his two bodyguards—an Arab and a black warrior, both brave men. Then from outside the hut came fearful moans and cries, and a great rushing about. With deep anxiety the brigand chief realized the meaning of the uproar.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Search

Boris Garetto rushed from the hut to find his village in turmoil. Some of his men were fleeing into the forest, followed by their women. "Come back!" he cried, drawing his revolver. They did not halt. He fired. But already the deserters were swallowed up by the jungle.

He knew that those who were left remained only because they feared him more than they feared the Demons' Light which glowed in the sky, barely visible in a mountain gap to the east. He called to Nasir, his lieutenant. "If any leave, shoot!" Then Garetto walked eastward.

The Command.

The sound of [illegible] Corsetto [illegible] down the mountainside. In the village he found the local authority lighting desperately to stem a mutiny. It is the light master. Panic-stricken "They have come direction will behold an omen we were the country of the light!"

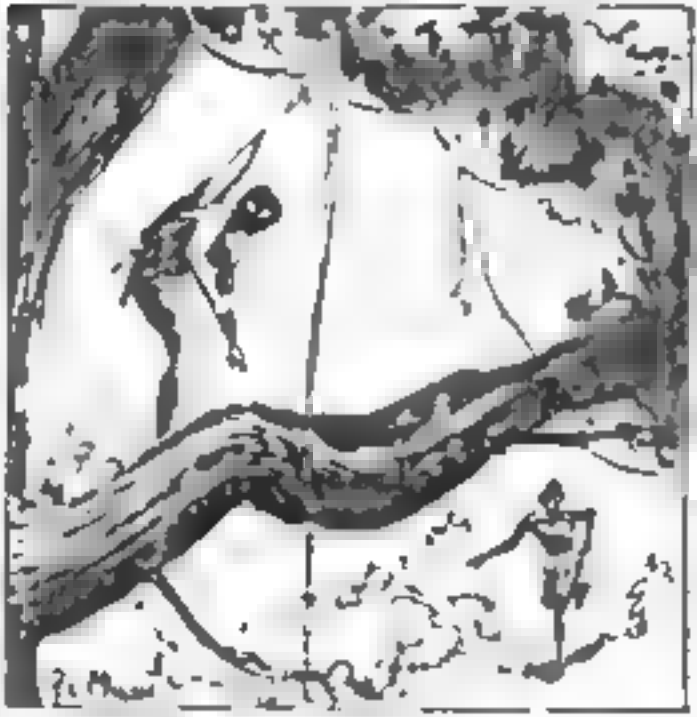
[illegible] came to Dare Corsetto. The strange light on the east began to fade as mysteriously as it had arisen. Finally it ceased altogether. The mutineers surrendered and received their [illegible] of [illegible]. But the village was [illegible] by an undertone of omnipresent foreboding.

As the courier entered Boris Garetto was writing furiously, smiling and congratulating himself on his cleverness. Garetto was indeed a clever man, and he had had a good education in those long ago days before he had sunk into the moral abyss of an African slave-raider.

He had suddenly conceived the idea that the strange glow in the mountainous gap might be caused by some rare and valuable mineral. An expert geologist, familiar with the science of rock formations, might find a passage into that mysterious region whence came the light.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Two purposes would thus be served. The precious mineral, if it existed, might bring him vast wealth. And the discovery would calm the fears of his men, who considered the light as a supernatural force. Now he sealed his letter and gave instructions to the courier to go swiftly.



On his way to the coast, the black runner coursed quickly through the trackless forest like a tireless gazelle. Toward the end of the third day he was startled by the sudden appearance of an almost naked white man, who dropped down out of the trees in front of him.

The Lie

The runner recognized the bronzed white man as Tarzan of the Apes, for though Tarzan was far from his own country, his description and the legend of his exploits had traveled far. The black courier trembled, for he knew that Tarzan was the enemy of all evil men.

"Have no fear," the ape-man said calmly. "I shall do you no harm. I am seeking a band of slave-raiding shiftas who are led by a white man. Do you know where I shall find him?" The black quickly recovered his wits. He knew he must appear tranquil and innocent.

"Yes, bwana," he replied. "I have heard they are five days' march in that direction." He pointed westward. Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared toward the sinking sun. The courier resumed his course, smiling at his cleverness in giving Tarzan the wrong direction!

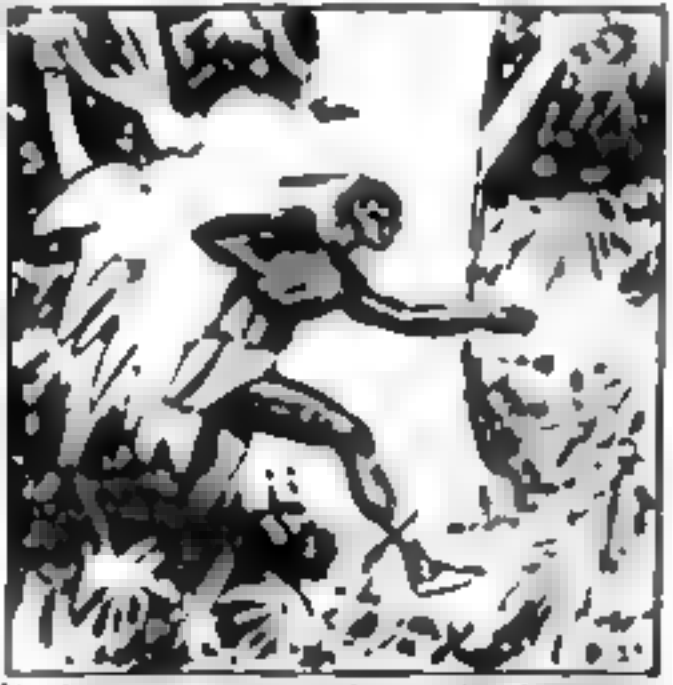
The simple black man believed he had saved his fellow brigands and his white chieftain from Tarzan's wrath. He could not know that his ponpoy would be the means of producing between the ape-man and the chiftan one of the most amazing combats the world had ever seen!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Message

Tarzan swung through the jungle intent upon his purpose of finding and destroying the slave-trading shifta who were led by a mysterious white man. He did not suspect that he had just encountered a member of that band, who had gone from the wrong direction.



The hideous monster raced on to his destination, a squalid, sun-tortured town of the African coast. He hurried to the dingy office of Arnulfo Ovando, a friend of the slave trader Boris Gorotto, and into the hands of Ovando he delivered the message of his chief.

When Ovendee had read the letter he whistled softly and murmured: "So, he wants a geologist, one of the best that can be found. My friend Garetto must be on the trail of something valuable—eh, perhaps, or gold, or platinum. Well, he shall have his geologist."

The tribe of evil men who are enemies of society have their secret connections which overrule the case. Soon the cables were humming with a code message—destined to inject a new element into the tremendous drama which was about to be played out in the African wild!

Two weeks later after a swift journey by ocean greyhound, rushing trains, roaring airplanes, and at last a lumbering coastal steamer, Jeremiah Jones Ph. D., Sc. D., expert American geologist arrived at the dirty isolated African town where Aristide Orandes awaited him.

Orandes looked at him keenly. He had expected to see an elderly, bent, professional type; and here was a tall, handsome, athletic man in his early thirties. But in the stranger's eyes was the faraway look that signified the scholar, inexperienced in the ways of the world.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Your New York agent merely told me to report to you," Dr. Jones began pacifically when they were secluded in Dresden's office. "Yes," the other nodded, "and I want you to go further. I have a friend who requires a survey—a secret survey—in the Gibson Mountains."

Gibson Mountains! Jerry Jones was elated. He had accepted this unusual assignment because it might afford him the opportunity of probing the geological mysteries of that strange formation. But certainly he did not even dream of the appalling human mysteries he was to find.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Stalkers

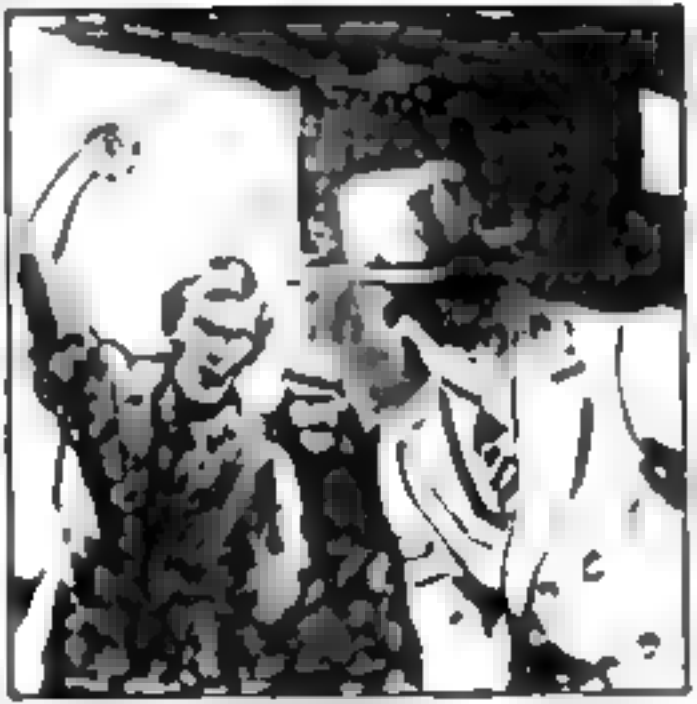
"Your orders are already organized," said Ch[illegible] [illegible] "The headman of the tribe will guide you to your rendezvous with my friend Rene Lacotte. I must impress upon you the importance of secrecy. No white man must go with you. No one must know where you go."

James nodded agreeably. He was strong enough to abide by these conditions. After all he was fortunate indeed to have the opportunity for adventure and remuneration a very handsome salary. Still there was something vaguely mysterious about the enterprise.

Perhaps, he thought, his vague uneasiness was emphasized by the sudden descent of the eerie tropical night, with all its strange sounds pouring in from the jungle that skirted the town. "You will be ready to start tomorrow," Orzedas said. "Better get a good sleep."

With Orzedas' directions clear in his mind, Dr. Jones started out for the lone hotel that graced the town. But as he wandered along a dark street, lost in speculation concerning his forthcoming jungle trek, two ruffians crept out of the shadows and followed him!

The two ruffians had spotted Dr. Jones on the wharf that afternoon and had marked him down as easy prey for robbery. Now they loitered in proximity so he sauntered slowly, gazing curiously from side to side, intrigued by the entertaining aspect of this tropical town.



Suddenly he stopped and turned around, merely to get a panoramic view of the street. He found himself face to face with the ruffians, an Arab and a renegade white. The Arab turned to flee but the other called him back. Then both set upon their victim with murderous fury.

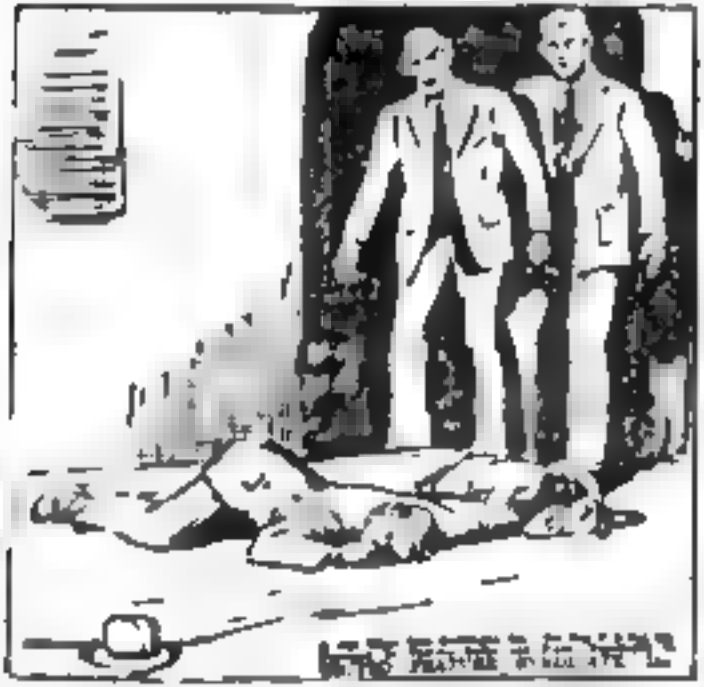
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The geologist let out a low startled cry. But he did not content himself with that. Grimly determined, he met the fierce onslaught. Jerry Jones was no weakling. In college he had been an ace swimmer and track star, but he had neglected the more practical art of boxing.

Nevertheless he flailed his fists like a windmill, his vigor compensating for his lack of expertness. Then, suddenly, he heard a strange voice behind him. "Sock the little guy on the button! I'll take care of the big boze!" And a white-clad arm shot past his shoulder!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Tommy

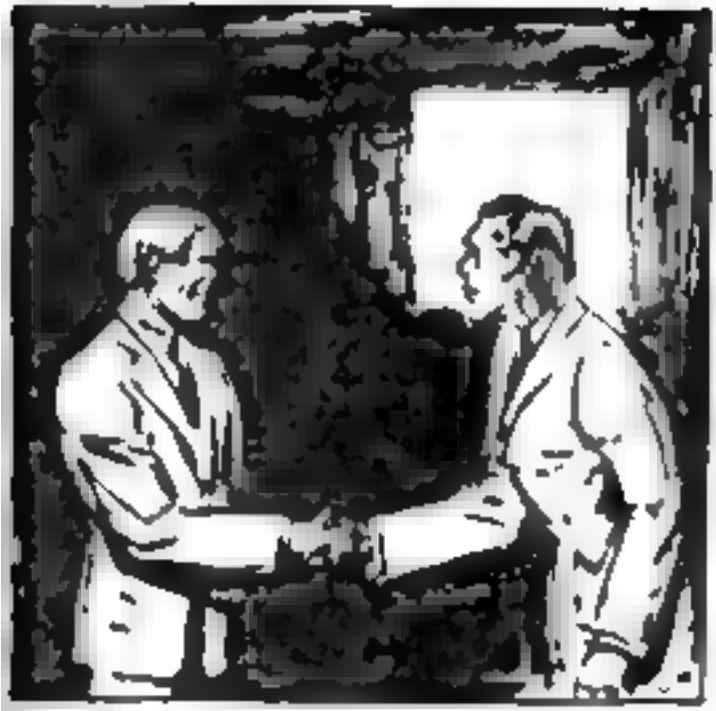


The mysterious fist that shot past Dr. Jones' shoulder caught the larger of the two ruffians squarely on the chin and he went down in a heap. At the same moment Dr. Jones knocked down the other. Standing above them now he saw a small, very man grinning with delight.

"We'll put them in the custody of the police," said the geologist. "Now," the stranger replied; "this is better." He lifted the larger man, staggering, to his feet, then promptly knocked him down again. And he continued these tactics until the man could no longer stand.

Welsh

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



He turned then to the Arab and pursued the same course. "I guess they'll be good after this," he grinned. Dr. Jones put out his hand. "I have to thank you for saving me from a beating—perhaps even from death." "O. K., forget it," the stranger replied with a chuckle.

"If my ear serves me correctly," the geologist smiled, "you're from New York." "Correct," the other answered. "Right out of Hell's Kitchen. Tommy Welsh, that's me—ex-pug, ex-private in the Foreign Legion, now just a soldier of fortune and ready for anything."

Tommy Welsh insisted on accompanying Dr. Jones to his hotel. "You know, I get to hand it to you," Tommy grinned admiringly. "You were doing a swell job on those things. I'll admit you're no great shakes as a boxer, but fellow, you can fight. What you doing here?"

The world-wise Tommy immediately saw the evasiveness of Dr. Jones' replies. "O. K.," he said; "I don't want to put my nose into your business, but I figured you might not be wise to things out here. New York is one thing; Africa is something else again."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Next morning, the American geologist arose with the sun, eager to begin his long journey. He hurried to the compound on the outskirts of the town, where he was to meet his safari. When he saw Orondo and the sullen blacks, his vague uneasiness came back to him.

Half an hour later, he pushed off into the weird, dark jungle. He longed now, though he knew it was in vain, for the practical, alert Tommy Welsh, late of Hell's Kitchen. Jerry Jones was assailed by a poignant loneliness. A thousand doubts assailed his racing mind.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tommy Welsh Arrives

Deeper and deeper into the jungle plunged the compact safari. Theoretically Dr. Jones was the commander, but the impractical scientist soon realized that he was in fact entirely dependent upon the native headman Tabonga and his band of bearers. He felt alone and helpless.

Dr. Jones noted with pleasure however that no-most precautions were taken to protect him from any intruder, whether man or beast. Even at the noonday rest, sentries were stationed about the camp. And almost immediately he heard a guard at the rear hail a challenge.

Then a loud nasal voice came to him through the forest. "Say you. Put down that blunderbuss and get out of my way. I am just paying a visit to my friend Dr. Jones." With how startling Dr. Jones recognized the voice of Tommy Wrench and started out to welcome him.

Tobanga stopped him. "Do not trouble, bwana. I will take care of it." Then the headman uttered a guttural command. Four askaris with rifles ready, march toward the rear. Turning to follow them, Tobanga said stolidly: "We have orders to keep everyone away."

Ignoring Tobanga's implied command, Jerry Jones followed the headman and the four askaris. He saw Tommy Welsh standing near the sentry. "Hi, Doc!" Tommy grinned. "What's the idea? This is a fine way to treat a visitor. Call off your boy scouts and ask me to lunch."

Before the geologist could reply, Tobanga addressed Tommy in brazen tones. "This is a private safari. We want no visitors. Go!" Then he barked a command. The askaris raised their rifles and aimed them at the still grinning Tommy Welsh. "Go!" Tobanga repeated.

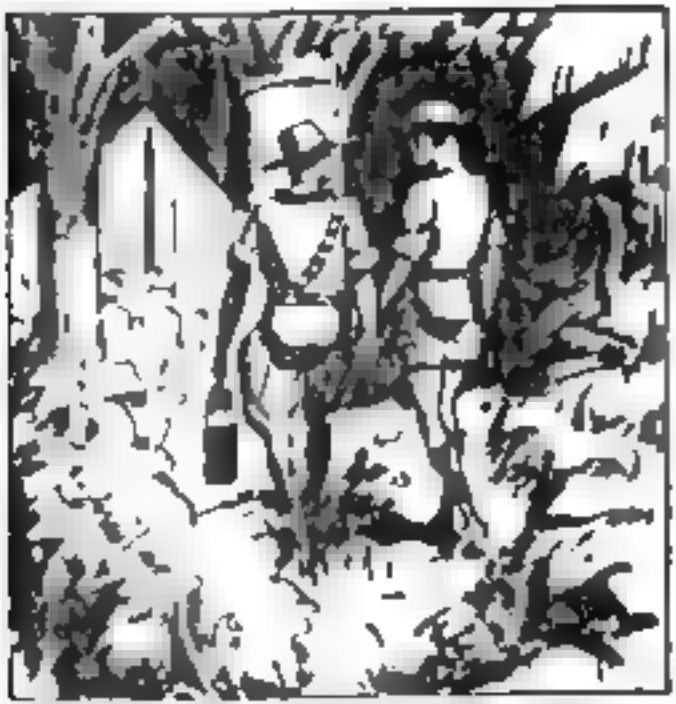
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Dr Jeremiah Jones was a peaceful, even tempered man; but he was both angered and frightened by this threat against his new friend. Quick as a flash he drew his small 32 revolver and thrust it into Tobanga's ribs. "Make them put down their rifles," he cried.

The startled Tobanga obeyed. "As bwana wishes," he replied obsequiously. He knew he must precipitate no crisis which might interfere with his task of bringing Dr Jones safely to Boris Garetto. As for the newcomer— well, there would be ways of dealing with him later!

ck Case

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



"All right." Dr. Jones smiled. "You can stay but don't expect me to tell you anything about my mission. Until my mysterious employer proves himself worthy of trust, I intend to be loyal to him. And go easy with those blacks. After all, we're at their mercy."

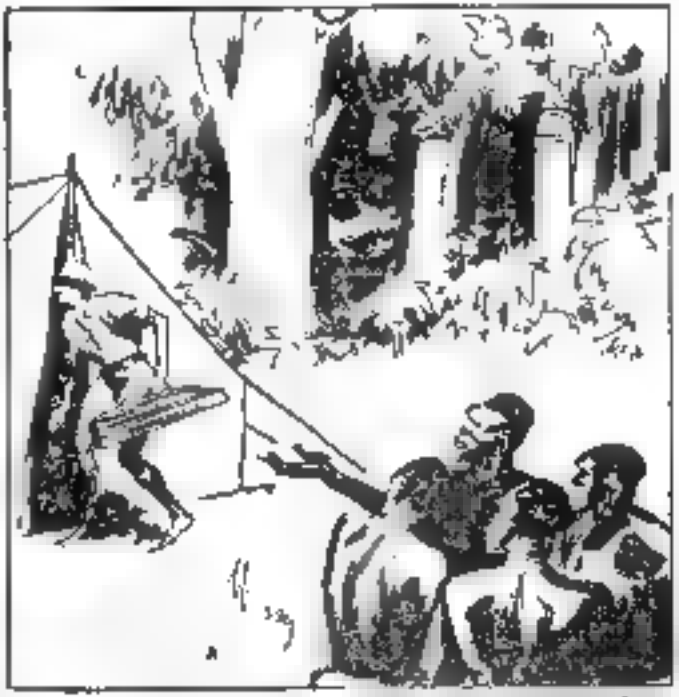
"I'm not so sure I'll be much help to you," Tommy responded. "I served my hitch with the Foreign Legion in the desert and I don't know much about this jungle business. But I've got something here that might help." He tapped a mysterious black case and grinned knowingly.

With a firm assertion of authority Jerry Jones dismissed the [illegible] "[illegible] you to work" he yelled to Tommy Worth. "Then you'll have to go back. As you can see, there's something strange about this business. It might prove dangerous. You can [illegible] Tommy grumbled

"You're a great fellow. Don't be resentment. "But around here you're a babe in the woods. You might need help, and I'm it. I trailed you from the hotel this morning. I saw you meet Orendos. I'm suspicious of anything that guy's mixed up with. So I'm sticking with you

Prepared

Friendly Tommy Walsh, ex-pugilist and ex-soldier in the Foreign Legion, became a full-fledged member of the mysterious expedition that pushed its way through the jungle toward the Gheezi Mountains. Tobanga led the thin column; Dr. Jones followed—with Tommy.



The blacks looked upon the newcomer with a certain awesome suspicion. And the chief source of their misgivings was the strange black case which he would entrust to no porter. On the march and around the campfires it was the subject of many whispered conjectures.

Every night he carried it into the tent, opened it, and extracted a stubby wicked looking sub-machine gun which he placed handy to his cot. "I was a machine gunner in the Legion," he told Dr. Jones one night. "I feel more comfortable with 'Junior' around."

"I hope you won't have to use it," chuckled the scientist. But at that very moment a perverse, ironic fate shattered his hope. A frightful roar burst from the forest. "What was that?" Jerry asked. For answer Tommy swept up his machine gun and rushed from the tent!

"Simba—Lion!" cried the terrified blacks as Tommy Welch rushed from the tent with his machine gun. The natives fingered their rifles nervously for the fear of the marauding Simba had been in the blood of their race for countless ages before gunpowder was invented.

"Where is he?" Tommy asked Tebenge, the headman. "Something moving over there," Tebenge answered. Tommy peered into the dense darkness. He could see nothing, but he heard a rustling in the foliage. Dropping to one knee he pointed the gun and squeezed the trigger.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

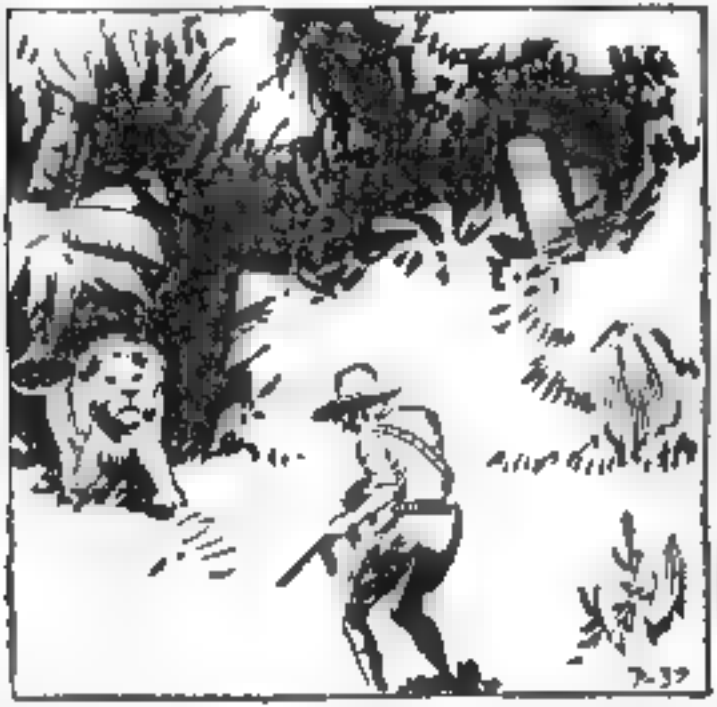
Flame burst from the muzzle. Bullets splashed. Tommy released the trigger and the awe-struck blacks heard the lion crashing through the bushes—running away. "I guess I nicked him," Tommy grinned. Tubonga shook his head. "If he was wounded, bwana, he would charge."

Convinced that the lion was too frightened to return, Tommy went to bed. Gradually, except for a nodding sentry, the safari drifted into sleep. But out in the forest, the lion's gnawing hunger soon overcame his fright. Cautiously now, the beast slunk back toward the camp.

The Charge

The camp awakened. Men sprang into terrified consciousness and saw the lion half carrying, half dragging his victim into the darkness of the forest. Tommy judged that the man already dead. Now he must take vengeance on the beast. He pressed the trigger of his gun.

Unfortunately — yes, unfortunately — the lion was hit; but by a single slug. The frenzied beast dropped the askari, wheeled, and charged at Tommy. The ex-legionnaire squeezed the trigger again. There was a brief spurt of fire, then the gun jammed! And the lion swept onward!



The wound-maddened lion came on toward Tommy in a low gliding rush. If Tommy had been properly cautious, he would have sought safety in the great tree that spread above him. But as a former member of the indomitable Foreign Legion, Tommy Welsh disdained flight.

Instead, he sought frantically, and vainly, to extract the shell that had jammed the machine gun, while Jerry Jones, entirely calm, raised his .32 caliber revolver, confident that this toy, which a friend had given him, was entirely adequate to the business of stopping a lion!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

As a matter of fact the sting of the small bullet would only have added to the frenzy of the beast. So, fortunately, before he had time to fire, an amazing thing happened. An almost naked white man dropped from the tree, directly into the path of the charging carnivore!

In the man's hand was a heavy spear, and as he alighted he was already braced to receive the lion's charge upon the point of the weapon. The spellbound blacks were astonished, for they believed no man could withstand the terrific impact of the heavy, powerfully muscled beast!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Con

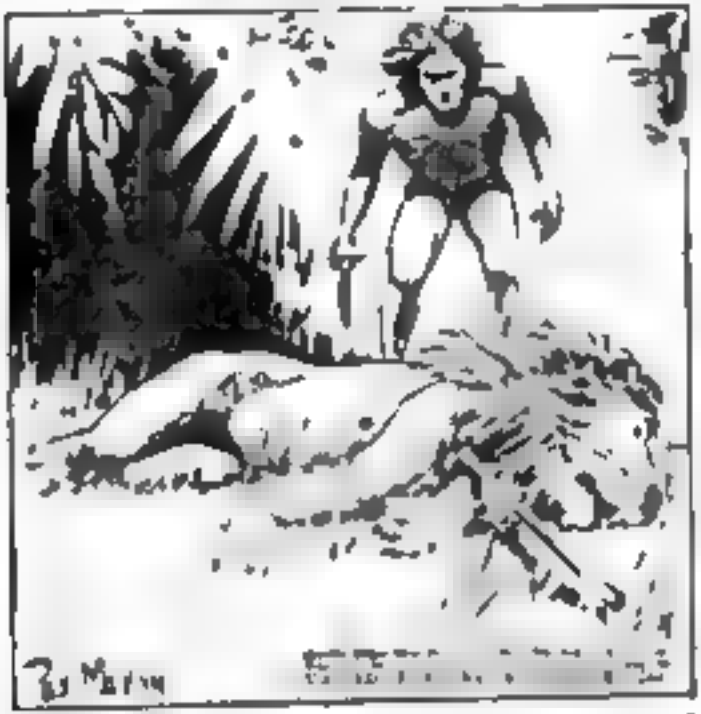
The impact of the charging lion would have hurled a lesser man to earth but this one kept his feet, and the stout spear drove into the carnivore's chest, while at the same instant the man stepped aside. Thus thwarted by his new enemy the raging lion was confused.

In the brief moment, the strange man-thing leaped upon his back. A giant arm encircled his throat, legs of steel wrapped around his waist, and a stout blade was driven into his side. Then the raging beast, by whirls and leaps, sought to fling off his tormentor.

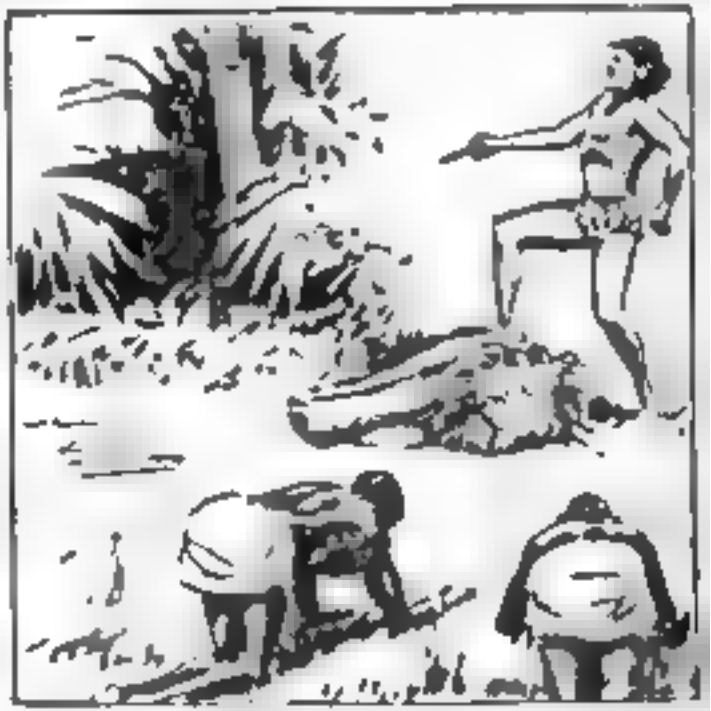
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Again and again the man drove his knife into the animal's tawny side. To the astonishment of the two Americans, frightful growls issued from the throats of the combatants. The man-thing, too, was a beast. Perhaps they had as much to fear from him as from the lion!

The great carnivore reared up, then flung himself violently to the ground, trying to upset the balance of his foe. At the same time he twisted his shaggy head in an effort to clamp his jaws upon the leg of his antagonist. The spectators believed the man's end was near.



Drawing his leg back from the fanged jaws of the beast, the stranger drove his knife once again into the tawny side. The beast staggered and slumped to the ground. The man leaped clear and stood gazing at his vanquished foe. The lion twitched convulsively, then lay still.



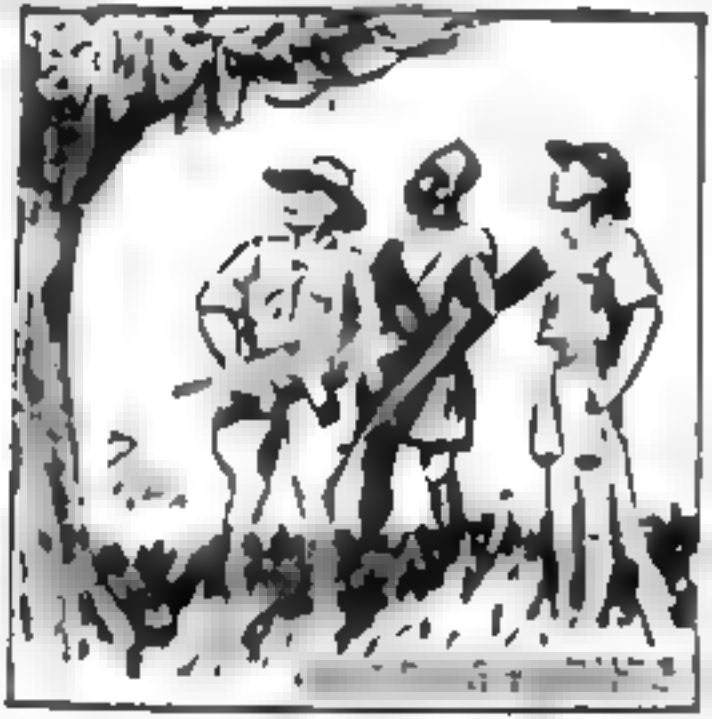
The man stepped closer, placed one foot on the carcass of his kill, raised his face to the heavens, and then emitted a cry so hideous that the black men dropped to the ground in terror. And somewhere, out on the beach yard, a bull ape answered the victory cry of his fellow.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Tommy Wrish under his breath. Now the stranger surveyed them coolly. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he asked. Jerry Jones was astonished that the man spoke English, but he managed to stammer: "I am a geological—scientific trip."

"Where are you going to conduct your research?" the stranger inquired. "The Chaos Mountains," Jones replied. "Then I must warn you," the man said gravely, "There is a band of brigands operating there, I understand. From what I hear of them, they are murderous men."

When the stranger delivered his warning concerning the lo-gandu Jerry Jones never dreamed that the ruthless horde was led by his mysterious employer Baron Gazetta. The newsboy started to express his thanks but the lion-killer leaped upward and vanished into the tree



The astonished Tommy glanced aloft. "There was a regular guy," he said admiringly. He turned then to the trembling headman of the tribe, who had been awestruck by the combat. "Who was that here? Know him?" Tabanga nodded. "That, bwana, was Tarzan."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Next day, the safari pushed on toward the Ghenzi Mountains. . . . Tarzan continued his vain search for some trace of Boris Garetto's brigands. . And Garetto, secure in his mountain fastness, impatiently awaited the arrival of the geologist to explain the Demons' Light.

But to Lady Beth Barclay, who had fallen into the hands of the strange Baalite tribe, the glowing pillar was an immediate peril rather than a vague mystery. She had seen it bring torture to a human sacrifice, and now she believed she was destined to a similar doom!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Conde

Niarchus, the high priest, cried out: "This stranger would have us believe she is a heavenly messenger but she hath called upon us to halt the sacrifice which is pleasing to Baal, therefore must we doubt her. She must approach the Fiery Pillar to prove her divinity!"

Lady Beth understood no word he said, but she knew! Her friend, the golden Arbela, trembled, for she could conceive of no way to save the stranger from her dreadful fate. Now a wild, high-pitched chant went up from the multitude "Blessed be Niarchus, true prophet!"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Fanatic shouts of diabolic glee split the heavy night. It was an unheard of pleasure to witness this extraordinary sacrifice. And the hideous tribesmen were happy to have this problem of the stranger solved, for they feared her, and they hated her cream, wholesome beauty.

"Seize her, ye faithful elders," Nimrehu cried, "and set her upon the sacred path that leads to the Fiery Pillar." Suddenly the English aviatrix felt her arms clutched violently by four of the repulsive creatures who stood near her. "Away with her!" the high priest screamed.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

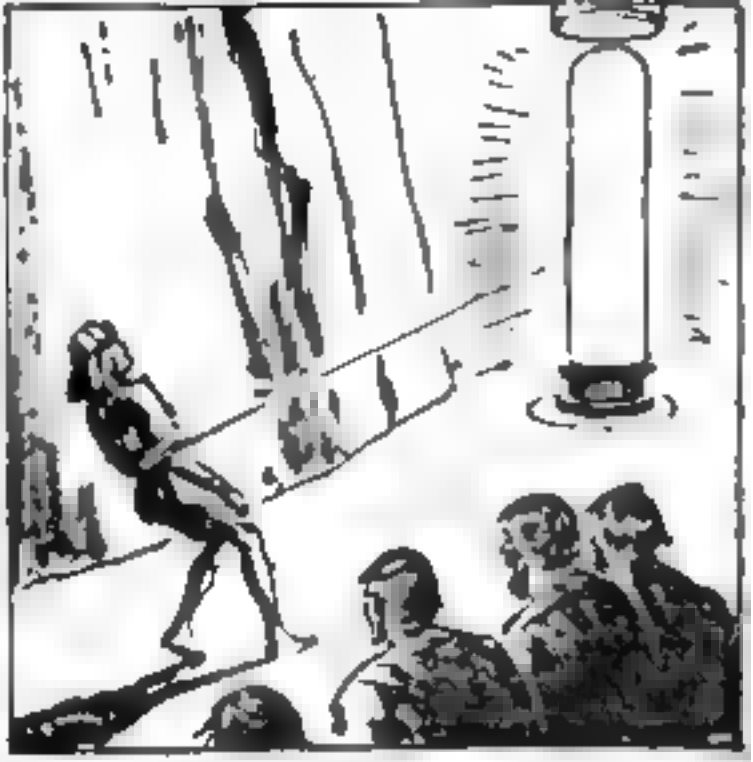
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Fiery Column

Evil frowns spread over the brutal faces of the four Baalite elders as they clutched Lady Beth and led her into the temple. Down the dim stairs they conducted her, past the eerie, flickering lights that illuminated the images of many gods, and into the Court of the Pillar.

Before her lay the avenue to the Fiery Column of Death, from which she had saved the child. Now she must tread that same fatal path! The elders began to gesture commandingly toward the glowing pillar. "Walk! Walk!" they cried. In a hypnotic daze she stepped forward.

Suddenly she stopped. What foolish thing was she doing—walking tranquilly toward death—doing the bidding of those dreadful people without a struggle? No! She would not! She turned upon the orders. Her defiance was plain, but they gave no evidence of surprise.



Instead, one of them picked up a rope that trained off into the distance. Before she realized what was happening, they had looped it around her. One of them cried a command. The rope drew taut, and Lady Beth felt herself pulled relentlessly toward the deadly Pillar!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Drawn to Death

Slowly, relentlessly, unseen hands turned the windlass that drew the struggling English girl toward the fatal Pillar of Baal. "See!" cried Nearchus, the high priest. "She is afraid. She resists. If she were truly divine, she would have no fear of the Fiery Pillar!"

The Cassanites howled with fanatic fervor: "True! It is well that she goeth to her death!" Suddenly Arbella lifted her voice above the screams and spoke to Nearchus: "The sacrifice of this Heavenly One is a grievous sin. Now Baal shall visit his terrible wrath upon us."

Niarchus turned his hideous face upon her. "One word more," he cried, "and you shall join her!" Arbeia saw the hopelessness of her appeal. Then she acted upon a sudden, foolish impulse. She ran into the temple, down the winding stairs, and into the Court of the Pillar.

Swiftly she raced to Lady Beth and tried desperately to release her, but the surprised Niarchus screamed a quick command. The elders ran forward and bound Arbeia to the rope. And now both girls, struggling vainly, were drawn inevitably toward the deadly Pillar of Baal!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Sav

As the two girls were pulled toward the fatal column, Niarchus, the high priest, was stirred to a frenzy of excitement. He stood close to the edge of the balcony crying fervent, fanatic prayers to the bloodthirsty god Baal. Then, suddenly, he screamed and collapsed.

Arbela turned and saw Niarchus topple from the balcony to the court below. It was the ancient curse of epilepsy which had come down through the ages from that first Niarchus who had founded this strange tribe. But now Arbela was quick to seize the opportunity.

"Behold!" she cried. "It is a sign that Baal is displeased with this sacrifice. You, Elder Zadon, release us now and win merit in the eyes of Baal." Suddenly the tug of the rope slackened, and the Elder Zadon came forward bewilderedly and released the two girls.

Now Lady Beth indicated by gestures that they must flee, but Arbela shook her head. Then the English girl realized why there was no exit from this mountain-circled crater of the Baalites. So, she thought, this was only a temporary respite from pagan cruelties.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

"All ye Capsanites, sing the praises of the heavenly visitor!" cried Arbela. The people fell upon their knees and paid homage to Lady Beth, who saw now that she was restored to her status of divinity. But no one came near to Niarchus, who lay motionless on the ground.

Lady Beth knew that he must have been grievously injured by his fall. Though he had tried to kill her, she felt a certain pity for the miserable creature. When she saw that none aided him, she approached him and knelt down beside him, and saw a pool of blood at his head.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Slowly now the elders came forward curiously. They looked at the priest and nodded their heads ruefully. "He will surely die," said Zidon. "It is the will of Baal. We can do nothing." Lady Beth saw, too, that he would die unless the flow of blood were quickly stanched.

She thought of the small first aid kit in her pocket. Should she try to aid this brutal man? To stand idly by and see him die would be inhuman. Yet, if she saved him, she knew he would show no gratitude—but only that fiendish hate which had brought her near death!

The injured Niarchus whimpered pitifully in his delirium, and Lady Beth's heart was touched. Quickly she took the first-aid kit from her pocket and set about to save the high priest from death, even while her mind told her that his survival was a peril to her life.

For half an hour she worked ardently while the Canaanites looked on in wondrous awe. At last Niarchus stirred. "He liveth!" cried the Elder Zidon. "He hath returned from the shadows of the nether world." "A miracle!" shouted the people. "Hail to the heavenly visitor!"

Now the clever, artful Arbela called out: "As a token of homage, the divine stranger requires a clean cave for her dwelling, and the best of food. Further, she commands that no longer shall ye make me do hard work, for hereafter I am to be her constant companion."

"It shall be even as she commandeth," Zidon answered. Lady Beth understood now that these ignorant people believed her a miracle worker. Suddenly she grew fearful. Suppose Nuchus should die after all! Then these grotesque tribesmen would turn against her!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Reve

Lady Beth and her companion were soon established in a spacious cave, where Arbela lolled in the luxury of an unaccustomed leisure. The aviatrix set about to learn the language of this strange tribe into whose hands she had fallen, and in turn she taught Arbela English.

Every day, the English girl went to treat her enemy, the injured high priest Nisrchus. For a long time he lingered between life and death. Sometimes Lady Beth was afraid he would die, and sometimes she feared he would live. Either eventually would be serious for her.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

When Lady Beth walked abroad, the tribesmen bowed down in homage before her, and she began to influence them against the cruel practices of their religion, which seemed to be a curious jumble of many pagan cults that flourished centuries ago in ancient lands.

At last Niarchus arose healed from his pallet of straw and walked again among his people. He saw that the stranger had forbidden the blood sacrifices which delighted his cruel heart. He saw, too, that her power over the people was greater than his, and he vowed to destroy her!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Lady Beth knew that soon she would be engaged in a titanic struggle for power with Niarchus — and she feared the result. The position of the high priest and his performance of the sacrificial rites were firmly ingrained in the age-old traditions of this degraded sect.

By questioning Arbela she explored again the possibilities of escape from the valley of the crater. "There is no exit," Arbela replied, "unless it be to the South, where dwell the South Canaanites." "Who are they?" Lady Beth inquired. Arbela shook her head sadly.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"They are something like us they speak the same language but they are very strong and war like There is a feud between them and us Some day they raid our village and kill our people But anyway I should be to be captured by one of them The men are beautiful

Arbela sighed then continued "I think a South Cimmerian husband would love me for I am beautiful too Both was about to go in at the girl's words when a monster form suddenly darkened the mouth of the cave It was Nimrhan, and he commanded "Come with me

"Come with me!" The shrill voice of Nurchus echoed through the dim recesses of the cavern. Arbela trembled, but Lady Beth Barclay steeled herself for whatever ordeal awaited her. She knew that the pagan high priest had conceived some new fantasy of inhuman treatment.

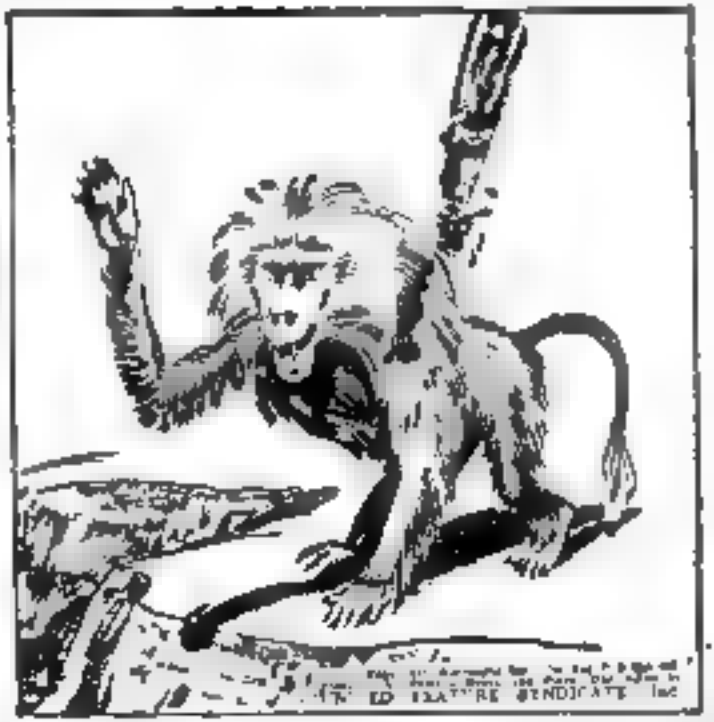
But while Lady Beth was being subjected to the alternate homage and brutalities of the Baalites, Tarzan of the Apes pursued his resolute but unsuccessful search for the brigand chief Garatto. Now his path lay through the hilly domain of a tribe of savage baboons.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

A baboon sentinel, perched on a rock, saw the strange figure approaching and cried the alarm. Instantly the tribe was startled into action and swarmed up the low cliff. Then they turned and faced the intruder, barking their defiance, for they knew man as their enemy.

Tarzan did not slacken his pace, though he would be helpless if these courageous beasts should set upon him with their combined strength and ferocity. Suddenly a surly bull separated himself from the mass and barked. "Go away! I am Hobash, the king! I kill."

When the baboon king barked his death-threat, the stranger hailed "I am Tarzan of the Apes. Tarzan comes as a friend." Silence fell upon the tribe of Hobash—the silence of stunning surprise. Never had they heard any man speak the language of the ape-people.



They did not know Tarzan, whose country lay far to the south in the jungles. Though they were impressed by his ability to understand them and speak to them, still he was a man, and they trusted no man. "Go away!" the surly bull growled again. "I hate! I am Hobash!"

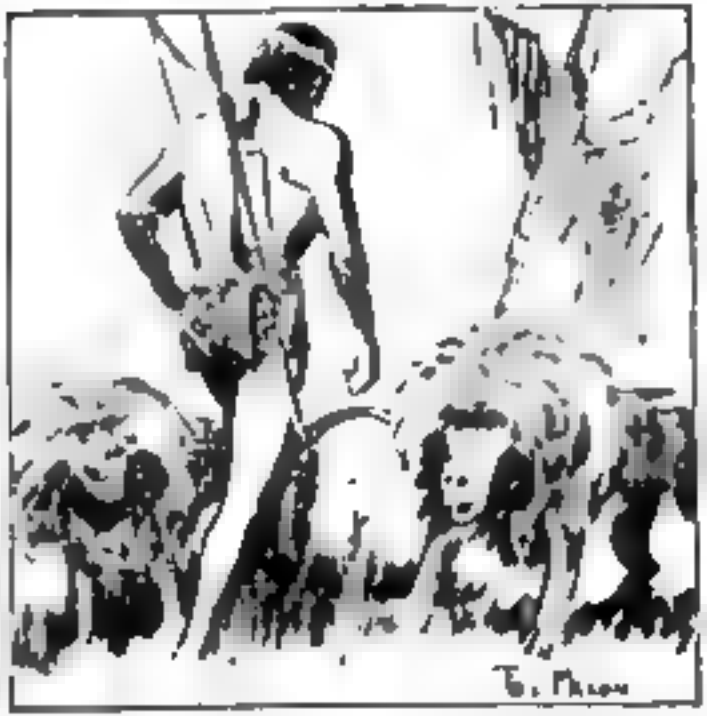
Tarzan swung easily up the cliff. That was his answer to Hobash, the king. He was aware of his danger in the face of this beast-army; but he might be in this country for some time, and he must establish himself in the minds of all creatures as one who walked without fear.

Barking furiously, the baboons retreated. As Tarzan gained the summit of the cliff, the shes scurried away with their halas, but the bulls remained to contest the way. Immediately they encircled him, and Tarzan knew they could tear him to pieces in an instant.

Tarzan knew the baboons would not precipitate an unprovoked attack; but they would set upon him forcibly if they mistook some trivial act as a threat against the safety of the tribe. For his own purposes, however, he wanted these lesser ape-people for his friends.

"Tarzan seeks for an evil Tarmangani," he said. "This white man has many Gomangani with him. They are bad men. They kill. With thunder sticks they kill. They will kill you. Tarzan has come to drive them from the country. Do you know where they are camped?"

For answer Hobah the king only growled and placed the back of his head against the ground in challenge. Some of the others followed his example. Then Hobah drew himself erect and grimaced horribly hoping to frighten his antagonist by the savagery of his mien.



But Tarzan only shrugged and marched slowly toward the challenging bulls that blocked his path. One, stiff-legged and arrogant, moved grudgingly aside. But another stood his ground. Here, the ape-man knew, would come the test that would decide his fate.

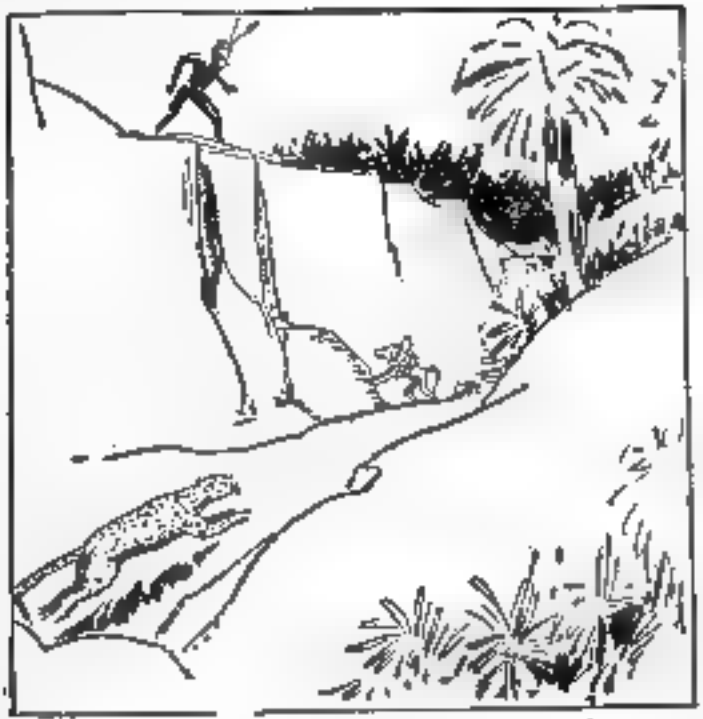
TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Into t

When Tarzan came face to face with the challenging baboon, a savage growl burst from his lips, and at the same time he charged. With an answering growl and a catlike leap, the baboon bounded aside, and Tarzan passed beyond the circle, victor in the game of bluff

Seeing that he did not approach the shes and balus, the shes contented themselves with barking insults after him, but these the ape-man ignored. Now his way took him to the edge of a ravine, into which, unknown to the baboons, a young mother had fled with her baby

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Suddenly a vagrant air current wafted up to Tarzan's keen nostrils the scent of a panther. Simultaneously, a baboon screamed with terror. Looking down, the ape-man saw a young she, a baby clinging to her back, fleeing upward toward him, with Sheeta racing in hot pursuit.

Without a moment's hesitation, Tarzan leaped down to confront the savage cat and rob it of its prey. And even as he leaped he drew his keen-edged hunting knife. The lithe beast, however, did not check the momentum of its charge; but rushed down upon the man-thing!

As the baboon mother and her bale scrambled to safety, the bulls of the tribe of Hobash ran to the edge of the ravine; and they too leaped down to join Tarzan in his battle against their hereditary enemy. But before they could render effective aid, Tarzan dealt the death blow.

When the panther lay dead at Tarzan's feet, Hobash the king approached the ape-man slowly and said "The bulls of the tribe of Hobash are the friends of Tarzan of the Apes." And Tarzan answered "Tarzan is the friend of the bulls of the tribe of Hobash, the king."

Safari

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"We have seen the bad Tarmangani you seek," the baboon ruler declared as he pointed northward. "He is camped there in the far mountains." "I go there," Tarzan responded, and presently he vanished from sight. At last he was on the trail of Boris Garetto.

. . . At the same time, a small safari trudged upward through the neighboring foothills. Dr. Jeremiah Jones hoped soon to meet his mysterious employer, who was this same Boris Garetto, but fate had other plans—plans of direct peril to Dr. Jones and his [illegible] and Tommy Walsh!

As the safari mounted higher into the Ghenzi Mountains, the American geologist became interested in the curious rock formations that surrounded them. He said to Tommy: "I think I perceive in this mountain range some interesting evidences of upthrust by compression."

"Whatever that means, it's jake with me," Tommy shrugged; "but what do we do about it?" "Let's camp here for the day, and I'll have a look around," Dr. Jones smiled. "That's also jake," his companion responded cheerfully; "I'm fed up on this climbing anyway."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

As Dr. Jones started on his survey, Tommy stopped him. "Say, ain't you going to take one of these boys along? And you'd better take this big gat, too." "Oh, I'll be all right," the other replied. "I won't go far, and this will be plenty of protection." He tapped his tiny .32.

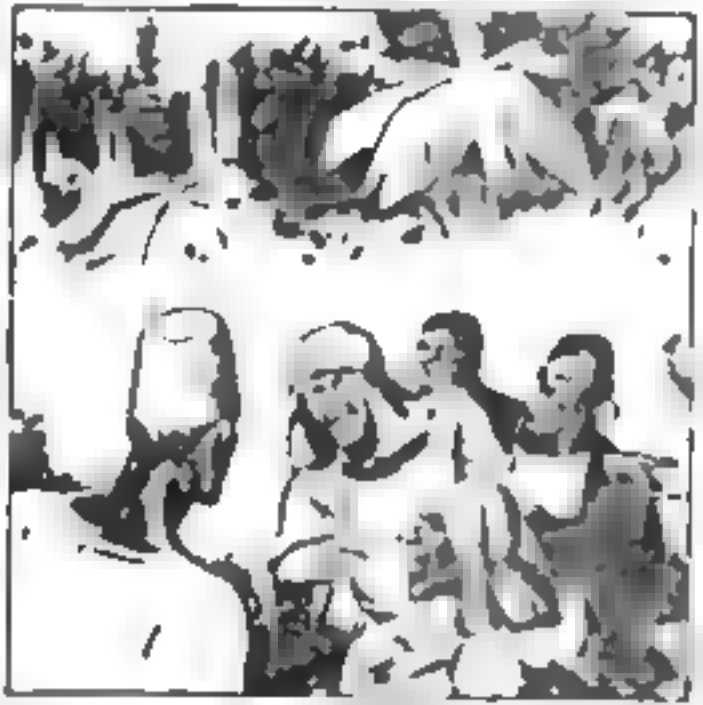
Jauntily, enthusiastically, the geologist swung away northward toward an intriguing canyon. He planned only a miniature exploration of the immediate vicinity, but his scholarly journey was destined to be transformed into the most momentous adventure of his life!

Ignorantly disdainful of the perils of the jungle, Jerry Jones plunged into the forest on his geological survey. Soon he stood at the edge of a deep canyon. His expert eye gazed with interest on the opposite wall, and he decided this curious formation merited closer inspection.

He clambered down into the chasm and worked his way up the opposite side. At the summit, he saw another canyon, and a ridge beyond it claimed his interest anew. The precipitous walls dictated an erratic course, but, fired with enthusiasm, he made his way down, and up again.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

When night fell and Jerry did not return, Tarzan [illegible] and searching parties and started off on several directions. He himself carrying his [illegible] gun, heard of a party of [illegible]. Through the night they were held, but without result.



At dawn, when they returned to camp for breakfast, they encountered a [illegible] group of [illegible] and [illegible]. Tabonga, the [illegible], greeted them as friends and engaged them in [illegible] conversation. This was the group that had driven the camp of Gazetta [illegible].

Finally Tobanga announced to Tommy "We not go any more. We go home!" "What do you mean, go home?" Tommy snapped. "You're going to stay until we find Bwana Jones." "No!" the black replied firmly "My friends saw Demon Light in north. We go south!"

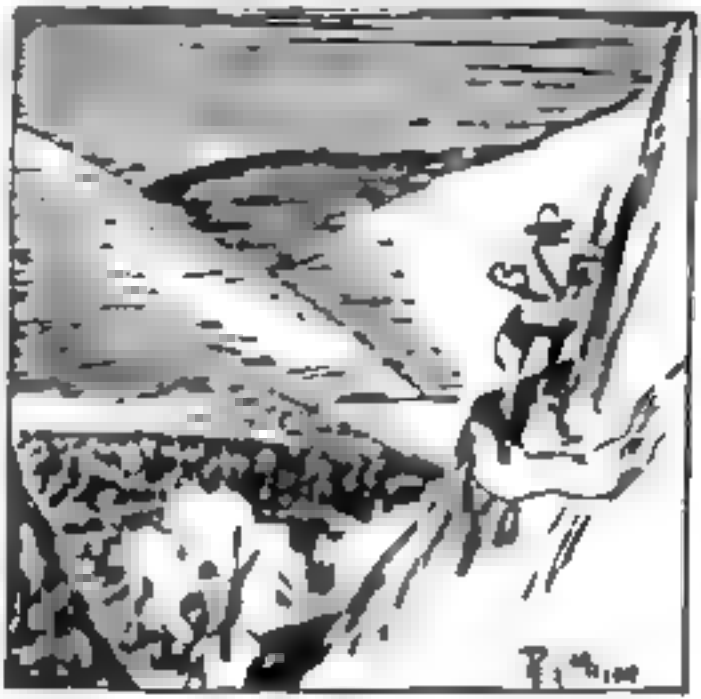
Tommy knew nothing of the mysterious light which terrified these superstitious people. It all appeared very silly to him, and certainly he would not permit himself to be deserted in this dangerous and unfamiliar country. But they were all armed—many against one!

Tommy whipped the machine gun to his shoulder "Drop your guns" he cried "I'll shoot the first man that tries to desert!" But he was unaware of the three lithe Arabs who slipped up from behind him. Suddenly they pounced vicciously upon Tommy and disarmed him.

The whole band fled, with Tommy in swift pursuit of the ocellant who had seized the machine gun. The Arab turned and pointed the muzzle at the American's head. Then Tommy dived at him in a football tackle that had won him boyhood fame on New York playgrounds.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

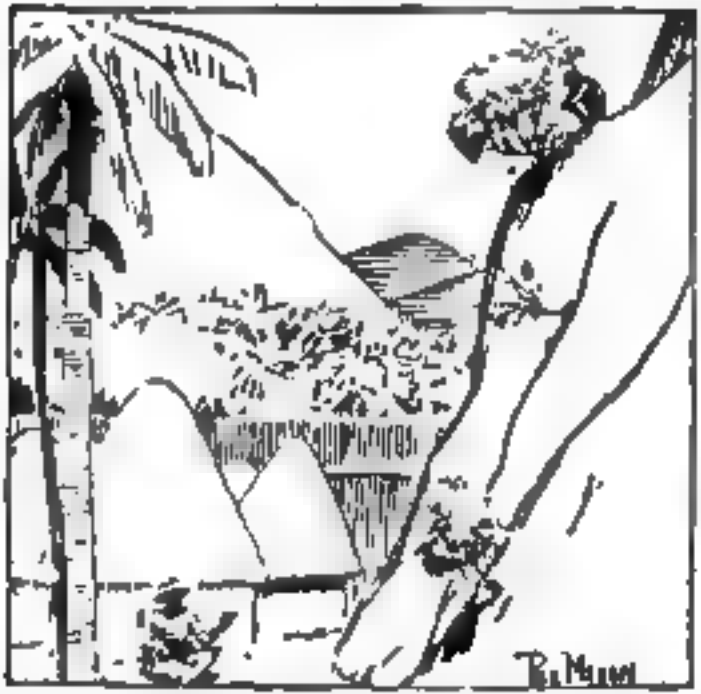
As he fell, the Arab dropped the weapon and Tommy pounced upon it. But already he few had leaped to his feet and disappeared into the jungle to join his companions. Then Tommy Walsh was left deserted, surrounded by the known and unknown dangers of Africa.



Undaunted, he resumed his search for Jerry Jones. After a while he rested on a mountainside. Suddenly far below him, he caught sight of a bronzed figure seated on a rock. Tommy did not recognize the figure of Tarzan, nor could he see the object of Tarzan's keen gaze.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Defia



Tarzan crouched behind a bush on the brink of a sheer 50-foot cliff, gazing intently at the palisaded village below, where a bearded white man lolled in the shade of a great tree. This man, he believed, was the evil slave-raider he had come north to find—and destroy!

Tarzan was not sure. He would watch and wait. Time meant little to him—no more than to any other jungle beast. But his suspicions were confirmed sooner than he expected. The gates of the palisade swung open and a detachment of shiftas rode into the village.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

They were escorting a drove of miserable, moaning slaves, freshly captured. "I see you have had good luck, Nasir," the white man chuckled. "Yes," the Arab henchman replied; "but I have bad news, too. It is whispered among the tribes that Tarzan is nearby."

Boris Garetto laughed contemptuously. "You——afraid of that monkey-man! Ha! I hope he will soon pay us a visit. I should take pleasure in killing him." The voices carried up to Tarzan. He smiled, but he would not have smiled had he foreseen his imminent misfortune!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Into D

As Tarzan looked down upon Garetta's village, the ever curious Tommy presently recognized him: "That's the guy that saved me from the lion," he murmured. "He's the kind of pal I need, right now." Tommy started toward him, through a short ravine that concealed him.

Fifty feet below the ape-man, Garetta was boasting to his Arab lieutenant what he would do should Tarzan cross his path. "I wonder," he said, "whether we ought to sell him into slavery, hold him for ransom, or—kill him and have done with it! Anyway, we shall see."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"He is the sworn foe of all such as we," Nazir answered, "and we must deal—" The Arab was interrupted by a sudden crash of earth and rock. "A landslide!" Garetto exclaimed, jumping to his feet. And indeed it was a landslide, as Tarzan discovered to his utter dismay.

As the ape-man squatted on the edge of the cliff, he suddenly felt the earth giving way beneath him. Catlike, he leaped to his feet, throwing his hands above his head to preserve his balance or seek support—but too late! He slid over the cliff toward his merciless enemies!

The Victim

As Tarzan slid over the edge of the sheer cliff with the small avalanche, his fall was broken by a tree growing part way down the face of the escarpment. His hands closed on the branches, and for a moment he hoped to escape the danger of the final plunge into the village.

But his hope was short-lived. The small tree bent under his weight. Slowly it gave way. The sound of rending wood announced that its roots were being torn from their lodgment in the rocky face of the cliff, and the ape-man hurtled downward into the enemy stronghold.

At that moment, Tommy Welsh emerged from the ravine, through which he had been making his way toward Tarzan, but, to his astonishment, Tarzan had mysteriously disappeared. Tommy knew nothing of the brigand village far below, nor the dramatic events transpiring.

With the first fall of rock, Garetto had looked up, and now he saw the giant plunge downward. Immediately he recognized him from the descriptions he had heard. In all Africa there was no other like him. "Bravo, Nazir!" he cried excitedly. "It is Tarzan and he is ours!"

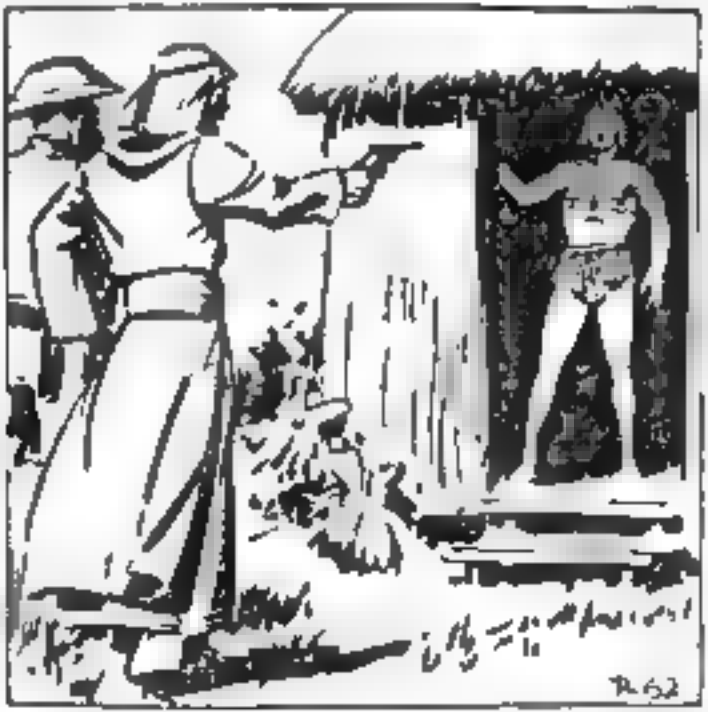
When the avalanche hurled Tarzan down the cliff into the brigand village, the place of his alighting was obscured from his enemies by a hut, but speedily the chiefs ran toward the spot where they believed they would find his body. In the van were Nasir and Boris Garatta.

Suddenly Tarzan stepped from the interior of the last of a row of huts. His foes did not know that he had plunged through the thatched roof, which had broken his fall, and enabled him to escape injury. To them it was a miracle that he could fall so far and still live.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Thus to see Tarzan arise apparently from the dead took the two leaders by surprise, and they halted to their tracks. Their followers, no less astonished, stopped too and clustered about their chiefs, gazing with wonder and uncertainty at the mysterious figure before them.

Nasr was the first to recover his presence of mind. A wry smile crossed the corners of his mouth as he realized the full meaning of this opportunity. "We need fear Tarzan no more!" he cried. He whipped out his revolver and aimed point blank at the hapless ape-man!



A shout of cruel glee burst from the Arab's lips as he drew his revolver. Tarzan believed truly that his last moment had come. He had no illusions about these brutal slave-raiders. He was their enemy, and he knew that it was to their interest to kill him.

While Death stretched out his shadowy hand toward Tarzan in the mountain stronghold of the brigands, the ubiquitous Reaper was about to play another role in the drama of Lady Beth Barclay, who was a prisoner of the cruel Baalites in these same mountains.

At the command of Nisrchus, the bloodthirsty high priest, Lady Beth and Arbela went down from their cave into the village, where a solemn procession wound its way across the floor of the ancient crater toward the rocky shores of a lake that shimmered in the distance.

"Thou hast beheld Baal's Fiery Pillar," Nisrchus said, "and now shalt thou know the test of sinners by immersion in the fatal waters of Lake Merodach." Lady Beth was puzzled "I shall know—what do you mean?" she asked anxiously, "is it I who am to be tested?"

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS. By Edgard Rice Burroughs

The Net

When Lady Beth asked Niarchus if she were to be flung into the waters of Lake Meredach, he replied: "Thou art safe so long as thou dost not question my authority. It is that one who will be tested by the sacred water." He pointed to a trembling girl encircled by a guard.

"She hath committed the sin of dancing," the priest continued, "and it is forbidden to dance until the God Iskander cometh to us. In this net she shall be dropped thrice into the water, and her sins shall be washed away. If her sins be too grievous, she will not survive."

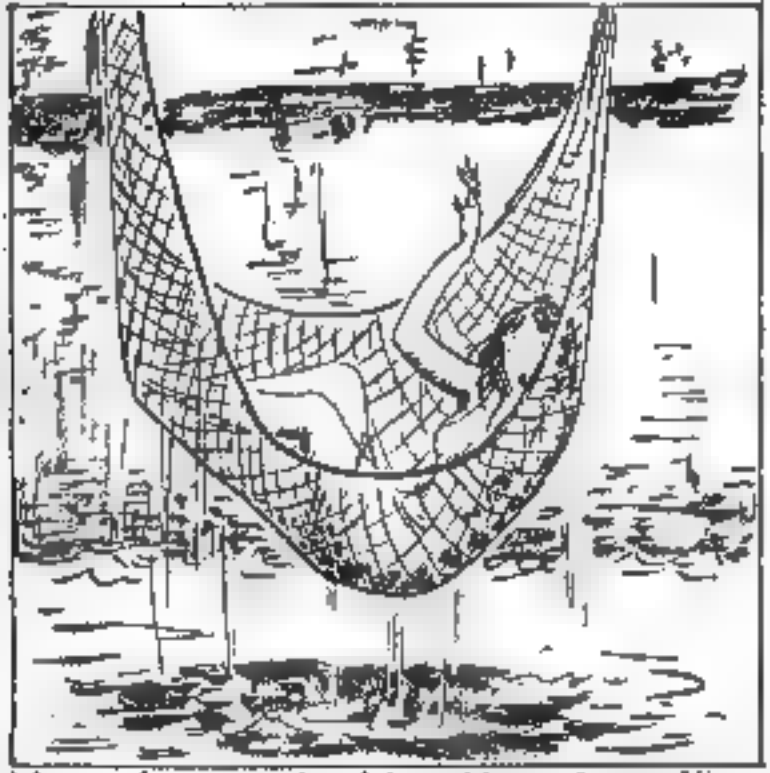
At a sign from Niarchus six youths came forward and flung the net over the sobbing girl and secured a lava rock to it. While the Basilites knelt, babbing frenzied prayers, the executioners seized the ends of long ropes and began to swing the net pendulum-like over the lake.

The victim's screams and pleas for mercy filled the heart of the English girl with overwhelming pity. She knew that she must cry out in protest against this horrible rite, even though Niarchus had warned her that if she defied his authority she would suffer a similar fate!

The Command

Lady Beth clenched her moist hands tightly in an effort to control her emotions as the young Bacilites swung the screaming girl to and fro over the waters of the lake. A high-pitched chant issued from the dry lips of Nerchoas: "To the glory of Baal, and his son Iskander."

That was the signal. The young men released their hands upon the net, and the body of the girl shot downward toward the blue waters of the lake. Splash. The screaming ceased, and the waters closed in over the unfortunate victim of cross fanaticism. Lady Beth gasped.



After a few seconds of breathless silence, Niarchus spoke to the executioners, who now hauled the girl upward until she swung, dripping and choking, just above the surface. Briefly they held her thus, then at a word from Niarchus they dropped her again beneath the waters!

Lady Beth could control herself no longer. "Order her drawn ashore before she is drowned!" she cried. Niarchus turned eyes upon the English girl that almost froze her with horror—the wild staring eyes of a maniac, piercing pupils rimmed with white—eyes of dire menace!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

The

"Silence, blasphemer!" Niarchus cried the Lady Beth, "I have warned thee once. I shall not warn again." He turned and signaled that the girl be drawn again from the water. Beth saw the poor creature limp and almost motionless, except for her frantic gasping.

The English girl knew that another immersion must surely prove fatal to the victim of fanatic paganism "Oh, please," she began, turning to the Prophet of Baal, but her friend Arbela clutched her arm and whispered pleadingly: "Do not anger him more, or you are lost!"

Now Niarchus commanded the third and final immersion. For a full minute the girl was left beneath the waters; then she was raised slowly. "If she be now pure in the eyes of Baal, she will emerge alive," the high priest cried. "If she be dead, it is Baal's will."

When the sagging net was raised and opened, a limp form rolled out on the rock. "She is dead," Niarchus said; "as Baal desired." He turned then to Lady Beth. "Now thou too shalt be immersed!" But out of the corner of her eye, Beth had seen the girl move!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Sor

Lady Beth thought quickly, as the emergency demanded. She gazed critically at the limp figure on the rock. "Yes," she nodded, "she is dead, but I who am Baal's messenger can restore her to life." Before the high priest could forbid, she knelt down beside the still figure.

In common with most athletic young women, Lady Beth knew the ordinary methods for resuscitating the drowned. With Arbela's aid she fell to work with a will born not only of compassion, but of vital necessity. After ten minutes, the girl began to show signs of life.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The people of Canaan cried out in astonishment "Forgive us, O Heavenly One! We shall not doubt thee again." But Niarchus furrowed his narrow brow Again he saw his power passing into the hands of this stranger, and his mad, epileptic mind concocted new defenses.

"Hear me!" Niarchus shouted. "Is it not written in the sacred tablets that witches and deceivers will come amongst us to turn us from Baal's path? Is this not forbidden sorcery which gives life to one who has died by Baal's will?" From the multitude rose a mighty "Yea!"

"Witch! Sorceress!" shouted the people of Canaan. "Into the lake with her!" Lady Bath stood aghast at this sudden change of attitude, dictated by Niarchus. A moment before, these ignorant creatures had proclaimed her divinity now they were condemning her to be drowned!

The eyes of Niarchus blazed with evil triumph. At last he had reasserted his supreme authority. His shrill voice cried "I, Niarchus, high priest of Baal and Prophet of Iskander, ordain that thou shalt be enveloped in the sacred net and hurled into the bottomless lake!"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Desperately seeking some means of staying the fate that was descending swiftly upon her, Lady Beth said quietly: "Now indeed shall the wrath of Baal and his son Iskander be visited upon you! Soon Iskander will come amongst you—not as a deliverer, but as a dreadful scourge!"

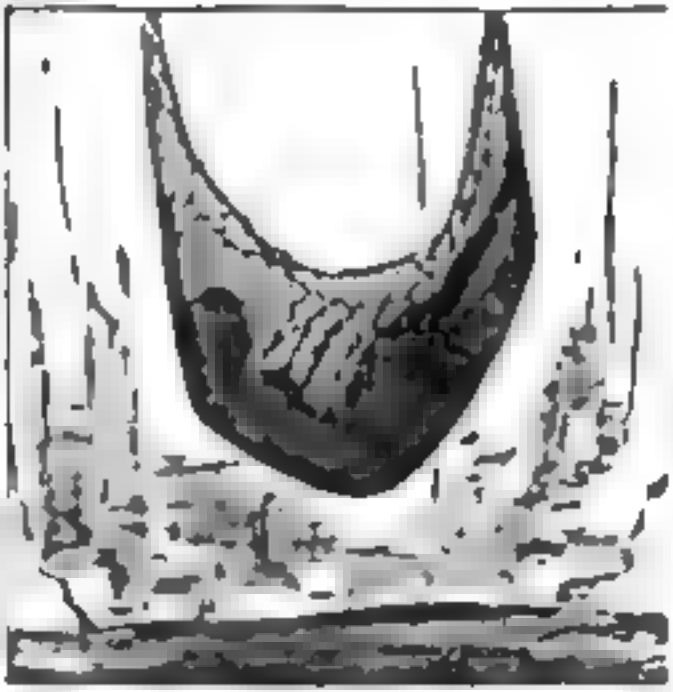
For a moment, Beth thought the fanatic Baalites were impressed; but Niarchus found an answer. "If thou art in truth the messenger of Iskander, thou needst not fear, for his magic power will save thee." He turned to the executioners. "Cast now the net upon her."

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Danger

The strong net was flung over Lady Beth and the ropes were cut off so that it could not be drawn back. Next a great iron rock was attached to it. Nowhere was determined that this was to be the final journey of the net and its human contents beneath Mwendoch's dark waters.



The executioners seized the net and swung it to and fro over the lake. A dozen short rows from the throng in hymn to praise of these bloodthirsty Beni in hatred drew for his unwarrant victim. Then, at a word from Nuruhna, the net was released and plunged downward.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Face to Face

For a long time the great, green-eyed beast stalked silently in the wake of the man-thing. Then Jeremiah Jones halted before a narrow vertical cleft in the rocky escarpment towering above him, wondering what titanic force had rent the solid rock of this mighty mountain.

Curiously he looked about him and saw the lion. He was surprised, but not greatly disturbed. The thoroughly unprotected and unarmed Dr. Jones saw no reason why the beast should attack him. If it did, he had perfect faith in his nickel plated .32.

[illegible] It might be better to get more cover between him and the [illegible]. The [illegible] seemed to offer the best opportunity for this purpose. [illegible] without further ado he entered the narrow opening of the [illegible] and clambered over the [illegible] rock that covered the floor.

Dropping and dragging with the momentum he followed the [illegible] rocks and he began to hope that the [illegible] had not [illegible] him. For a moment he sat down to rest. From a hundred feet away where the river had passed I saw [illegible] around a curve. The boat appeared.

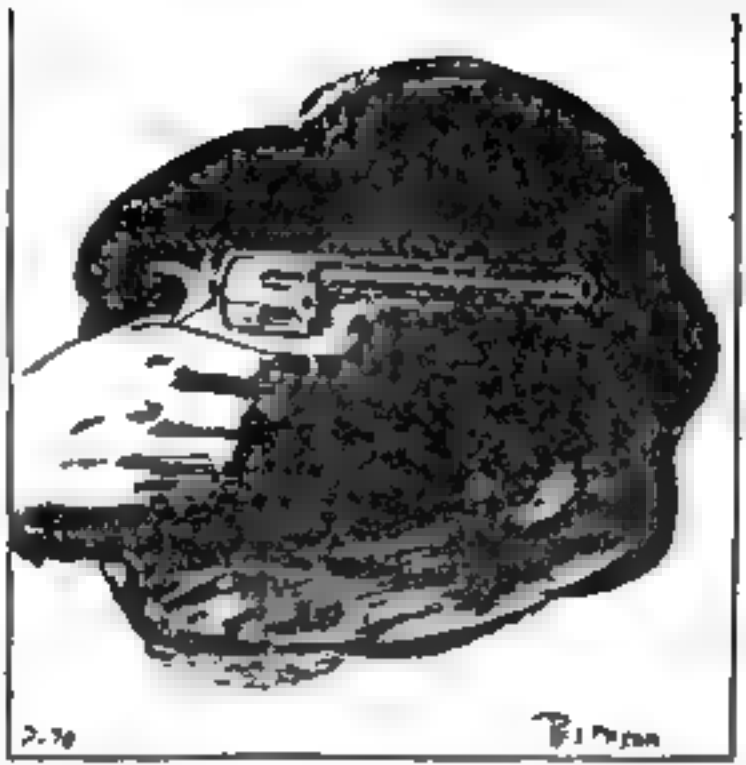
TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Death Threatens

When the lion appeared around the curve of the fissure, Jeremiah Jones lost his accustomed calm. The beast was larger and more menacing than he had judged. And his tiny .32—which he had never fired!—seemed to shrink to utter insignificance as a weapon of defense.

If he merely wounded the beast, it would become an irresistible engine of destruction. There was only one thing to do. Jerry Jones did it. He fled into the unknown depths of the ancient rift. But now a new fear assailed him. Suppose the fissure should end in a blank wall!

. . . Tarzan of the Apes would have been glad to face Dr. Jonas' lion rather than the man-enemies who surrounded him now. With his bare hands the mighty ape-man could have slain the jungle beast, but he was helpless before the deadly firearms of the slave-raiders.



Nazir, Boris Garatte's Arab lieutenant, held his revolver level with Tarzan's heart. He would be happy indeed when the menace of the ape-man no longer disturbed their nefarious trade in human beings. Nazir chuckled wickedly; then his thin, snaky finger pressed the trigger!

As Nasir pressed the trigger, Boris Garetto, white chieftain of the brigands, suddenly recovered his presence of mind and struck up the hand of his lieutenant. Fire flashed from the muzzle of the revolver, but the bullet went wild. Nasir turned in astonishment.

"But it is the ape-man!" he cried. "We must kill him!" Garetto shook his head. "He is rich. He will bring a great ransom. We must take him alive." Meanwhile Tarzan stood watching them. He knew the ransom would mean only a temporary delay. Finally they would kill him.

If he could get among them, so that they could not use their firearms for fear of killing their comrades, he might fight his way to the palisaded wall of the village, scale it, and attain safety. Now Garetto shouted to his men to seize him, and the snarling shifiss closed in!

Then Tarzan charged! From his throat burst the savage growl of a beast, a growl that many times before had wrought havoc with the nerves of his human antagonists. But the desperate brigands, confident that they would overwhelm him, reached out to grasp the charging giant!

Yelling, cursing men, Arabs and blacks, milled about the white giant who fought with bare hands. Tarzan struggled desperately against these overwhelming odds with all the skill and power at his command. Unless he could battle his way through the circle, his doom was sealed!

He seized an Arab brigand, raised him high above his head, and hurled him at his antagonists. Again, he picked up a black warrior and used his body as a flail, seeking to mow down those who opposed him. Slowly he gained ground toward one of the palisaded walls.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Bedlam reigned in the village. Among the close-massed fighters, excited dogs ran yelping and barking. Children and women on the outskirts of the melee shrieked encouragement to the men. Gazetto and Nasir, from a safe distance, shouted threats and commands at the attackers.

Tarzan whirled suddenly and saw an opening in the confused circle, but as he stared through it, a shifta aimed a blow at him with the butt of his rifle. When the ape-man stepped back to avoid it, he stumbled over a yapping cur and went down beneath a dozen howling men!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Lone Assailant

As Tarzan stumbled backward over the yelping dog, a dozen shifta pounced triumphantly upon him and pinned him to the ground. The mighty ape-man writhed desperately to shake himself free from the clutches of his captors. "Brave!" cried Garetto. "Now he is at our mercy."

At the top of the cliff Tommy Walsh heard the wild shouting below and connected it with the mysterious disappearance of Tarzan from his perch on the mountainside. Looking carefully to his machine gun, Tommy advanced rapidly, but warily, toward the brink.

As he looked down upon the brigand village, he murmured, "That mob sure has got him on the spot. He's a regular guy, too. I guess here's where I step in." Tommy raised the Thompson to his shoulder and squeezed the trigger. A hail of bullets poured from the muzzle.

The rat-ta-tat-tat of the gun punctuated the screams of the wounded. The others ran for shelter—all except one. That one lifted his musket to club the rising ape-man. Tommy gasped. He dared not risk shooting the attacker, for fear of hitting his friend Tarzan!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS. By Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Together

With a horrified cry Tommy Welsh ceased firing. "Watch out behind!" he shouted. Tarzan whirled. He was just in time to grasp the descending musket, wrench it away, and turn it upon his attacker. Then the ape-man stood alone in the village street like a lion at bay.

His eyes ranged about him for an explanation of the burst of fire that had liberated him. "Up here, feller!" Tommy cried. The ape-man raised his eyes and located Tommy. "Wait," he called; "I'll be up there in a moment." Then he ran and scaled the palisaded wall.

The shiftas were too confused to try to halt him. Outside, he took a circuitous route and ascended the cliff, where Tommy awaited him. Now for the second time these strangely different men met—the lord of the primitive wild and the product of New York's Hell's Kitchen.

"A machine gun has its possibilities," Tarzan smiled. "They had you in a tough spot," Tommy grinned. The ape-man replied: "I think I should have escaped, but I thank you nevertheless. Now they will try to place me in a similar position again. And you, too, I fear!"

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

The

Tommy's confidence in his machine gun did not allow him to be disturbed by Tarzan's warning against the brigands. Besides, his chief interest now lay in finding Jerry Jones. "Say," he addressed Tarzan, "you know this neck of the woods; maybe you can find my side-kick"

The ape-man immediately ascertained the details of Dr. Jones' disappearance "You go back to your camp," he told Tommy "and I'll find him." Tarzan embarked on the search as a pleasant interlude, for he did not know then the mysteries and perils that awaited him.

Net

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

If Tarzan's sight could have pierced the mountains ahead, he would have been astonished to descry an oddly contorted human form hurtling from the rocky shores of a lake. That human figure was a woman, enveloped in a strong, weighted net, plunging to her doom!

As the waters closed over Lady Beth, the frantic Arbola rushed through the massed Bazutes to throw herself into the lake after her friend. Nuruhm stopped her—not from any humanitarian motive, but because he wished to save her for another, and more horrible, fate

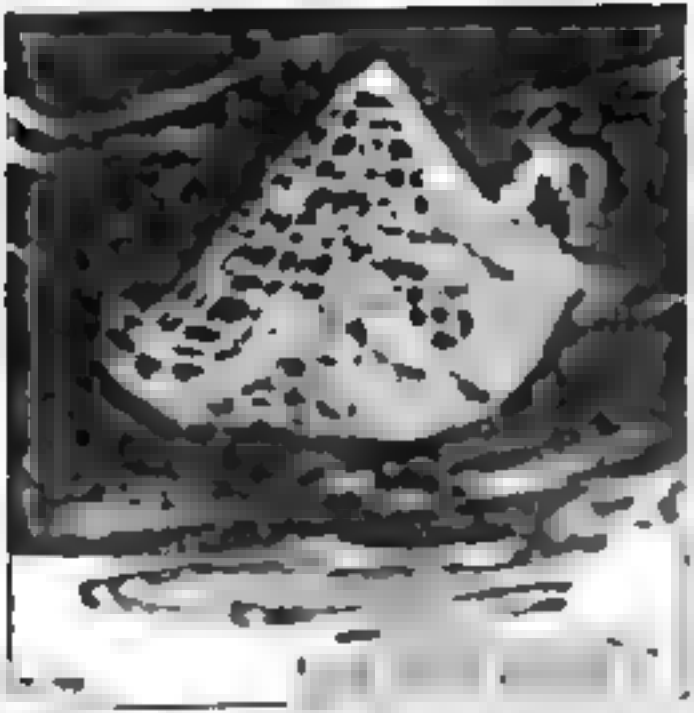
Into the Depths

Turning upon the vicious Niarchus like a tigress, Arbela scratched and kicked in an effort to free herself; but the prophet called the six executioners to his aid. When they laid hold of her, she loosed the rushing flood of her hysterical wrath upon the high priest.

"Murderer!" she cried: "may Baal strike thee dead!" "Silence!" Niarchus screamed, "make thy peace with Baal, for tonight shalt thou be judged by the Fiery Pitar." He turned to the men who held her. "Take her back to the village and make her secure in a cave."

Plan

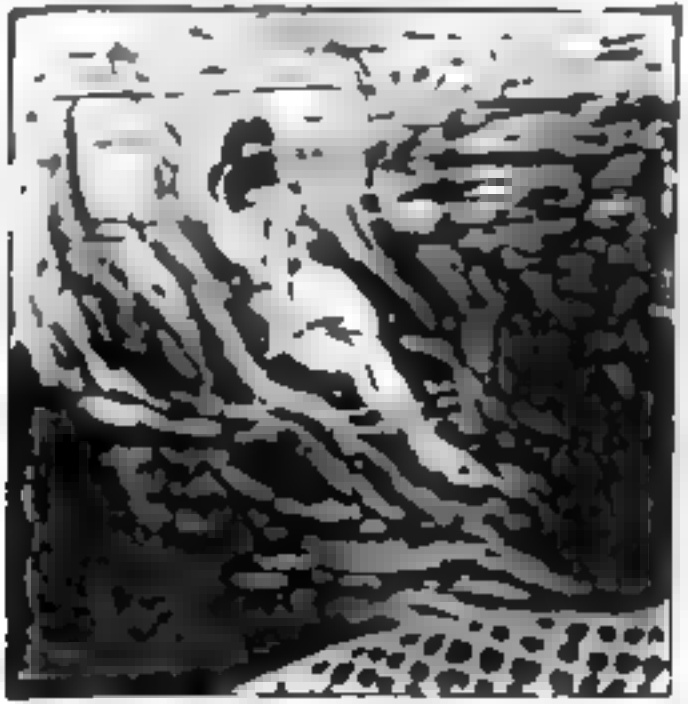
By Edgar Rice Burroughs



TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Saved

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Lady Beth was almost unconscious when, with a last burst of energy, she threw herself through the opening in the net and shot rapidly toward the surface of the lake. But now even in her hazy state a new fear assailed her. Certainly the Bantos would spy her.

Fortunately, however, all eyes were turned on Arbeta as the condemned Bantos. Lady Beth swam weakly to the shelter of the overhanging crag, where happily she found a narrow beach. And now she heard the high priest condemning her friend Arbeta to the Fire Pit.

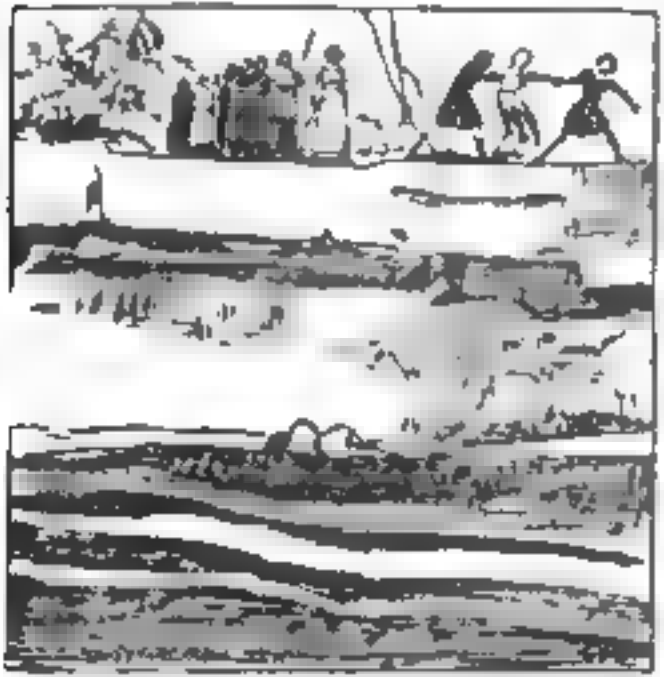
Lady Beth thrilled at Arbela's courage in thus defying the greatest power her world knew. She pictured the golden girl standing there, her eyes flashing, her lips curling in scorn, her lithe young body tense with emotion—but so helpless against the vile old man!

At that instant the English girl changed her plans. She had thought to seek some exit from this evil, terrifying land but now she must find some way to help her friend. What could she do? She did not know. Of only one thing was she certain—she must try!

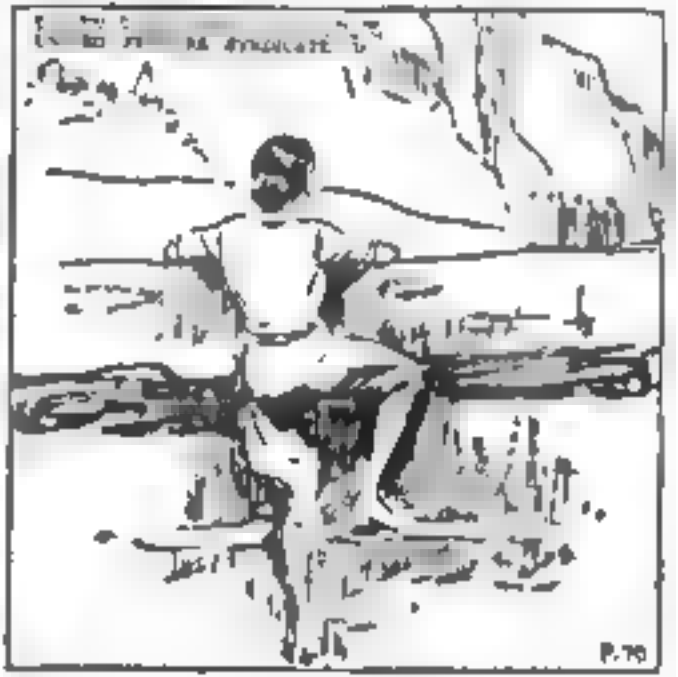
TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Pursued



As Lady Beth lay weak and cold beneath the overhanging rock, the Baalite executioners seized the unfortunate Arbela and dragged her away toward the village. Niarchus and the people fell in behind her, jubilant at the prospect of witnessing another sacrifice to their bloodthirsty god.



Cautiously Lady Beth crept up the bank and saw the awesome procession disappear into the distance. Somehow, no matter what the hazard, she must try to save Arbela from the doom of the Fiery Pillar. But at least she must wait for nightfall before attempting her perilous adventure.

Alone now, she removed her wet clothes and spread them to dry, while she luxuriated in the soothing comfort of a sun bath—gathering physical strength and quieting her nerves for the test that was to come. She knew that if she failed, she, too, would face the Fiery Pillar! . .

. At that moment, Dr. Jeremiah Jones was as active as Lady Beth was calm, for the lion which pursued him through the narrow ravine was now closing up the distance that separated it from it quarry. Dr. Jones could not long expect to escape those ruthless talons and savage fangs!

Into the Mouth of Danger

Jerry Jones whipped out his .32, swung his arm rearward and fired, even as he ran. And it was a long time before he ventured to turn around and see that the lion had surprisingly disappeared, but, in his ignorance of lions, he was not sure that the crafty beast was not playing a trick.

In fact, however, the great carnivore had pursued the man-thing more out of curiosity than because of hunger or savagery; and the booming reverberations of the revolver shots in the narrow fissure had so surprised and unnerved it that the lion wheeled and fled even as the man had.

[illegible] to have been. The Jones [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] which [illegible] dropped down into a dark [illegible] tunnel. Presently [illegible] to see a [illegible] beam of sunlight. He [illegible] through a narrow aperture and a moment [illegible] stood [illegible] in astonished contemplation [illegible]

He found himself near the base of a lofty mountain that rumbled on without volcanoes. Far to the east a blue lake dazzled in the afternoon sun. It was on the shores of this lake that Lady Berk, unknown to him, was running home! Jerry Jones had entered the fabled realm of the Bunyas.

Surprised

Stilling fearing that the lion might pursue him, Jerry Jones climbed into a tree to rest. Fatigue overcame him and he slept, and the peacefulness of his slumber was a strange contrast indeed to the part he was destined soon to play in the tragic, stirring drama of this mysterious valley.

While Jerry slept so innocently, Tarzan of the Apes, at the behest of Tommy Walsh, was seeking to pick up the trail of the vanished geologist. Amidst the rocky canyons and ridges of the Gheni Mountains, that was no easy mission, but Tarzan continued patiently at his task . . . .

Meanwhile Tommy trudged toward his deserted camp in the hope that Jerry would find his way back. Near his goal he believed he heard a stir ahead. Perhaps it was Jerry. But as he stepped into the clearing he was astonished to see a motley, menacing throng of Arabs and blacks.

Immediately he recognized them as the slave-raiders from whom he had rescued Tarzan. "Out of here! Scram!" he cried, waving his machine gun threateningly. Then he felt the muzzle of a revolver thrust violently into his ribs. "Drop that machine gun—quick!" a harsh voice commanded.

[illegible] Tommy Welch had [illegible] but [illegible] surrender his [illegible] [illegible] Tarzan Harry Garetto de [illegible] [illegible] know the guy Tommy [illegible] The bandit chieftain snarled [illegible] today You fired on my [illegible]

"Who, me [illegible] inquired Tommy innocently "You got me wrong, mister Must have been two other fellows. I been hoeing all day Now it's my turn to ask questions. What are you doing here? If it's a stickup hop to it and get on your way I'm tired of looking at your ugly mugs

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Gazotto, however, was interested merely in information that would lead to the capture of Tarzan, but no threats could make Tommy "squeal." "We'll take him back to the village," Nasir suggested with a sinister smile. After a few days there, I think I can find ways to make him talk!"

"Tie his hands," the bandit leader commanded gruffly. A few minutes later the sullen shifta mounted their horses and commanded their captive to walk ahead of them. "This is a fine way to treat a fellow," Tommy protested. "You take a guy for a ride—and you make him walk!"

The Watcher

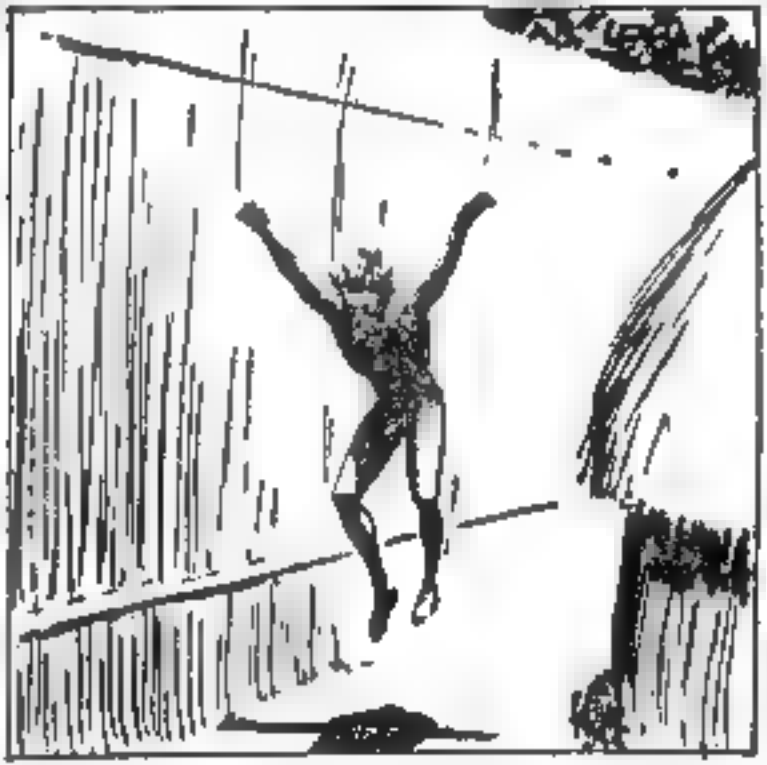
Wearily, hopelessly, the captive Tommy trudged on at the head of the column. He did not know that the big grand chief was the mysterious employer of Dr. Jeremiah Jones, nor did Garatto realize that his captive was the companion of the geologist he had hired to track the Demon Lugh.

Meanwhile Tarzan had discovered the faint trail of the vanished Dr. Jones. He was preparing to follow it wherever it led when suddenly his keen auditory sense picked up a disturbing sound. Tarzan, alert, he knelt and placed an ear against the ground. "Horses," he murmured.

The ape-man's sensitive nostrils dilated and the mind-born message they received confirmed the testimony of his ears. "Horses," he murmured again . . . and men. The scent of beasts came to him, too, but in these he was not interested. Only men were dangerous to the jungle lord.

Tarzan swung easily into the trees and followed the faint thud of hoofbeats. Soon he looked down upon the shifta and their prisoner; and he set out to follow them. Though he knew the odds against him, the ape-man vowed that his friend should not be long in their merciless hands.

Nazir's voice drifted up to him "A little torture tomorrow, and I am sure we shall make him tell us where the ape-man is If he will not talk, he shall die!" Tarzan made no move. Instead, he waited with the patience of the primitive unspoiled nervous system until the village slept



Then he crept down to the base of the palisade. He hoped to evade the sentries he had seen at the gate. But unfortunately he was unaware of the armed guard outside Tommy's hut, and he reckoned without that danger when he scaled the palisade and dropped into the inclosure.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Danger

Scaling the palisade of the brigand village, Tarzan dropped lightly to the ground, then crouched in the shadows, his keen eyes and ears alert for danger. The moonlight fell full upon the sentries at the gate. Their backs were toward Tarzan, would they remain thus?

That, concluded the ape-man, was a chance he must take. What was, was, and if he could not change it, certainly he would waste no time in ineffective regrets. Stealthily, he crept across the clearing, through patches of brilliant moonlight and dark shadow.

Only the complete silence of his jungle-trained footsteps enabled him to escape detection by the sentries. And now he circled the hut which hid from view the filthy hovel where his friend Tommy Welsh was held prisoner, awaiting cruel torture on the morrow.

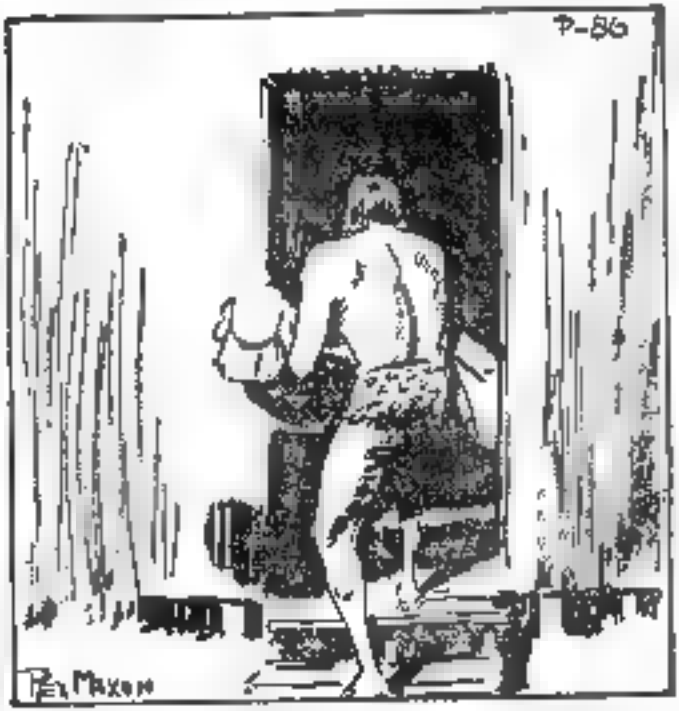
There he encountered an unexpected obstacle. Before Tommy's hut sat a guard, a rifle across his knees. Tarzan drew back quickly, wondering if he had been seen. If he had, the alarm would bring the brigand horde rushing down upon him, eager to slay him!

When Tarzan was convinced he had not been seen he lay flat upon the ground and then crawled forward again until his head protruded beyond the hut far enough to permit one eye to watch the guard. Here he lay waiting—a human beast watching his quarry

From his knowledge of men, he knew that the moment for which he awaited would arrive. Presently the shifts leaned back against the hut. Soon his chin dropped to his chest, his head rolled over, his mouth gaped. The tempo of breathing changed. He slept.

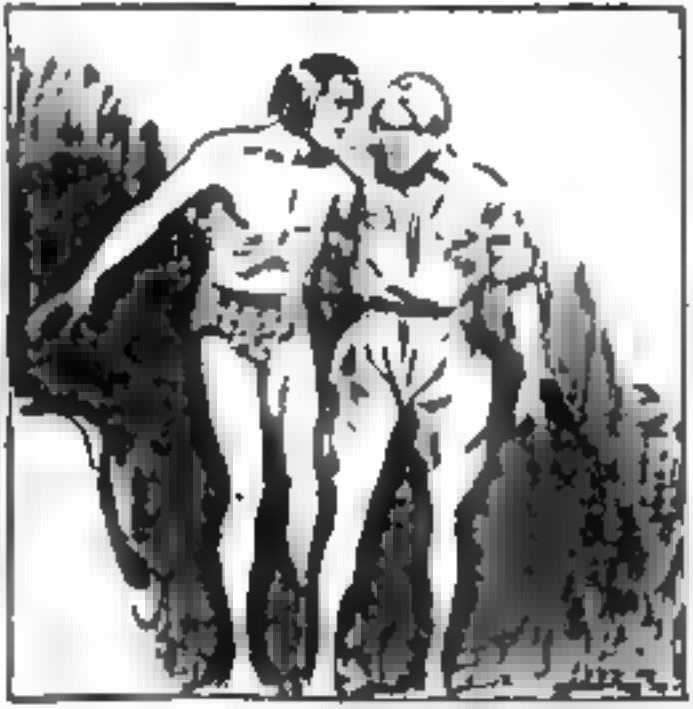
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The ape-man rose silently and crept to the side of the unconscious man. There must be no outcry, no scuffle. Quick as a snake, Tarzan's hands shot out. There was only the faint crack of vertebrae as the neck broke in the grip of those thews of steel.



Tarzan bore the corpse into the dark hut. Then he groped about for Tommy Welsh. Cautiously he shook him, one hand ready to muffle any outcry. But the prisoner did not stir. The ape-man shook him again, still without result. Was —poor Tommy dead?

Alarmed by Tommy's failure to stir, Tarzan bent over and listened. With relief he heard his heavy breathing. The ape-man shook him again. "Go way," Tommy mumbled, believing his captors had come to bedevil him; "I can't tell you nothing about this guy Tarzan."



His heart warmed by Tommy's loyalty, the jungle lord whispered: "I am Tarzan. Follow me. Remember, the slightest sound may bring death to us both. Stay close to me, no matter what happens—and a great deal can happen if we do not watch over every move."

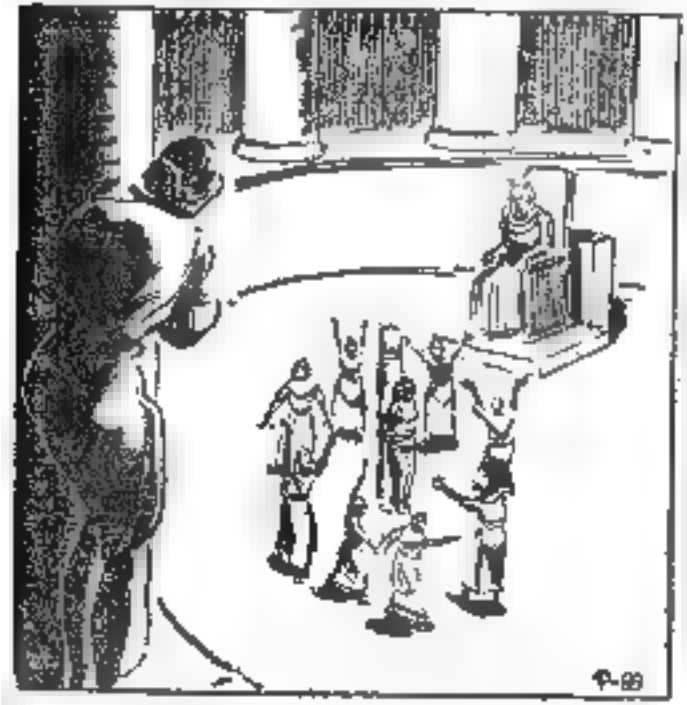
cue

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

. On this fearful night, Tarzan was not the only one intent on rescue. Deep in the mountains, Lady Beth Barclay moved rapidly across the Valley of Canaan toward the village of Niarchos determined to save Arbela from the fiendish sacrifice of the Baalites.

She found the village deserted, and with dismay she realized why. The people were in the Temple of the Fire Gods. At any moment now Arbela would meet her doom. Ignoring certain danger, Lady Beth raced through the ravine toward the fatal edifice of Baal!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS



Through the courtyard Lady Beth ran, into the eerie, rock-hewn temple, and there she concealed herself behind a pillar. By the lights which illumined the Fire Gods, she saw Arbeia in the center of the great hall, tied to a stake and encircled by Baalites.

Hopelessly she watched and waited, while for hours the Canaanites marched around their victim, shouting insults and curses. Then began the most horrible ceremony Lady Beth had ever witnessed. Niarchus gave the signal: "Let her be scourged by the Lash of the Gods!"

crifice

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Forthwith a strange machine was trundled out and set before Arbela. It was a giant wheel equipped with a score of knotted thongs. A young man seized the crank and began to turn. The wheel spun. Whips flew out and beat against the almost naked body of Arbela.

Flecks of ruby blood jeweled her snowy skin. Her face was hidden in agony, but she did not cry out. Lady Beth shuddered, then lost control of herself. Caution and discretion vanished. "Stop! Stop!" She cried and ran down among the fanatic, blood-lusting Baalites!

Frenzied by the torture of Arbela, Lady Beth again cried out "Stop!" At once the eyes of the Baalites were turned upon her. Then she foresaw for the first time the inevitable result of her impetuous, unconsidered action—she would share Arbela's fate.

But to her amazement the monstrous creatures did not lay hands on her. Instead, they shrieked and fell to their knees. "A miracle!" they cried. "She has risen from the dead!" In truth, that very day, they had seen her flung into the lake, enveloped in a weighted net.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Even Niarchus was taken aback, but not for long. He himself had wrought many things which he had represented as miracles to his ignorant followers. And now his crafty mind found an advantageous explanation of Lady Beth's puzzling escape from Merodach's waters.

"Yes, a miracle!" the high priest cried. "but it was Baal's miracle—not hers. In his wondrous way our god of gods has shown us that he did not wish her to die by water, but by the fire of the Fiery Pillar! Then she shall not rise again. Executioners! Seize her!"

As the Bunite executioners advanced, Lady Beth perceived a dreadful doom descending upon her. She knew the crafty Narchus would make certain of her fate this time. But this brave girl was determined to sell her life dearly. She drew her pitifully small pocket knife.

Then, like a fierce tigress, she struck at the executioners. Again and again she slashed out; again and again the sharp blade found the flesh of an adversary. At first the knife glittered in the light of the sacred fires, but soon it was dull with the stains of blood.

In fear and astonishment the executioners fell back, but the angry Niarchus sent them once more to the fray with his furious screams "Ye servants of Baal, if ye fail, ye shall perish!" Then with a last mighty onslaught, the executioners clutched their victim.

Lady Beth and Arbela were led into the court of the Fiery Pillar and made fast to the rope that would draw them to their doom. Slowly the leaden cover began to rise from the deadly column. "This is the end," Lady Beth whispered softly to her friend. "Goodby!"

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

In the Tree Tops

Suddenly the master-man Prince of Bee stood where he stood in the sacred African night and the [illegible] image of the [illegible] god [illegible] [illegible] Lady Beth Bo-ay and the [illegible] Africa [illegible] Prince [illegible] stood. Now [illegible] they knew the fury of Bee.

Once again Lady Beth heard the [illegible] crashing crash of the hidden [illegible]. The [illegible] drew [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] forward. Soon that Beth would be [illegible] and protected by the strange [illegible] that emanated from the [illegible].

While Jerry Jones rummaged about the deserted Beshlu village, he heard wails and shouts from afar. Ever curious, and ignorant of his danger, he wandered into the ravine where a few hours before Lady Beth Barclay's footsteps had hurried her toward her doom!

Shortly he entered the Temple of the Fire Gods and concealed himself in the courtyard of the Fiery Pillar just as the leaden casing was rising from that mysterious, death-dealing column. With utter and incredulous amazement he fixed his gaze on the glowing pillar

d's Temple

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Unbelievable, but true! His geological experience told him that the monolith contained some intensely radio-active substance in quantities hitherto unknown to science. Dr Jones almost shouted for joy, so thrilled was he by this extraordinary discovery

It was only then that he noted the two girls being drawn toward the pillar, whose rays he knew were deadly. Whatever unholy rite this was, he must halt it. But the impractical scholar did not stop to consider that he too might be overwhelmed by this fiendish ingratitude!

Insensible of his own danger, Jerry rushed out into the courtyard of the Fiery Pillar to halt the sacrifice of Lady Beth and Arbela. "Stop! Stop!" he cried flourishing his revolver. Believing, however, that he would not be understood, he ran to free the girls.

So immersed were the minds of the Baalites in the pleasures of the sacrifices that they gave no heed to the oddity of the stranger. They knew only that he was interfering with their sacred rite. A chorus of cries rose from the people: "Kill him! Kill him!"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Aye," shouted the Elder Zidon, "by mine own hand he shal be carved limb from limb." He drew a knife from the inner folds of his garment and rushed at the intruder. Then a quiet English voice revealed Jerry's astonished ear "You will have to shoot now"

Jerry fired. The Elder Zidon screamed and fell dead. A cry of surprise and dismay went up from the Canaanites. "That should hold them," the geologist said, turning to free the girls. But he had reckoned without the furious, unpredictable fanaticism of Nuechus!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Capt

When Jerry shot the Elder Zidon, the frenzy of fanaticism ashed the ep ent e bra n of Niarchus "A demon is come amongst us agai n, he shr eked 'but no demon s power can prevail against Niarchus, for I am one anointed of Baal and the Prophet of Iskander"

Now the mad Niarchus drew forth the knife with which he had performed a hundred b ood sacrifices and with a w d scream he plunged at the Amer can. Confidently Jerry aimed point b ank at the chest of the high priest and fired Niarchus did not break his stride!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

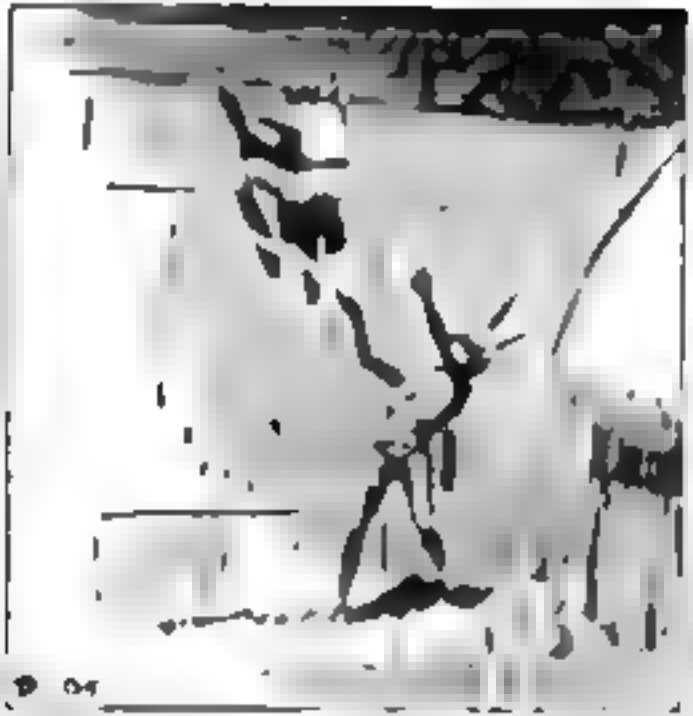
Jerry had missed. Gone now was the magic of his weapon! And when he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to fire again, the high priest's knife grazed his wrist and the revolver fell from his hand. But still undaunted, he grappled with the mad Narchus.

Realizing his opponent's strength, the high priest called out: "He must not die the quick death of the knife, but the slow death of the Fiery Pillar. Executioners! Seize him!" Even as it was ordered, so was it done. And Jerry Jones was overwhelmed.

Jerry Jones was quickly tied to the rope that would draw him and the two girls to the Fiery Pillar. Sorrowfully he looked into Lady Beth's eyes and stammered "I-I m sorry I failed." "You were very brave," she replied wistfully; "but now we three must die!"

This night was a night of peril, too, for two other actors in this weird drama of the African wild, as Tarzan sought to rescue Tommy from the merciless brigands. Fortunately the sentries were nodding and the fugitives reached the palisade in safety.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Thus the mighty Jungle Lord saved the American and tossed him easily upward as if he had been a small sack of meal. Tommy's fingers closed on the top of the palisade, he climbed over and dropped to the ground. Tarzan followed. "What a guy," Tommy murmured.

Safe at last, Tommy pleaded that they use it for Jerry. "Tonight!" the young man cried. "Now!" his companion replied. "I'm worn to shreds." Tarzan smiled secretly, and then he, too, was drawn into the dreadful whirlpool that spun around the Fiery Pillar of Doo

His nostrils aquiver, his eyes darting alertly, Tarzan once more picked up Jerry's trail, greatly to Tommy's astonishment. But when he came to the fissure that Jerry had entered, he stopped short. "He went through here," he said gravely, "and a lion followed him."

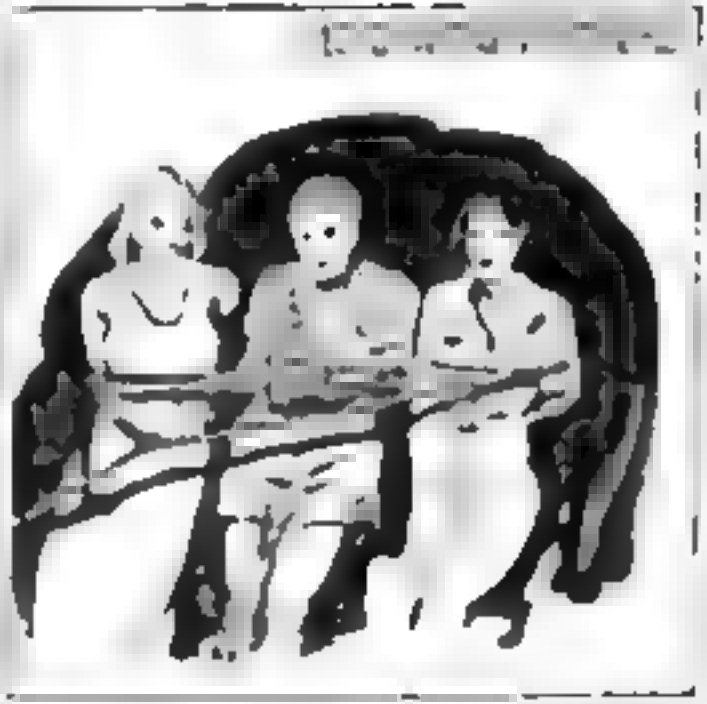
Tommy gasped as the ape-man continued. "I must hurry. You stay here. Get some sleep on that ledge. If I am not back by dawn, you may follow." Tarzan hurried on. He was relieved when he read evidences of the lion's retreat, but now he was determined to find Jerry.

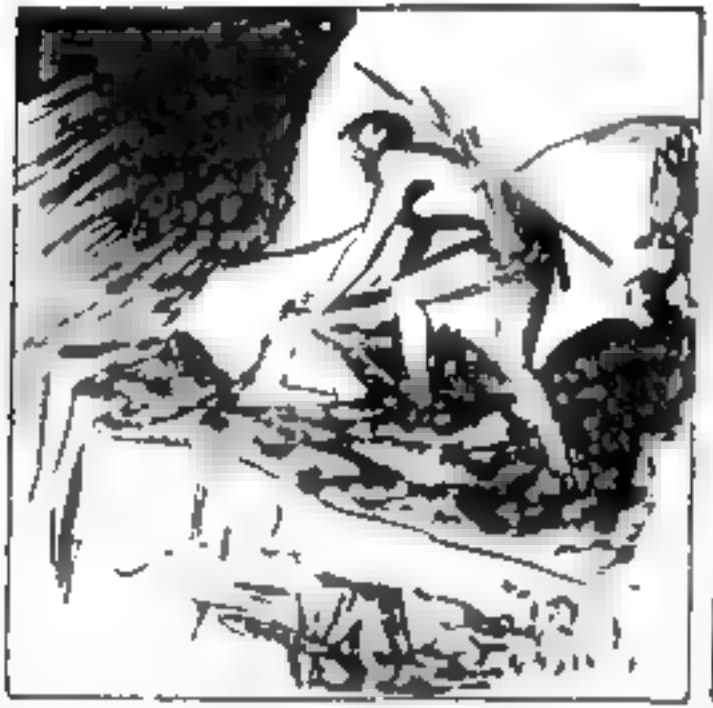
vered

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

At last he emerged into the Crater of Cassan. His flying feet took him to the Baalite village and on to the temple. There the wild wails and the strange light dictated caution. Swiftly, silently, he scaled the cliff that overlooked the Court of the Fiery Pillar.

With an astonishment rare for him, Tarzan saw Jerry Jones and the two girls being pulled toward the strange pillar. He judged immediately that they journeyed to their doom. Yet, strong and cunning as he was, how could he save these poor victims from that mad horde?





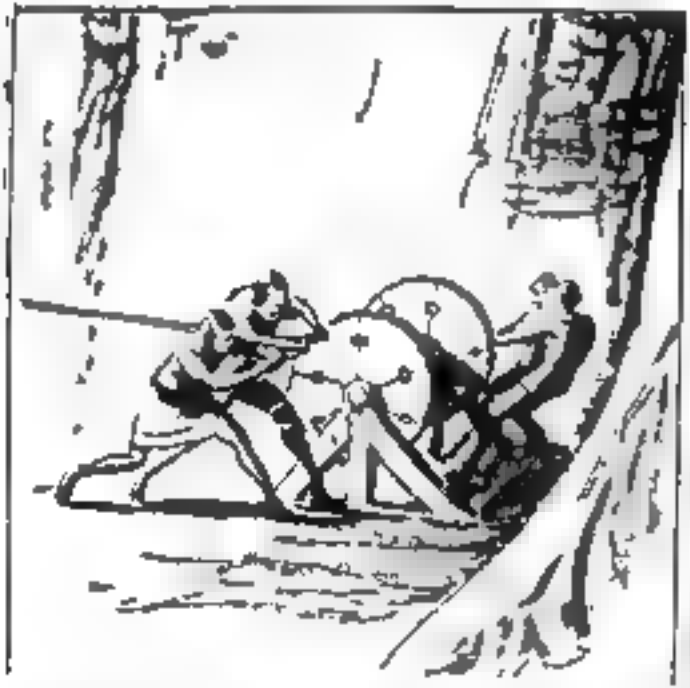
These flashing thoughts, however did not dull his resolution to devise some means of saving the anguished three And he must be swift, for every moment brought them nearer the mysterious pillar First, their progress toward that deadly column must be halted

Tarzan's eyes followed the rope that drew them onward and he saw it disappear into a niche in the side of the ravine. He crept toward that niche; but his only path lay along the top of the cliff where he was fully exposed to his enemies, if they should look up!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs.

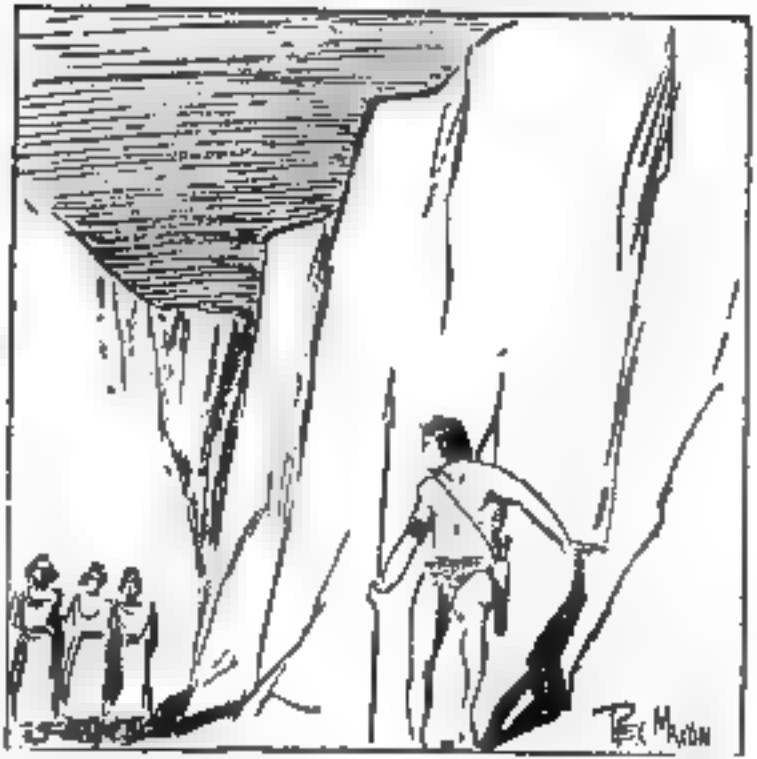
Winged Death.



Creeping along the top of the cliff Tarzan soon overlooked the niche where four men toiled at the windlass which drew the sacrificial victims toward the *Fiery Pillar*. At that moment Arbala cried out and Tarzan knew they were near the range of the deadly rays!

There was no time now for the ape-man to concoct any elaborate plan. First he must stop that machine. Swift as lightning he set an arrow to his bow. The tight string twanged, and sped the arrow to its mark—the arched back of one of the turners of the windlass.

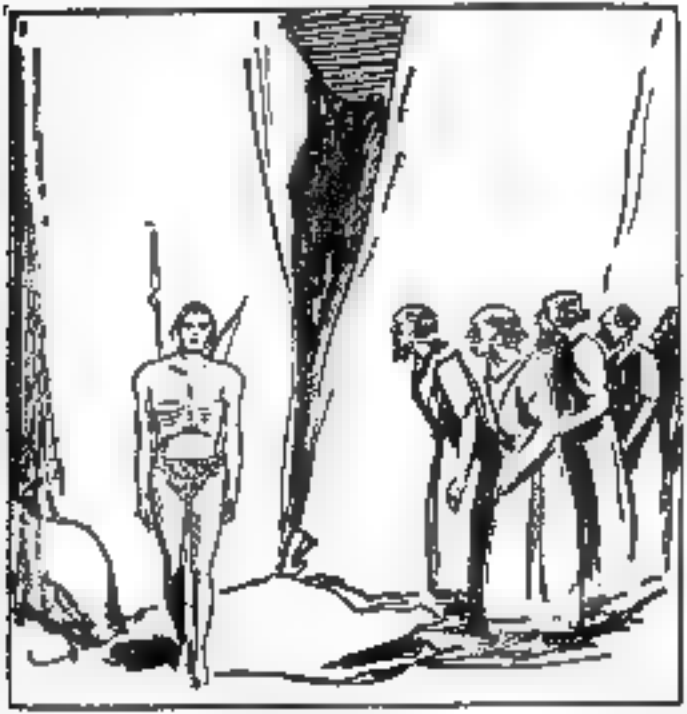
Thrice more, in swift succession, the deadly missiles flew from Tarzan's bow into the niche. Each found its mark. The windlass stopped. Jerry Jones, Lady Beth and Arbela felt the pull of the rope slacken. They looked at each other with incredulous amazement.



Suddenly an English voice came down to them from above: "Show no fear!" Then the iron-nerved Tarzan ran back along the cliff and descended, and presently he was walking across the courtyard—slowly, confidently, majestically, in full sight of the Baalites!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Defi



Tarzan's deliberate descent into the Baalite throng seemed foolhardy, but it was based on his knowledge of primitive peoples. He knew that his only chance to aid Jerry Jones and his companions was to impress their captors by his air of authority and command.

And truly the astonished pagans gazed upon his noble bronzed body with a hesitant awe. But Niarchus, the high priest, screamed a challenge: "Who art thou? What dost thou here?" Tarzan did not understand, and continued his slow heroic march toward the captives.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Now Lady Beth, no less surprised than the Baalites, whispered to Jerry: "Who is he?" "He calls himself Tarzan," the American replied. "Tarzan!" the English girl gasped. "Of course, it could be only he. No one else could do what he is doing. Look, how like a god he is!"

But again Niarchus called out to the ape-man: "Stand, whoever thou art! No man can stay Baal's holy sacrifice!" The high priest's bold announcement stirred his frenzied followers anew, and now a mighty roar arose from the multitude—a roar of frantic hostility!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Iska

When the hostile cries of the Baautes rang out, Tarzan knew his bold plan was failing, but he dared give no sign of the doubt that was in his heart. He could avoid action no longer, however, when Narchus drew forth his murderous knife and advanced toward him.

The ape-man fixed his spear. He could dispose of this attacker and a few more, but he could not conquer them all. Now the priest's advance surged slowly forward. But when they saw Tarzan's stolidity, they hesitated.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

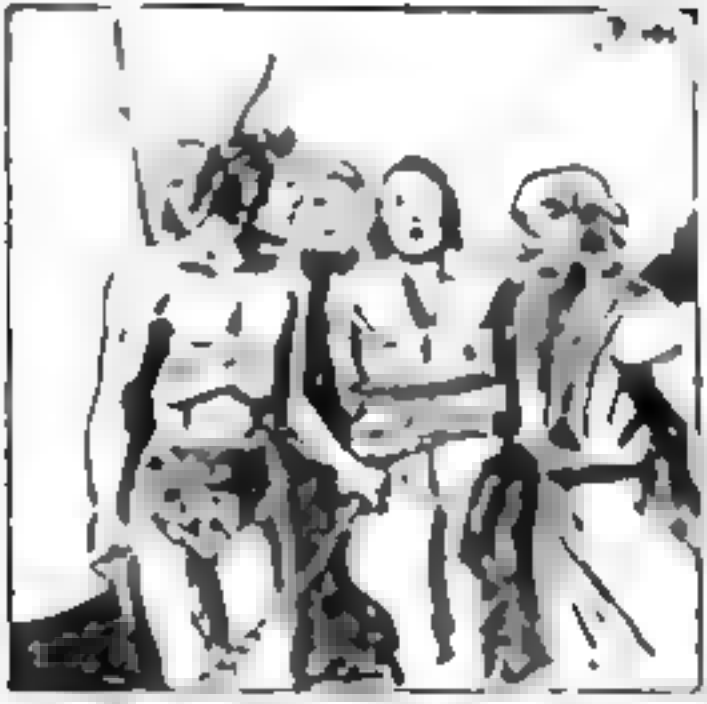
A sudden inspiration flashed through Lady Beth's mind "He shows no fear," she cried out dramatically for he is immune to death! He is the man-god—Iskander!" An electric wave of silent awe swept through the throng, then they burst into wild, welcoming shouts.

"Iskander! Holy Iskander! At last he has come amongst us!" they screamed. But Lady Beth was under no illusions as to the lasting effect of her strategy. Once they had called HER divine; now they sought to kill her. Perhaps it would be the same with Tarzan!

The wailing Baalites, believing that Tarzan was their long expected messiah, fell upon their knees in ecstatic worship. Majestically, the ape-man accepted their obeisance, for this was not the first time he had been hailed as a god by a primitive people of Africa.

Drawing his knife, he turned to sever the rope that had nearly pulled the three sacrificial victims within range of the Fiery Pillar. Hurriedly Lady Beth described to him the role he must play, and she warned him of the devious processes of the priest's distorted mind.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



With outward calm, Tarzan received his denunciation by the mad Niarchus, then he said: "Dost thou, who calest thyself my prophet, dare to deny me? These three whom thou wouldst kill are favored children of Baal!" "No," Niarchus interrupted, "they are demons!"

"Then," answered Tarzan, "command the turners of the wheel to pull them to the Fiery Pillar." Lady Beth was aghast. Had the Jungle Lord abandoned them? Tarzan looked at her. "Translate as I have said!" he commanded sternly. Niarchus was elated.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Pull!" he cried. But to his amazement there was no response from the hidden niche whence the fatal rope was controlled. Lady Beth, Jerry and Arbela were no less astonished for they did not know that Tarzan had warn the wheelmen. The ape-man smiled.

"Baal hath rendered the wheelmen powerless, to show that I am in truth Iskander," he said to Niarchus. He turned then to unsash the bonds of the captives. But the mad Niarchus crept up behind him, his bony fingers gripping the hilt of his sacrificial knife!

The Promise

As the mad Niarchus crept stealthily up behind Tarzan to slay him a sudden expectant silence descended upon the Baalitas. Immediately the ape-man's suspicions were stirred. His nostrils quivered, then dilated, and he detected the close approach of one of the tribesmen.

Niarchus raised his knife. Tarzan whirled. In wild panic, the high priest struck out. The Jungle Lord grasped his wrist and wrenched the knife from him. Then he seized the screaming creature, hoisted him high above his head, and turned toward the Fiery Pillar!

"Now," cried Tarzan, "you shall know the pain and death which you have so often decreed for others. I shall hurl you into the Fiery Pillar!" When Lady Beth translated his words, Niarchus begged: "Have mercy, O Iskander, on thy poor servant, I believe in thee!"

Tarzan answered "I shall spare you if you will put no further hindrance in my path." Niarchus promised whingey enough; but still his crafty, distorted mind sought means of destroying the stranger who interfered with his brutal rule over the tribe.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS. By Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Escape.

"We go," Tarzan said quietly to those whom he had saved from the sacrifice. Following his instructions, Lady Beth called out to the people: "Make way for Iskander and his messengers. He who hinders us shall perish, for Iskander is terrible in his wrath."

The multitude parted and opened a way for them, and they passed safely through. As they reached the temple, Tarzan issued another command: "Henceforth are you forbidden to practice human sacrifice. If you defy me, I shall return to scourge you with pain and death!"

Knowing not what devious means Nuruchus might find to halt their escape, the ape-man hurried his charges through the ravine and into the vast open valley of Canaan. "Whew!" breathed Jerry Jones; "that was a close call. We're certainly obliged to you, Mr Tarzan."

The two girls joined in Jerry's expression of thanks, but the Jungle Lord cut them short. His first duty was to get them out of this valley. But soon something happened to condemn them to a further term of imprisonment in this crater of frightfulness.

"I hope I get back to camp by dawn," Jerry exclaimed. "You'll find nothing there," Tarzan replied "your blacks have deserted" "Deserted!" Jerry echoed in alarm "but they were to lead me to my employer. By the way, do you know where I can find Boris Garotte?"

"Garotte!" Tarzan frowned; "what have you to do with Garotte?" "I can't explain" Jerry replied "but I must find him" The ape-man stopped short. For several minutes he was lost in deep thought, then he looked searchingly at Dr Jones and began to speak slowly

Theory

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"I am no ignorant savage. I judge that the strange monolith from which I saved you is some radium-active substance worth a fabulous fortune. Apparently Garetto suspected as much and employed you to find a passage to it through the mountains. Am I not correct?"

Dr. James' silence indicated that he, too, entertained the same thought. Tarzan continued sternly. "I shall not allow you to make this fortune available to Garetto!" "You cannot keep me from it!" Jerry challenged; and as he spoke he drew his small revolver!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS. By Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Enemies.

His nerves overwrought by his ordeal of the past 36 hours, Jerry Jones spoke bitterly as he covered the ape-man with his revolver "You must be an enemy of Garetto. You don't want him to have the radium because you want it yourself But you shan't have it!"

Tarzan smiled. "Yes, I am Garetto's enemy He is a villainous slave-raider A great fortune would make him even more powerful" Why should I believe you?" Jerry interposed "Garetto is my employer Until he has proven himself unworthy, I shall be loyal to him."

Now Lady Beth, truly alarmed, pleaded with Jerry: "Tarzan is known the world over as a man of truth and justice." But Jerry would not be swerved. His recent experiences had made him unduly suspicious. "How do we know he is Tarzan?" he inquired. "He may be an imposter."

The ape-man laughed loudly—for him a rare experience indeed. Then he warned grimly "I have vowed to destroy Garetto. The storm of destruction may sweep over a wide path. I hope, Dr. Jones, that you and your two companions do not venture too near it."

The Crater

When he had delivered his warning, Tarzan turned and vanished into the branches of trees. Jerry rubbed his eyes, his jaw fell agape. "What a fool I've been," he groaned; "that surely was Tarzan. No other man could do that, and now I've made him an enemy instead of a friend!"

"You couldn't have known," Lady Beth comforted him. "Besides, I do admire your courage for standing by your principles of loyalty to your employer. Perhaps Garetto is not so bad as Tarzan painted him." Jerry sighed. "Anyway, let's get out of this confounded crater."

Now for the first time Arbela spoke up. "Are you sure you know the way?" "Yes," Jerry answered shortly, and started to lead them toward the opening of the fissure. Soon the rising sun flooded the eerie valley with welcome light.

But even in daylight Jerry did not find the opening where he had judged it to be. He searched frantically at the base of the cliff, and at last he had to admit failure. There was no escape, and now there was no Tarzan to save them from the perils of the crater!

Weary, hungry, and fearing that they might be pursued by the fanatic Baalites, the three fugitives trudged on in their vain search for the exit from the crater. Suddenly Jerry stopped. "Look! Down there in the forest! Now we can eat. They're deer!"

"Goats!" Arbela corrected. "The South Canaanites have goats." "South Canaanites," Lady Beth repeated; "are they the warrior tribe you told me about?" Arbela nodded. "Yes; and their men are brave and very beautiful, even if they are a bit rough."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

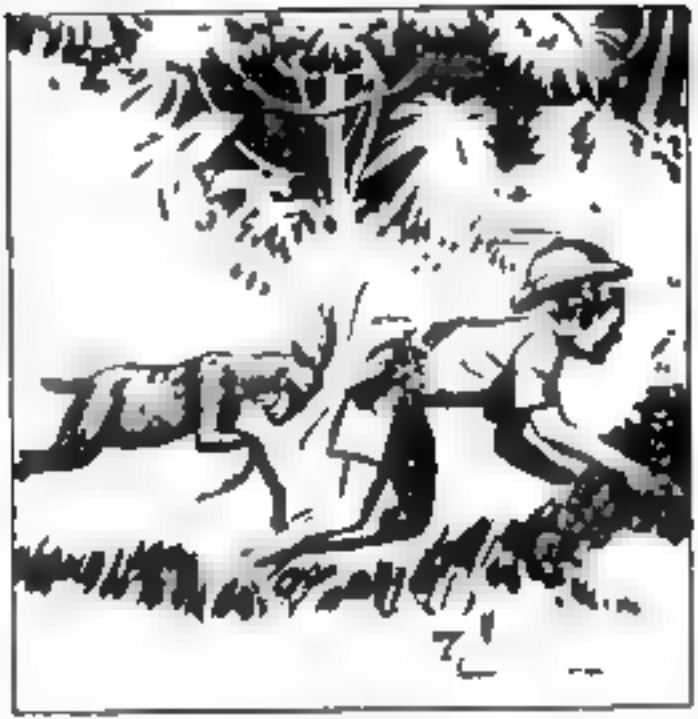
"Anyway, we have to eat," Jerry declared firmly. "I'll go down and shoot a goat." "Perhaps," thought Lady Beth, having already seen a sample of Jerry's marvelous marksmanship. But the goodnight cat sat confidently on the hook, which was to lead to new perils.

While he crept cautiously toward his quarry, a man roamed the upper side of the forest in search of his pals, which had strayed from their accustomed pastures. The man was Elbert South Lemon to warrior, steward and storm, to whom all strangers were enemies.

With awkward caution Jerry Jones advanced on the goats which were to provide a welcome meal. He dared not fail and thus earn the contempt of Lady Beth. As he passed a bush he failed to notice a kid lying there, hidden by a solicitous mother while she fed.

Soon Jerry believed he was near enough to dro He selected his target and aimed his revolver. At this short distance he could not miss. Already he felt the stirring warmth of pride with which he would toss the carcass of his kill at the feet of his companions.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



He jerked the trigger. His potential dinner leaped high in the air and hit the ground running. Jerry Jones had missed again! Before he had time to realize that astounding and humiliating fact, something struck him a heavy and sudden blow from behind. . .

When Jerry's shot rang through the forest, Ekhal, the fierce warrior, cocked his ears. It was the same strange sound he and his fellow tribesmen had heard last night from the direction of the North Canaanite village. The fearless Ekhal decided to investigate'

When Jerry was struck so suddenly from behind, his knees bent beneath him and he found himself sitting on something that wriggled and squirmed. His startled eyes, glancing down, saw a small kid. Before it could wriggle free, Jerry slung it on his shoulder.

Despite its struggle, Dr. Jones managed to convey it back to his companions. "You didn't miss after all," Lady Beth called merrily. "I did miss," Jerry admitted ruefully; "I sat on it. It got me." "But you got it anyway," the English girl smiled encouragingly.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

After Jerry had butchered the kid and admitted that his knowledge of cooking did not extend beyond hard-boiling eggs, Lady Beth took charge of the culinary activities, and soon the three were busy grilling chops on pointed sticks, which Beth had cut.

While they were thus engaged, Ethel the warrior was startled to see his lost goats now stampeding toward him; and his practiced eye noted that one was missing. With mounting anger he set out to discover who had frightened his goats and stolen the kid.

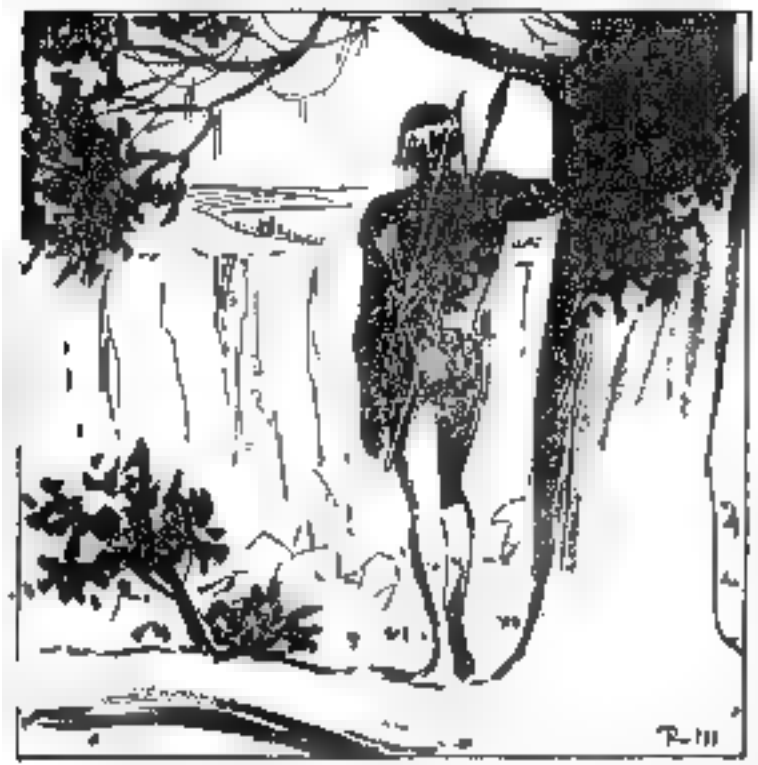
TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Warning

Ebbal had little difficulty in following the back track of the goats until he came cautiously upon the three strangers feasting wolfishly upon his last kid. He recognized the golden Arbora as a North Cannanite, and a sudden fire lighted his cold blue eyes.

The other two, however, were enigmas to him. As a disciplined warrior he decided that these odd strangers must be reported to his chieftain. Ebbal glided back into the forest, then broke into a run toward the village of the soldier tribe of South Canaan.



. . . Meanwhile, the observant, ever-curious Tarzan was engaged in a leisurely survey of the intriguing volcanic valley of Canaan. He had decided to ignore the three he had rescued from the Baalites until Jerry had calmed down sufficiently to accept his guidance.

After a while, he would search them out and see how they fared. For the moment, however, he did not believe they were in any danger, for he did not know then of the alarmed Ekbal who was bearing news of the mysterious strangers to his militant fellow-tribesmen!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

The Gre

From a high crag, Tarzan kept an eye on the exit from the crater and saw that Jerry and the girls were not there. "I hope they are lost," he soliloquized. "A fright might restore their senses." But he did not anticipate the calamity that awaited them.

At that moment, Jerry, Lady Beth and Arbeia were far from frightened. Their feast upon Ekbal's goat had revived their flagging spirits, and now they lay down to rest their weary bodies before resuming their strenuous search for the crater's exit.

at Day

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Meanwhile, Ebbal sped through the forest, his mind racing, too, with excited speculation concerning the strangers who had mysteriously entered the mountain sealed crater. In the tented village of his tribe, he hurried to the headquarters of the capitan-general.

Breathlessly he made his report. The eyes of Mazandan, the leader, blazed with a fierce ecstatic light. He clenched his fists and a grim smile quivered on his lips as he whispered mysteriously: "Through the ages we have waited. Now the great day is at hand."

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

"The strangers are barbarian spies." Massadon roared. "You, Epeos gather a detachment of lancers and hunt them down. I shall mobilize the full strength of our soldiery so that we may be ready to stem the barbarian invasion from the outer world."

The exciting news flashed through the village, and once more the thread of history linked these people with the distant age of Alexander the Great, when the first Nimrchus, founder of the strange Canaanite tribes, had been a follower of the mighty conqueror

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

From that ancient Nineveh the South Canaanites had inherited the glorious military traditions of Alexander, whom they believed would return one day to earth as the man-god Iskander and lead them in thunderous battle against an invading barbarian horde

"Return quickly with the spies," Massadon commanded the lieutenant Epiros. "When we have obtained information from them, we shall kill the men—and keep the women for slaves, as in the glorious days of yore! Ekbal tells me they are pleasing to look upon."

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Surrou

Ekba[illegible]ed the detachment of lancers swiftly through the forest until they came within sight of Lady Beth, Arbela and Jerry. At a whispered order from Epiros the soldiers deployed with neat precision, surrounded their victims, and advanced confidently.

With dazed astonishment, Lady Beth and Jerry watched their approach. But Arbela exclaimed happily: "They are the men of South Canaan. Are they not beautiful?" Beth, however, noted the smiles on the faces of the lusty warriors. "We must not be taken!" she said.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"We can't run," Jerry announced; "so perhaps I'd better shoot a few." Knowing that these soldiers spoke the same language as the Bas-tos from whom Tarzan had saved them, Lady Beth called out: "If you advance another step, you shall all be killed."

The fearless warriors did not halt. "You will have to shoot," Lady Beth instructed. "There are at least a dozen. You can't miss them all." Jerry Jones raised his revolver. Fire flashed from the muzzle, but no warrior fell. Then, one lifted his spear.

Jerry pressed the trigger once again, but already the warrior's lightning spear was flashing through the air. As the firing pin exploded the cartridge the force knocked the revolver from the American's hand. A warrior cried out and clasped his arm.

A splotch of blood indicated that the vagrant bullet had grazed him, and two other soldiers rushed to determine the cause of his cries. Jerry perceived now that the circle of foes was broken. "Run," he cried to his companions, "I'll join you later."

ght

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Jerry swooped down and picked up the spear for he no longer trusted his marksmanship with the gun. Then he charged upon his enemies in an effort to keep open the hole that would permit the girls to flee. In the confusion, Arbuin raced through the broken circle.

Lady Beth Barclay hesitated in a moment of harrowing indecision. Her heritage of fighting blood would not permit her to desert the brave American. Yet, if she were captured she knew well the fate that awaited her among these primitive, hot-blooded warriors!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Seeking to provide an opportunity for Lady Beth Barclay's escape, Jerry fought with a vigor that compensated in part for his inexperience in combat. But the English girl had decided she would not flee. She would fight at the side of the gallant American.

She darted toward the revolver that lay on the ground, but a South Canaanite soldier was there before her. Fortunately the warrior did not know its use as an instrument of death, and he was content to thrust it in his belt for further examination at his leisure.

Then another lancer seized her from behind while her companion continued his brave, but losing, fight. Inevitably he was overcome. The battle was over. Lady Beth and Jerry were prisoners. "She is mine," Ekbal cried gleefully. "I found her. She is mine!" . . .

. . . Tarzan heard Jerry's shot and believed the American was hunting in the forest; so the ape-man continued his calm survey of the strange crater. Thus the only man who might have saved Jerry and Lady Beth was wholly unaware of their fateful predicament!

Tarzan was no more worried about Jerry and the two girls than he was about his friend Tommy Welsh, whom he had left at the mouth of the fissure that led into the valley. If Tommy attempted to follow him, there was no special danger attached to the journey

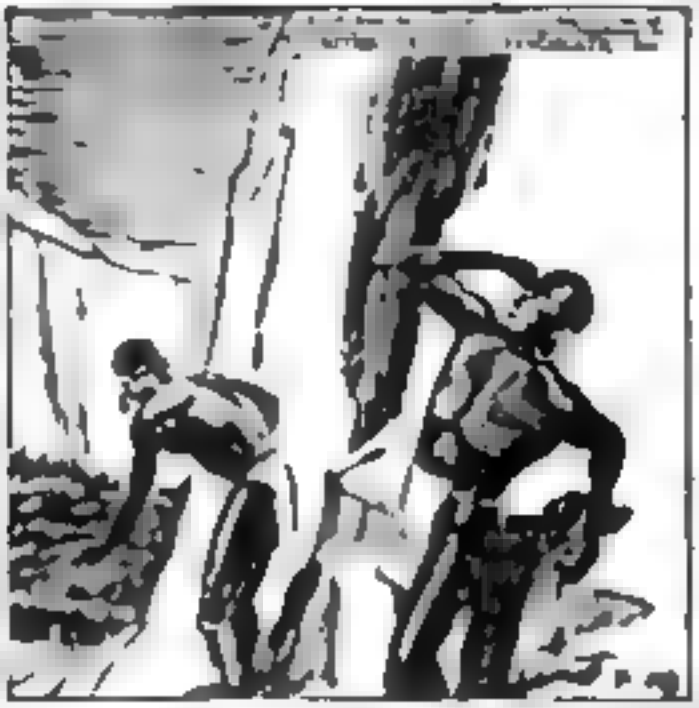
Tommy was considering just such a course. For long hours he had waited for Tarzan, who had gone in search of Jerry Steadily his alarm increased, and at last he determined to follow Tommy jerked his head aggressively and turned into the mysterious fissure.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

As he disappeared into the ravine, two wily blacks slunk from their place of concealment and followed him. These two were henchmen of Garatto, the brigand chieftain. They were noted for their jungle craft and their mission was to trail Tommy and Tarzan.

At the mouth of the crevice they paused and grinned at each other. Already they pictured the rewards their chief would bestow upon them, for they believed that Tommy would lead them to Tarzan's secret lair and soon the brigands would swoop down on the ape-man!

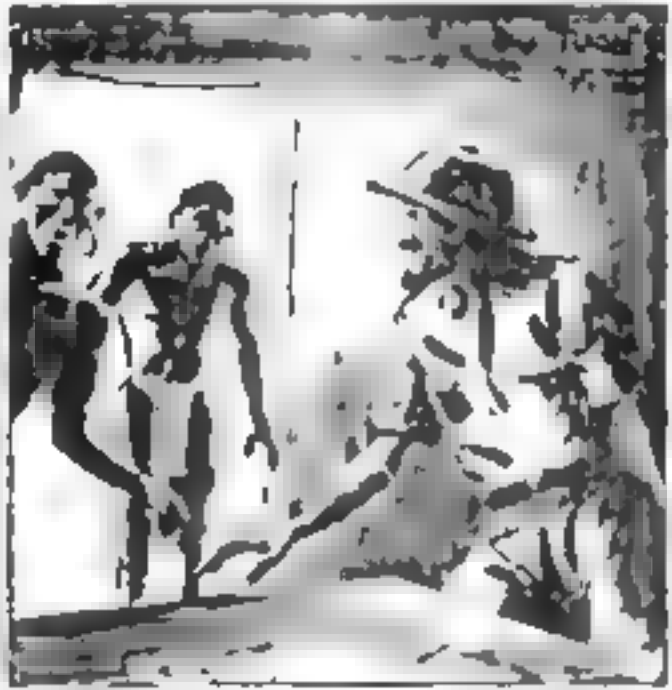
At last Tommy emerged into the center of Lemosa and looked about him with amazement. He knew not where to turn to find Tarzan and Jerry, as he wandered aimlessly toward a forest. Not more the pursuers not astonished when they too came out into the valley.



With the quick observation which had been sharpened by their long experience in jungle and mountain their eyes took in the valley that lay at their feet. One pushed at the rest then at the peaks and rapidly concentrated his position and direction.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Then he peered fearfully in his companion [illegible] must be the [illegible] the Demon's Light. The eyes of the other bulged wide with terror as he replied. It would be wise to report to our chief. Without another word they scurried back into the dark [illegible]



A short time later they made their breathless report to their leader. This is good that you could not [illegible] dost [illegible] [illegible] on the [illegible] to [illegible] the trap [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] of the Demon's Light. We shall [illegible] to do with our [illegible]

"We march!" the leader of the evil slave raid was shouted exultantly. "Now Gathor Bity of the best men, brave men, who do not fear the Demons of night, our Tarzan of the Apes. We approach the hour of Bung Gorotho's triumph and Tarzan's doom."

While the brigand camp bustled anxiously with preparations for the assault upon the village of Cannon, the South Cannonite warriors led Lady Barb and Jerry toward their heated village. The captives wished to plead despair, which was to be of a dreadful fate.

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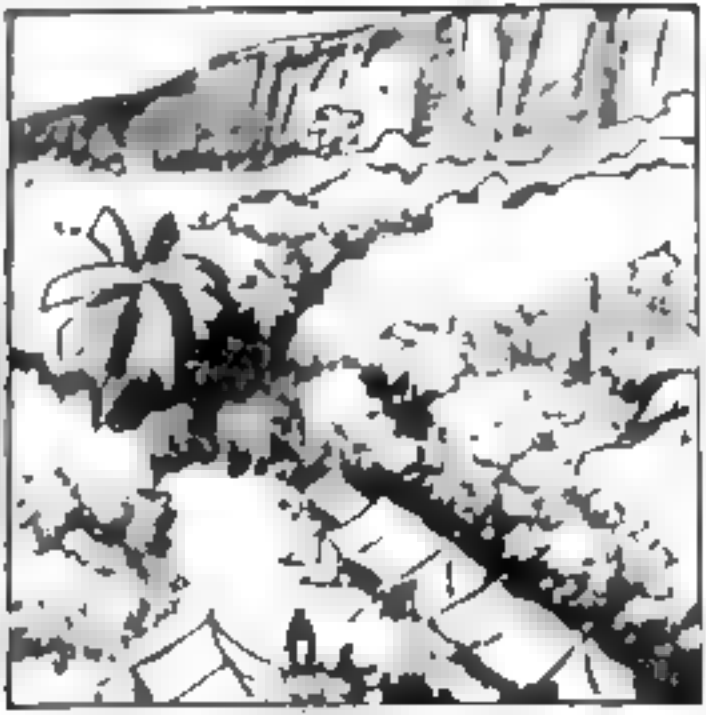
By Edgar Rice Burroughs



As they entered the village, they were dazed by the sight of this fantastic military encampment which seemed as if it had been conjured up from the dust of ancient history. And through the streets streamed a shouting horde, anxious to behold the 'barbarians'.

Beside the captives walked Ekbal, bursting with pride that he had discovered the strangers. His eyes blazed anger delight as he cried to the people: 'The man will be killed, but the woman shall be mine!' And the people answered with a shout of approval!

Stern Massedon, captain-general of the South Canean tes, commanded that the captives be taken to Iskander's Grove, where the important ceremonies were held. It was here, according to the ancient legends of the tribe, that the man-god Iskander would appear from the skies.

Tarzan awoke suddenly from a short nap, conscious of something amiss. Through dilated nostrils he drew in a deep breath. Ah! Now he knew what had awakened him. The shifting wind had brought the scent of men, such men as he had not encountered before.

Comes!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

With characteristic curiosity he set out to investigate and soon the speed of his travel was stimulated by the sound of wild shouts. Shortly he beheld in the distance the village of the South Camanites and nearby was the grove whence came the horse cries.

He reached the grove and sprang into the trees. Beneath him he saw Jerry and Lady Beth surrounded by a guard and a hostile throng. He knew that his own position and theirs was full of peril. But he called down to them "Have courage! Tarzan has returned."

Lady Beth and Jerry were startled when above the hubbub of the tribesmen, they heard the voice came down to them from the trees.

"Have courage. Tarzan has returned." But they gave no sign and the chieftain, throng, upon the captives, did not hear.

Bor Mazadan, the chief, commanded silence and turned his stern, suspicious stare upon the prisoners. Without waiting to hear them, he pronounced his fateful and final "You are he, he, or one who have come to prepare for the invasion from the outer world!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

[illegible]

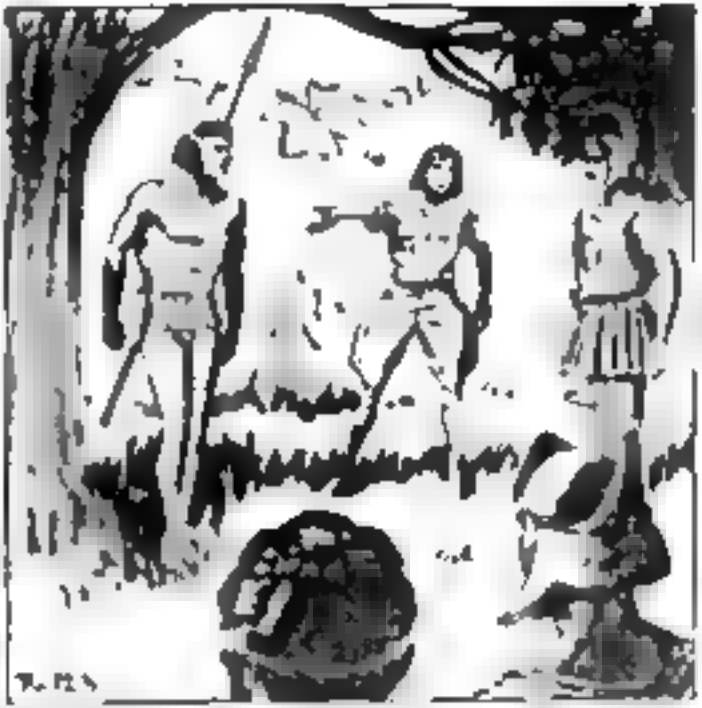
[illegible]

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Suppose the more enlightened South Comanches should not accept him as their long awaited leader. Then worse they would set upon him in ruthless fury and tear him to pieces. And the blame would rest upon her. Dare she, for her own advantage risk Tarzan's life?

The Jungle Lord was unaware of the role he might play. He knew only that the drama he loved was approaching a cut-throat climax. Already the archers were preparing to pierce poor Jerry with their arrows. Now there was no time to plan and think, he must act!

Ignoring the odds against him, Tarzan dropped down amidst his enemies. His only hope was that his sudden and mysterious appearance would create such confusion that he could rescue the captives before the South Cannibals recovered from their astonishment.



But instead of breaking ranks, the warriors stood like statues, awaiting their chief's command. Then Lady Beth knew what she must do. "Ishander," she cried. "It is the man god Ishander." And quickly she informed Tarzan of the role she had assigned to him.

A glance at the circle of immobile warriors convinced the ape-man that his fate must rest on his acceptance as Islander. In the stern eyes of Masedon, confusion slowly crystalized into firm decision. But Tarzan could not detect what his judgment was to be.

But if perchance, that verdict should be favorable, Tarzan's peril would not be past, for now the merciless henchmen of Boris Garetto were on the march; and their objective was to seal the ape-man in the crater of Canaan and hunt him down like a beast!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Danger Lowers

The naive Arbela and the sophisticated Tommy were soon great pals. Though the girl, taught English by Lady Beth, had difficulty in fathoming Tommy's American slang, that was no barrier. Finally she said: "You are just as beautiful as Jones, but much nicer."

At mention of Jerry, Tommy grew immediately serious. "You know Jones," he asked. "Where is he now?" Celtic Arbela related the story of her adventures, adding: "I do not know whether Jones and Beth escaped, or were captured by the men of South Cannon."

"See here, kid," Tommy announced: "I've got to look for Jemmy. Get me?" "I've already got you and my money, not kid," Arbela replied pertly. "Okay, k— Arbela. Now listen. First I'm going to get you out of this cash eyed valley. I don't want to lose you."

Tommy planned to conduct Arbela through the fissure and conceal her outside the valley while he searched for Jerry. Naturally he did not know that at that very moment Boris Garetto and 50 perhaps brigands were advancing stealthily through the dark crevice!

Impelled by a growing premonition of danger, Tommy led Arbuta hurriedly toward the center exit. When he was within 100 yards of it he saw to his dismay the hideous hordes swarming from the opening. The chieftain, in turn, saw Tommy—and the girl . . .

Meanwhile the fate of Tarzan, Lady Beth, and Jerry trembled in the balance as Mescodon's steely eyes pierced the ape-man. The mighty Lord of the Jungle drew himself up to his full height and returned Mescodon's gaze with a gaze of confident authority.

nph!

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The cold cry heart of Macedon skipped a beat in worshipful admiration of that inspiring figure. Here indeed was the mightiest of heroes, with the air of a god, a commander of commanders. Truly this could be none other than Iskander, who was both man and god.

Then he who was supreme general of this stalwart soldier tribe slowly raised his head to colossal dignified as ever. Once more Tarzan had triumphed. But far to the west, Barsa Garetta was gathering the forces which were to test the full resources of his power!

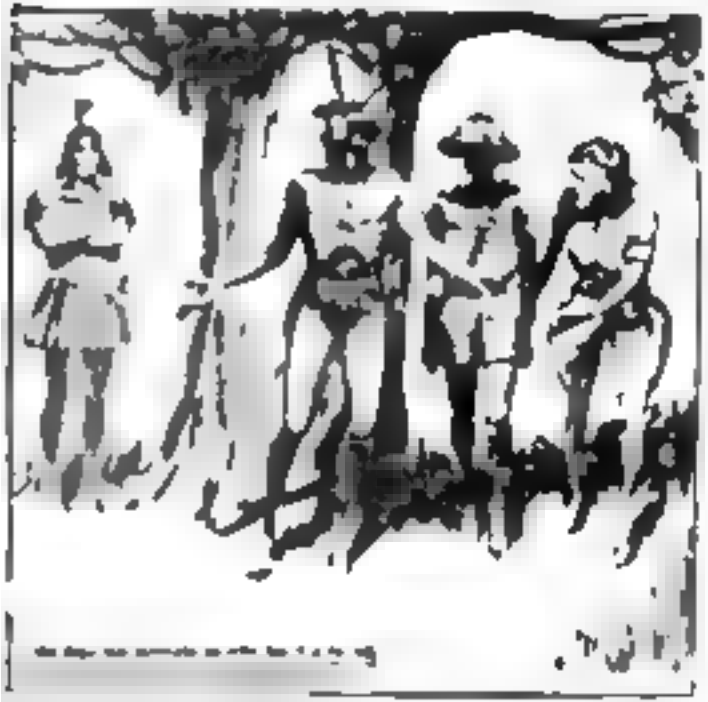
Lady Beth was overjoyed to see Tarzan accepted by Massedon as Iskander the man-god who, according to legend, was to assume command of the South Canaanite soldiery and stem an invasion from the outer world. And now all warriors raised their hands in salute.

Solemnly Massedon passed to Tarzan the sword which was the symbol of command, and asked "When O Iskander, will our firm phalanxes give battle to the invading hordes?" The bronzed giant cast his eyes to the skies, as if expecting some mystic message from above.

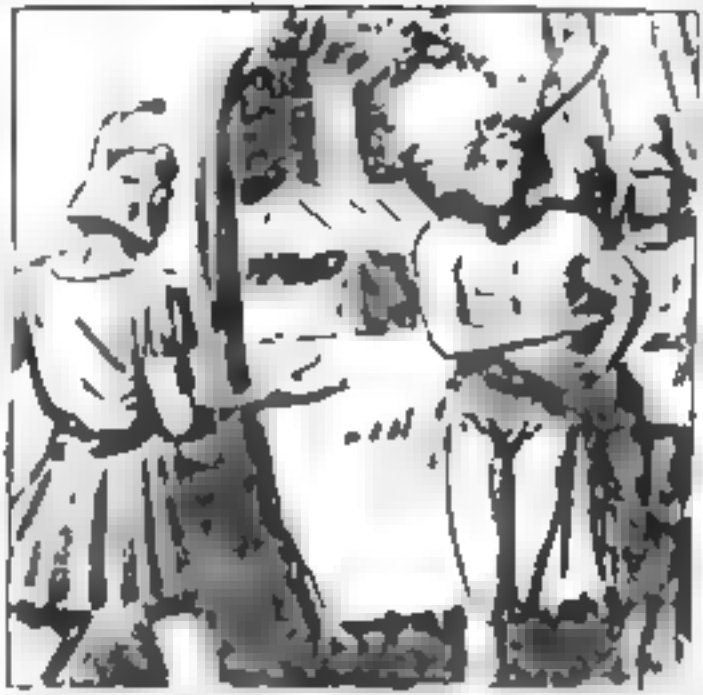
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

His agile mind was racing. He knew he must keep these people convinced of his divinity until he could hurry Lady Beth and Jerry out of the valley. There was always a chance that he might make some mistake which would arouse the suspicions of the warrior tribe.

"These whom you captured," he said, "are my messengers. I shall show them the path to the outer world, where they will learn the designs of the barbarians." Tarzan's plan was to lead them through the crater crevice, but he did not know that now it was occupied by his foes!

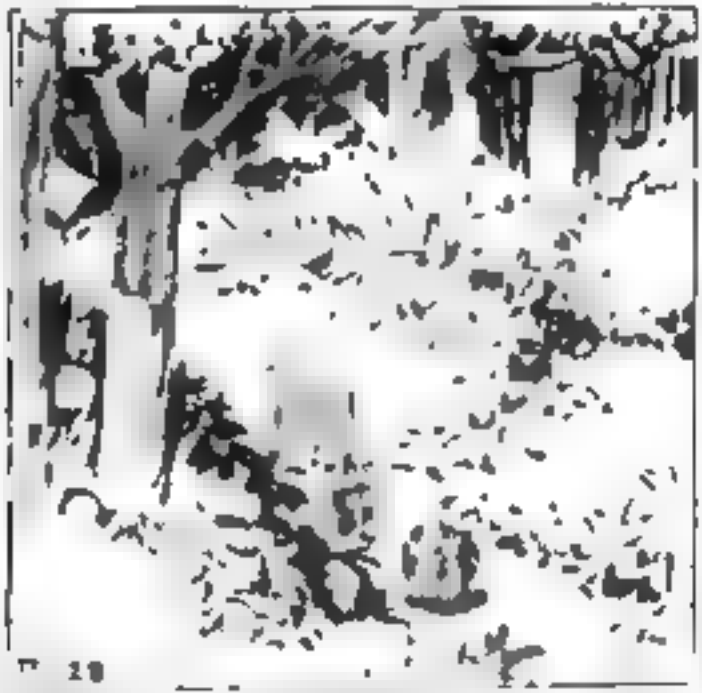


Tarzan spoke now in a tone of firm command "I shall conduct these messengers to the secret passage that leads to the outer world When Lady Beth had translated his words the new man ordered her and Jerry to follow him, adding "Soon you will be safe"

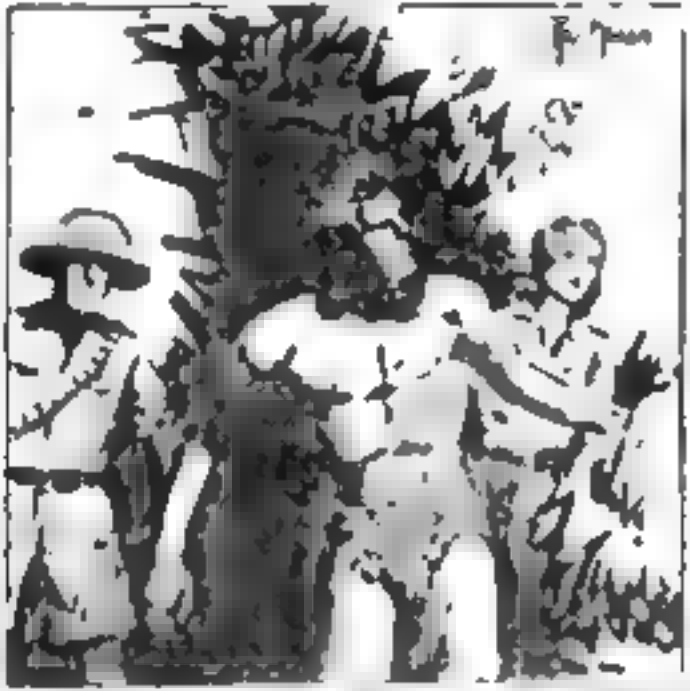


As he started away a squadron of warriors fell in behind him Tarzan turned "Why do these soldiers are spying me he asked Mercedes looked at him in surprise it is the house guard which must always accept the commander. Did thou not know I hundred

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Tarzan dared not question further the military etiquette of the South Lemuria for fear of exposing himself. It is long since I have been among my people, he said. He turned then and resumed his journey toward the crater east, followed by the honor guard.



Soon we shall elude them, Tarzan informed his companions. But half an hour later wild shouts burst upon their ears. Tarzan stopped quickly. A frown furrowed his brow. Arabs, he breathed warningly. Gazette's slave raiders. Here—on this crater.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

As the desperate fugitives entered the edge of the forest, Tarzan was there to meet them. Stifling their cries of surprise with a quick gesture, he lifted them horrendly into a tree and commanded: "Remain here until I return. The shitas will not discover you."

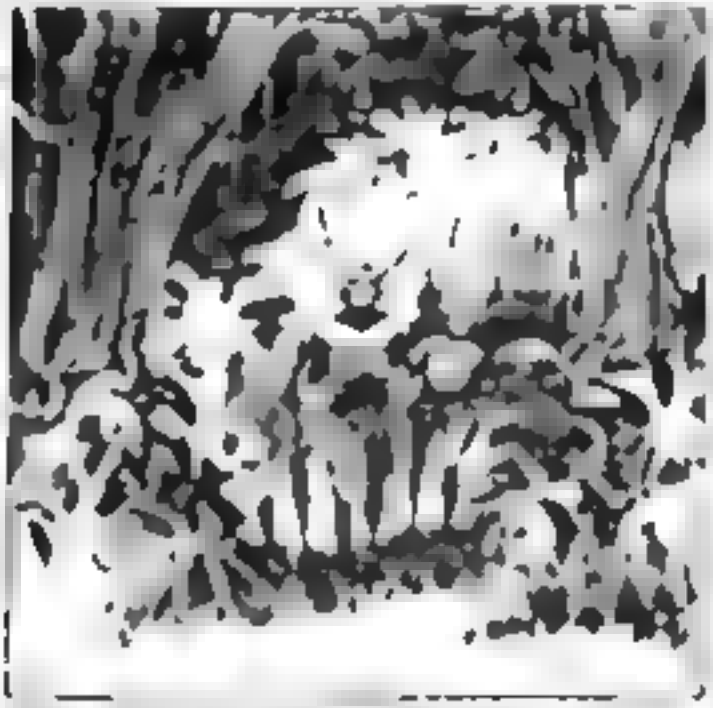
Then with the speed of the wind the ape-man ran back to the spot where he had left his friends and the warriors. Through Lady Beth he exhorted the soldiers: "The vanguard of the bor barians is upon us. Now will you be tested under my leadership. Forward march."

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

With his small squad of Alexandrian soldiers Tarzan was ready to give battle to the superior forces of the shiftas. Quickly he explained to Lady Beth and Jerry: "I go with you." Both offered: "I must interpret your commands to the soldiers."

True enough. Tarzan could not maneuver his "army" without help. "If the gods I shall go too," Jerry declared firmly. The ape-man pointed out to them the danger they would encounter. "The brigands have firearms, and ours are the weapons of antiquity."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Decoy

The Trap

As the brigand bullets whistled about him, Tarzan might have sprung into the tall trees. He might have darted into the underbrush and eluded his foes altogether. But instead he turned and ran straight ahead of his pursuers, keeping in sight of them!

The ape-man had small regard for the marksmanship of the Arabs with their antiquated firearms and fortunately his opinion was confirmed by their performance. Besides, their confusion, anxiety and the thickness of the foliage favored his headlong flight.

He plunged into the thicket in which his warriors were hidden, then out into the clearing where there was nothing to screen him from the fire of his pursuers. Lady Betty's heart pounded violently for now the climax of Tarzan's fateful strategy was approaching.

The racing ape-man, dodging and zigzagging to present a shifting target, was half way across the clearing when his pursuers emerged from the forest. "Now Nano," their leader cried. "We'll never get him this way. Halt. Take steady aim before you fire."

Lady Beth Barclay held her breath in trembling anxiety as she peered from her hiding place upon the fateful drama in the clearing. She could hardly suppress a cry when she saw the brigands raise their muskets confidently and level them at the fleeing ape-man.

Just as Nasir, their leader, uttered the command to fire, a volley of arrows rained suddenly upon them from the dense forest. The guns flashed. The shiftas howled in pain and surprise and confusion. For a moment, the billowing smoke hid Tarzan's fate from Lady Beth.

bat

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

But when the smoke cleared she saw that he was safe. His strategy had been successful. He had decoyed the brigands into the clearing, where they were simple targets for the Canaanite warriors, whose timely arrows had saved him from a hail of lead.

Five of the shiftas fell dead or mortally wounded. But now the desperate Nasir rallied the others for a fierce dash into the forest whence came the deadly missiles. "After them!" he shouted. "We shall not be conquered by crude savages. Reload! Charge!"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

Into th

With utter disregard for his own safety, Tarzan rushed toward the battle of his warriors and the slave-raiders. Now, to his delight, he saw that the Alexandrians had fallen upon the enemy before the shiftas had had time to reload their muskets after the last volley

But under Nazir's cool command, the brigands, at close quarters with the soldiers, were wielding their muskets as giant clubs. On his swift journey to the fray, Tarzan seized the gun of one of the fallen shiftas and plowed into the fight swinging it lustily.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Swords crashed against rifle stocks. Spears were thrust and parried. Heads cracked. Blood flowed. Men fell and staggered to their feet to fight again. And above the din rose the hoarse shouts of combatants. This indeed was a battle to the death.

The long muskets of the shiftas prevented the soldiers from making the most effective use of their weapons, and the wily methods of the Arabs compensated for the bold strength of the Alexandrians. No man could foresee the outcome of this bloody conflict!

Swinging his musket furiously Tarzan was the equal of two men in the battle. But still the fight was far from won. Then Jerry Jones, aware of the crisis rushed out, seized a musket, and loaded it from the ammunition belt of one of the fallen brigands

He came to the battle line and fired into the ranks of the shiftas. One of them fell mortally wounded It was not the one at whom Jerry had aimed. but that was of no consequence At least, one had been eliminated. And the effect was discouraging to the others

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Now, despite their handicaps, the band's prowess of Tarzan and his warriors was beginning to tell. One by one the brigands fell beneath their terrific onslaught. Suddenly Nazir looked about him and saw that only he remained. He turned and fled frantically.

A warrior set arrow to bow to stop the fugitive, but Tarzan stayed his hand. The ape-man desired that news of the slaughter should be conveyed to Garetto; but he was mistaken if he believed Garetto would thus be moved to abandon his plans to invade the valley.

With solemn satisfaction the Canaanite soldiers surveyed the battlefield, where a full score of shifta lay dead. Only one of the warriors had been seriously wounded, and Tarzan instructed his men to make a litter of boughs and bear him back to camp.

Then the ape-man hurried away to reconnoiter in the vicinity of the crater exit. From the edge of the forest he saw a group of brigands clustered about the opening, watching the racing Nazir, who was hastening to make his report to his chieftain.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Boris Garetto's flaming anger mounted rapidly as the wild-eyed Nazir approached. As soon as his lieutenant was within earshot, he shouted: "Where are your men?" Nazir had no breath to answer until he flung himself trembling and exhausted at Garetto's feet.

"Dead," he panted; "all dead." "Dead?" stormed Garetto. "Why? How?" Nazir drew three quick, short breaths before he replied fearfully. "Tarzan!" Garetto's rage exploded. "Tarzan!" he screamed. "Tarzan shall pay for this! With his own blood he shall pay."

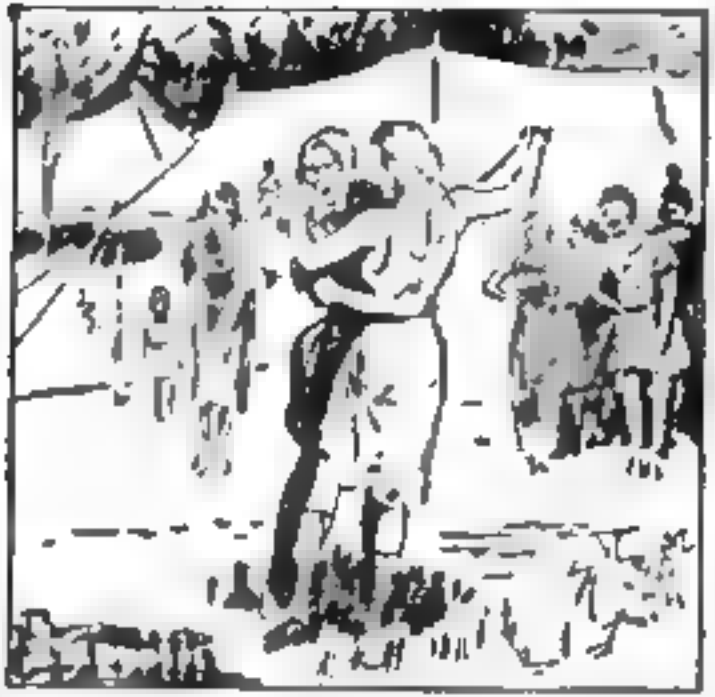
As soon as he had recovered sufficiently from his exhausting flight Nasir described the battle in which his company had been slain by Tarzan's strange cohorts . . . (they must have been 200 against our 20 he told) "They fought not like men, but demons!"

As he listened to the Arab's recital, a slow brute grin spread over the bearded face of Boris Coretto. Gradually a plan began to take shape in his crafty mind . . . a scheme that was designed to wipe Tarzan and his allies from the face of the earth! . . .

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

When Tarzan saw that the exit from the crater was blocked by Garetto, he went back into the forest and lowered Arbeia and Tommy from the tree in which he had hidden them. Together they trekked back to the Canaanite encampment. Tarzan was hailed with shouts.

"Hail to Iskander, the conqueror!" the people cried. But the ape-man was not happy. True, the warriors under his command had defeated the brigands in the first skirmish. The war, however, had only begun, and he knew that Boru Garetto still had the upper hand!

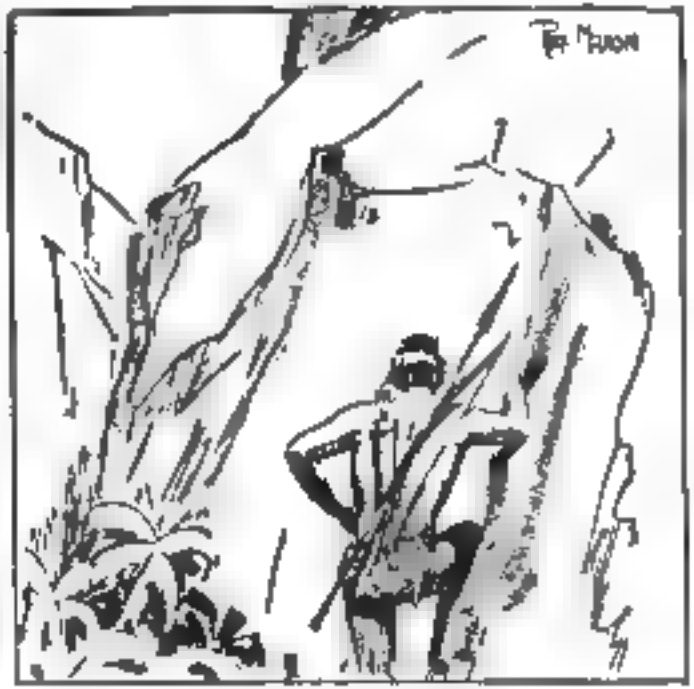


In celebration of Tarzan's victorious skirmish with the "barbarians," the village held carnival. Merry Tommy Worth took the occasion to teach Arbola the steps of the antiquated Bunny Hug. "You're swell kid," he said. "When we get to New York, you'll knock 'em dead."

Arbola didn't comprehend just who it was she was to knock dead, but she was willing to perform any such small favor for Tommy. Lady Beth and Jerry watched the merrymakers from a distance, engrossed in the raptures of love which was rising in their own hearts.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

But while Tarzan's allies celebrated, Garetto was brewing a plan for their destruction. "From the blacks of the foothills," he roared; "I will raise a levy of 2,000 warriors. Neither Tarzan nor any living creature will remain when I have scourged this miserable valley!"



Next day, the ape-man began a survey of the crater, to become familiar with the terrain of his impending campaign against the shifties. But already Garetto's messengers were flying from tribe to tribe, demanding warriors for the great brigand army!

On a wooded ledge, Tarzan encountered some of the tribe of baboons whose friendship he had won. Hobash, their king, greeted him guttorally: "Tarzan hurries like Usha, the wind. Is Tarzan in danger?" "Not now," the ape-man replied, "but soon he will be!"

"Hobash help!" the baboon king announced. "All the bulls of Hobash help Tarzan, their friend." Tarzan shook his head. "No, the tribe of Hobash knows not the battle ways of men. Hobash and his strong bulls would be killed by the thunder sticks of the evil ones."

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

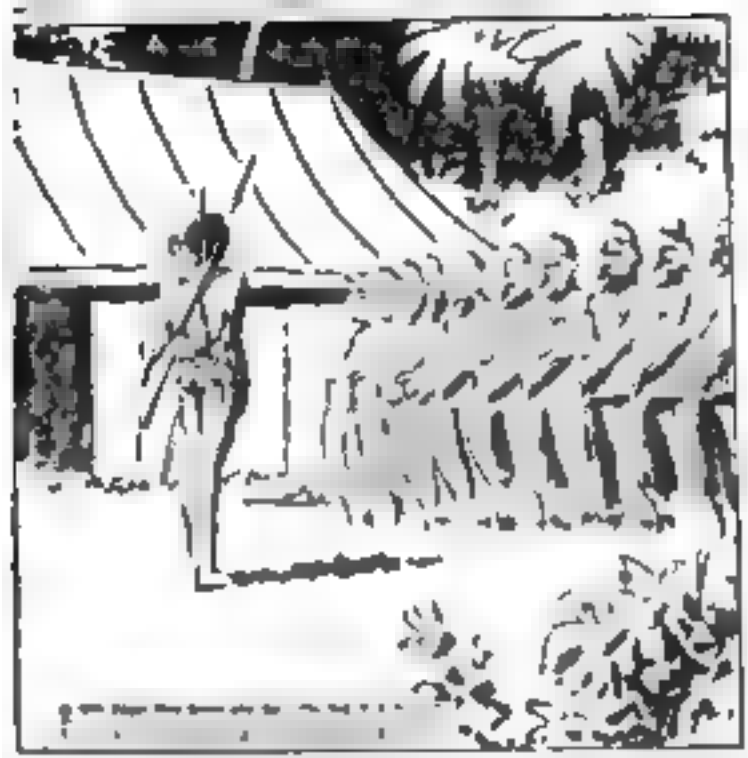
Tarzan hastened on his way, for under cover of coming dusk he intended to look down upon the brigands and contrive some means of drawing them into the open. He knew that as long as they held the crater tunnel, their small band could defy a host of attackers.

But when Tarzan reached his point of observation, there was no longer a mere band of brigands. To his amazement he discerned the shadowy movement of masses of men. 2,000 at least! And his own Alexandrians numbered not more than 500 warriors!

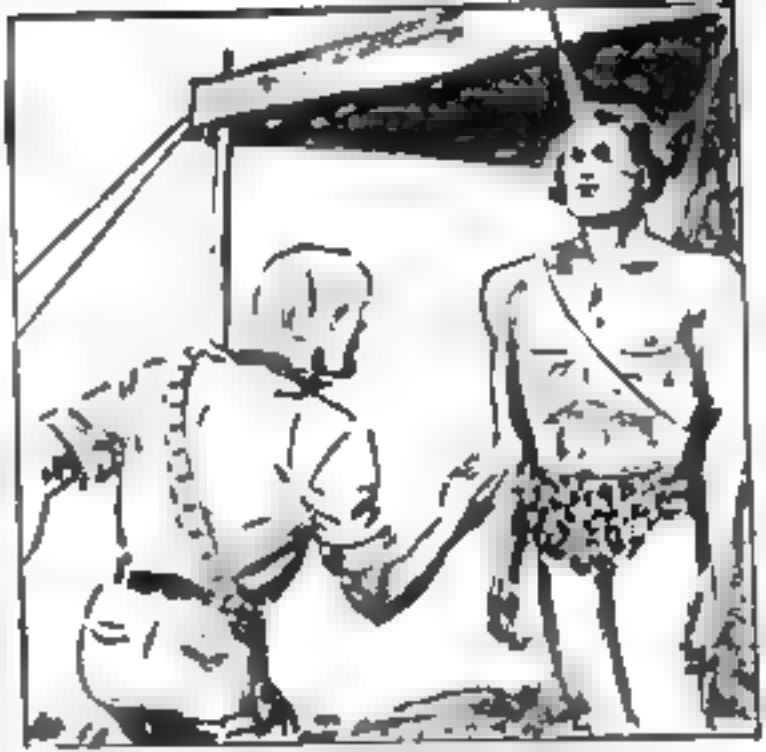
TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS. WAR! By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan descended the face of the cliff for a better view, and now he saw hundreds of blacks, busy as ants under Boris Garetto's harsh command, building a solid rampart of boulders. Soon his foes would be firmly established in an impregnable fortress!

By an angular course, the ape-man dropped down into the crater and hastened to the camp of the Alexandrian warriors. Already his mind was formulating plans for the night—desperate plans which would serve to remind his enemies that they faced the mighty Tarzan.



From the ranks of the master archers he asked volunteers to join him on a perilous mission. Every man of them stepped forth, but he chose only twenty. As the squadron was assembling, Tommy Welsh rushed up to the ape-man. "What're you going to do now?"



Hastily Tarzan explained his plans. Tommy gasped and stuttered. "You're the craziest bone I ever saw. None of you'll come back alive." As if offended by Tommy's warning, the ape-man threw back his shoulders, raised his chin, and replied: "Tarzan is at war!"

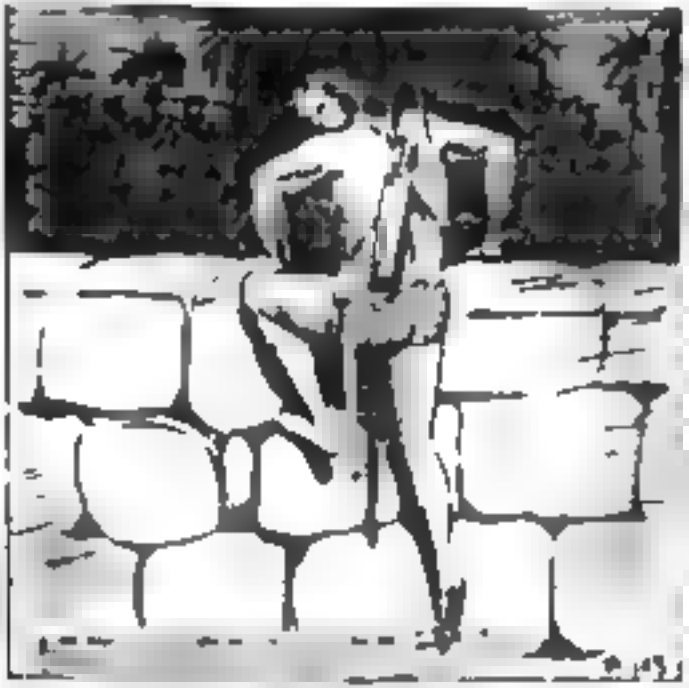
The Night Attack

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

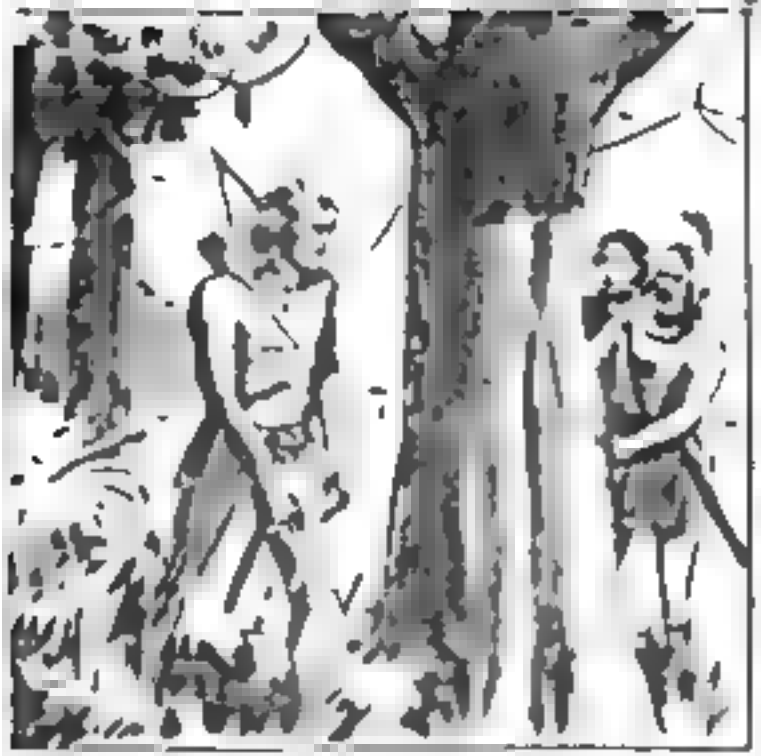
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Sentence

As the Tiger rose above the din of battle, "Kill Tarzan!" The ape-man recognized the voice of Gerto, calling from some safe refuge. Now the fate of Tarzan's wives [illegible] and the Jungle Lord was relieved of further responsibility in fight for his life.



To remain now and fight out the war alone would be sheer folly. He scaled the rampart and fled to the dark forest toward the camp of his host. There again, he knew, his fate would hang in the balance when the Alexandrians discovered his humiliating defeat.



To them he was Iskander, invincible man-god who, according to legend, was to lead them against an invading barbarian horde. If they doubted him now, they would kill him and his friends, and without his leadership their tribe would be destroyed by Garetto's ruthless band.

Tarzan liked these warrior people and he wanted to aid them. But when the villagers saw him returning alone they knew he had suffered disaster. Doubt flamed in their minds, and Macedon greeted him bitterly: "Thou art not Iskander. For thy deceit thou shalt die."

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Leader

Mazeedon repeated. "Thou art not Iskander and thou shalt die!" But Tarzan gave no sign of fear. He knew his only defense against the chieftain's condemnation was a bold, quick counter-attack. Now he assumed an air of stern, superior authority as he spoke.

"I am Iskander, and I have been defeated, but the blame Mazeedon, lies with thee. Thy warriors were ill trained. In the heat of battle they failed to observe my commands. And thou, as their chief officer, art responsible. Mazeedon, thou hast failed me!"

Startled and over-awed by this sudden revelation, the chieftain raised his hand in reverent salute as Tarzan continued "Believe in me, follow me, and victory shall be ours. Doubt me, and the invading horde from the outer world will destroy all thy tribe!"

Next day, Tarzan took active command and drilled his soldiers on the parade ground. These warriors were fierce and strong. They had inherited the military glories of Alexander the Great, but could they withstand the fourfold superiority of Garetto's savage army?

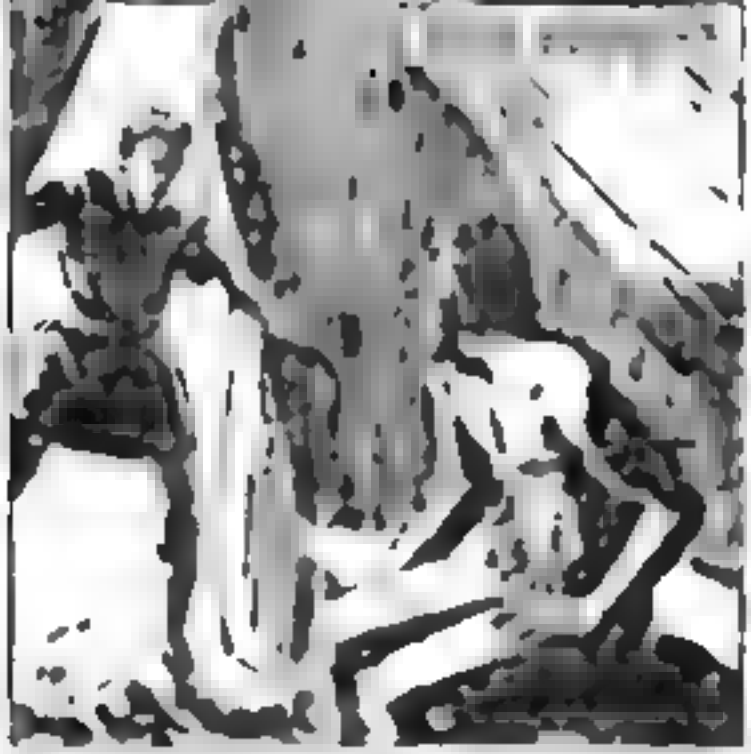
TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Alarm

Tarzan drilled his cohorts in Macedonian phalanxes and in open fighting. To the strong armed barbarians he taught the tricks of archery he had learned in the jungle. Meanwhile, Tommy Walsh organized a company of Foreigners with the muskets taken from the shelter.

Tommy took Jerry Jones as his lieutenant, though the notorious reputation as a marksman was largely negative. "See here," Tommy expressed, "if you're shooting at a certain guy, aim at somebody else, then you'll be sure to hit the guy you weren't aiming at."



TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

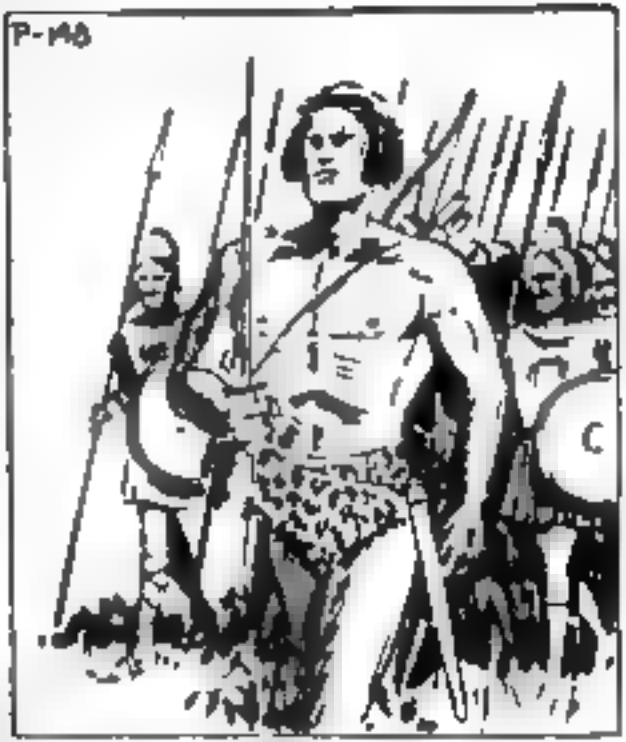
On to [illegible]

As the [illegible] the golden Arbela along [illegible] to Tommy and [illegible]. The American [illegible] New York [illegible]

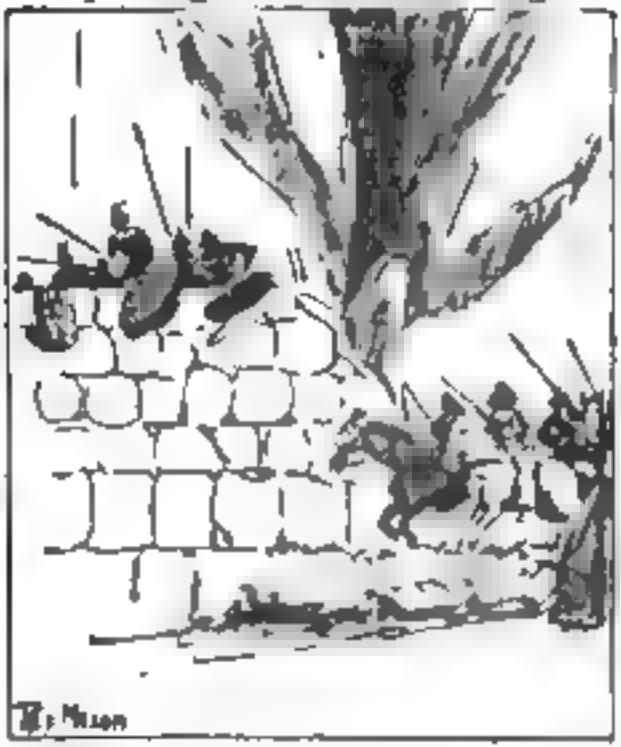
Jerry's leave-taking from Lady Beth was more restrained, but none the less poignant. "[illegible] that is, when I get back," he stammered, "[illegible] that is, if I get back, I [illegible] want to ask you something, [illegible]. May I hope?" For answer, Beth pressed his hand warmly.

Battle

By Edgar Rice Burroughs



As Iskander, Tarzan moved to the head of the serious legion. It seemed truly that the militant spirit of Alexander the Great had crept down through the ages and found lodgment in the giant form of the Jungle Lord. And now his voice boomed out: "Forward, MARCH!"

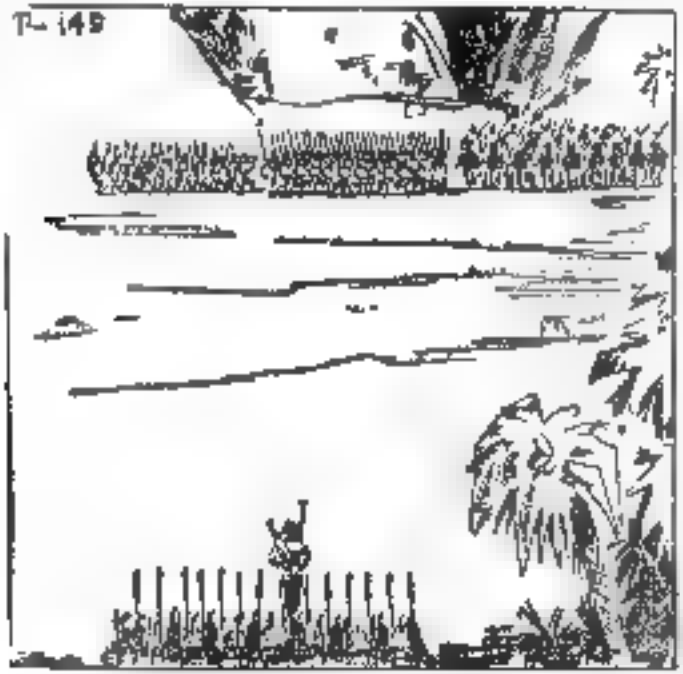


At double quick step he marched his army to engage the foe. As he reached the edge of the plain, he saw a tide of savage black warriors surging over the enemy rampart. Then, unbelievably, a troop of Arab horsemen galloped spiritedly out upon the plain.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

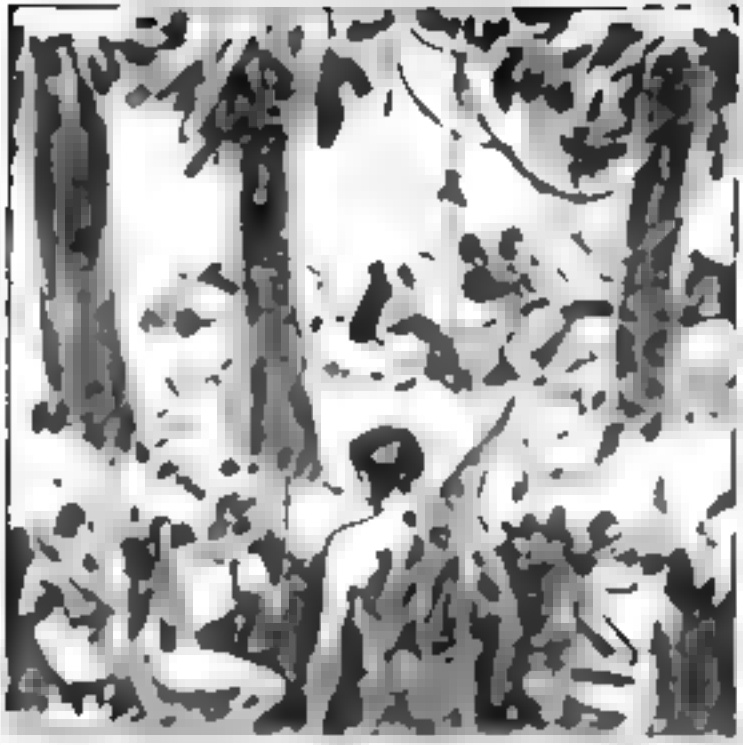
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Battle



The enemy horde swept relentlessly across the plain—archers, spearmen, horsemen. The cavalry troop was a surprise to Tarzan. Evidently the brigands had enlarged the crater entrance to admit the horses, which might well prove the deciding factor in the battle.

As the black footsoldiers marched forward, the cavalry turned to circle the forest. Apparently the infantry was to drive their foe into the open, to be shot down by the Arabs and trampled by their horses! Tarzan foresaw the cavalry route and conceived a bold maneuver.



Quickly now he divided his forces. He left Tarzan with the second division to encounter the beasts. Then he led his own first division into an area of the forest that extended into the plain. Soon after the beasts entered the wood, the cavalry swept past Tarzan's position.

With a quiet signal, the one man led a band of archers into the plain to attack the cavalry from the rear. But with the first flight of arrows the horsemen wheeled. Then, shouting fiercely, they galloped down upon Tarzan's horsemen like some mighty crushing juggernaut.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Hand to Hand

With the dense Arab horsemen charging down upon Tarzan's small band of archers, orthodox military strategy prescribed a hasty retreat into the forest. But the ape-men knew that at all costs this confusing, well-armed troop of cavalry must be destroyed.

While the archers stood their ground, laying down a thick barrage of arrows, the remote ape-man summoned his eager reserves of heavy infantry from their concealment in the wood and "Sand phasam" he shouted to them. "Archers to the right and left wings!"

After his command had been swiftly executed Tarzan issued instructions to the archers. Aim at the men, spare the horses. Even at the cost of military advantage the Lord of the Jungle sought to save these noble, innocent creatures from suffering.

When Nasr, commander of the cavalry, saw the enemy in close phalanx never he imagined even in the excitement of the charge [illegible] be shattered. "Now they will be better targets for our guns and our horses will trample them to death. Victory is ours!"

Several of Tarzan's warriors fell under the sporadic fire of Nasir's charging horsemen, but the fearless Alexandrians steadily closed the gaps. Now the cavalry was only yards from the tight-locked phalanx which presently would be broken and crushed by flying hoofs!

Tarzan roared a command. As if by magic, the front ranks of the phalanx opened. The momentum of the horses carried the surprised Arabs through the hole. Then the ranks closed again. Nasir's squadron was engulfed in a hollow square, bristling with spears!

of Battle

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Some of the Arkandrians threw themselves in front of the horses and were trampled down. Others ran and hid in fear. Long spears flew and swords flashed. Muskets rattled. Arabs were dropped from their mounts. And above the din rose the painful screams of frightened horses.

Then the forest disgorged a horde of Arabs fleeing from Tommy Wilson's ambush. These leaders were brave, upright and determined to rush to the relief so that his own troops might have terrific support. His command ran through all. Trees and horsemen. They go

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

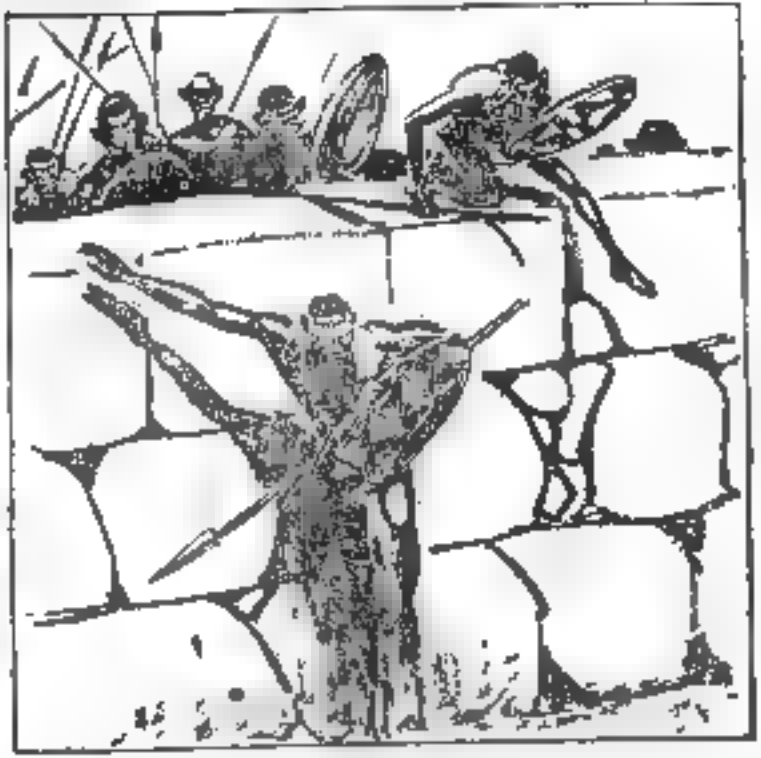
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Reserves

In the furious melee, Nazir attacked Tarzan, but the ape-man conquered the brutal Arab and mounted his spirited charger. From this vantage point he saw the black army rushing to attack him. By now, fortunately, his Alexandrians had destroyed the mounted fighters.

Unhappily the Alexandrians knew nothing of horsemanship, so the ape-man ordered the horses freed. The frightened steeds galloped away northward while Tarzan commanded his men to reform their phalanx to engage the black army, which far outnumbered his forces.

Now, with a pleased smile, the ape-man saw Tommy Welsh emerge from the forest at the head of his second division. By a rapid flank movement, he and Tommy could catch the foe between them. But suddenly wild shouts arose behind him. Tarzan turned quickly



He saw a new wave of black warriors flowing over the rampart of the enemy fort. Boris Garetto, in his safe refuge, was hurling his reserves into the fray. Now an army of 2,000 savages was pitted against Tarzan's meager 500 Alexandrians!

Swiftly Tarzan passed his left wing to Tommy's right and the blacks first army was trapped in a wedge. Two hundred paid the penalty for loyalty to Garatta. Twenty died by Tarzan's hand alone. But before the wedge was closed, the others fled to join their reserves.

From afar the mad Marchus, high priest of the Basiites, baited the raging battle. Through long ages his vicious tribe had been mortal enemies of the stalwart Alexandrians, whom he considered heretics, and now he joyed to see their blood shed by the strangers.

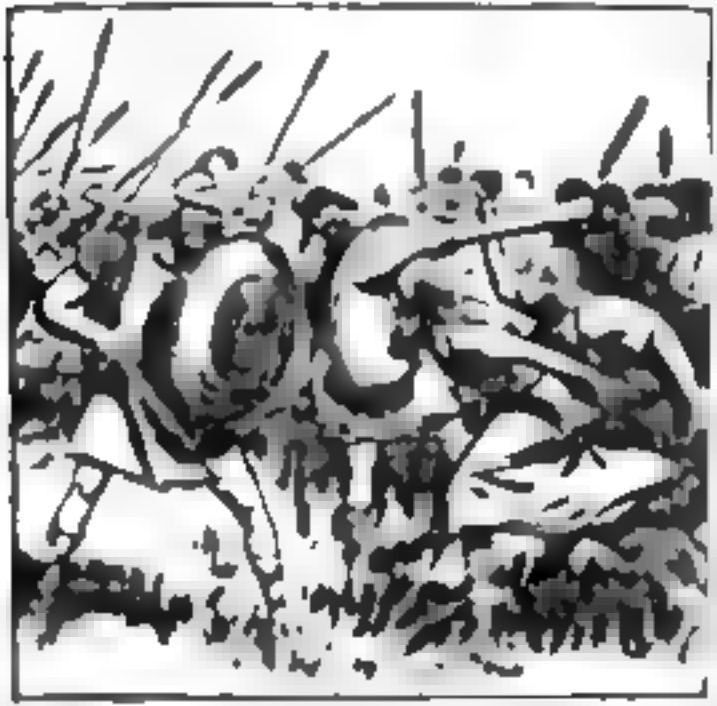
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Look!" he cried suddenly. "Their leader is he who called himself Iskander. Now do know that he is no god, but a demon." The shrill voice of the priest rose to an hysterical shriek. "It is the will of Baal that we join forces with those who scourge our enemies!"

Soon the frenzied, brutal Baalites, armed with knives and staves and pitchforks, streamed across the plain to throw themselves upon Tarzan's cohorts. They were not skilled fighters, but the very weight of their fury and numbers boded disaster for Tarzan.

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar



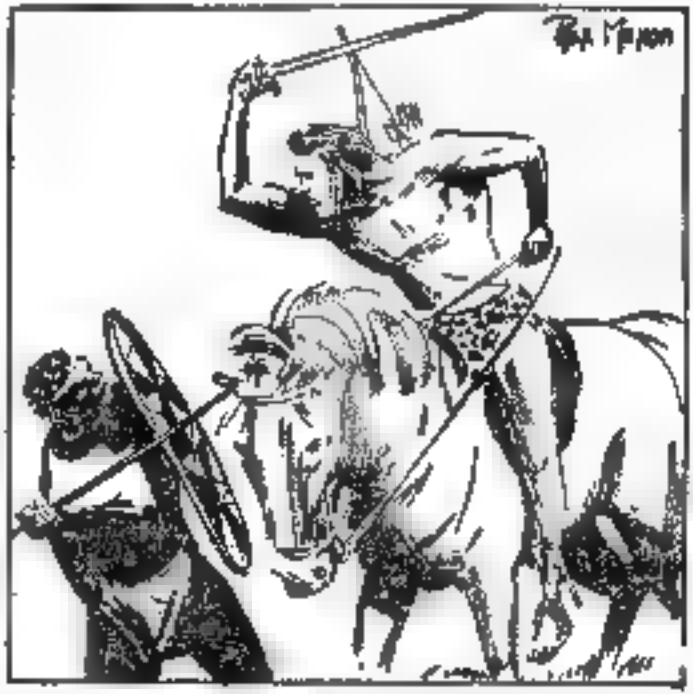
With a reckless fury born of fanatism, the Bantus hurled themselves upon Tarzan's Ape-men. The leaders of the tribe were astonished by the sudden advent of these strange apes, but they saw now that they commanded enough men to surround the foe.

Making signs to the Bantus and shouting to the tribe, the captain of Carolina's horde commanded an overwhelming movement. Jerry James fearlessly tried to fight off the foe, however, but for every foeman that fell, there were four others to take his place.

· Rice Burroughs

Never had a battlefield witnessed a clash of arms so violent as transpired that day in the mounted crater of Canaan. Arrows whirred. Spears plunged. Steel clashed on steel. And the cries of the wounded mingled with the delirious shouts of battle-fevered fighting men.

Defeat Looms



On his high-mettled charger, Tarzan dashed to all quarters of the field—commanding, exhorting, fighting, escaping death by seeming miracles of agility and strength. But he saw his warriors being slowly enveloped. The dark shadow of defeat was creeping upon his legions!

TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Unexpected Aid

From the crater ledge, Hobash, the baboon king, watched with his bulls the curious man-fight. The puzzled monarch grimaced and grunted and finally announced a decision his simple mind had evolved. "Tarzan our friend. Tarzan in danger. Hobash and his bulls help, Tarzan."

The king and his fighters descended into the crater, where the horses of Nazir's defeated cavalry raced about in frightened confusion. Suddenly the horses spied the steed which they had been trained to follow—the fine, spirited charger on which Tarzan was mounted.

Now the whole herd stretched toward their leader along a route that took them galloping past the wildest beasts, and at a command from Hobach the baboons leaped astride the horses. At first thought their action might seem doubtful, but it was instinctive.

To Hobach the horses offered a means of swift transportation in the battlefield as more strange than a swinging vine that might carry him across an expanse of forest. And so the astonishing squadron of baboon cavalry thundered to the aid of Tarzan's doomed army.

Garetto's vast army had closed a circle around Tarzan's valiant warriors when the mounted baboons charged into the breach. The bewildered rush of the horses hurled back the black tide and the screaming baboons leaped furiously down upon Tarzan's foes.

The proud baboon king jumped to the back of the Jungle Lord's horse and said: "Fear not, Tarzan; Hobah is here!" At that moment, a black warrior drew back his spear to thrust at the ape-man. Hobah sprang full upon him and killed him, then turned to another victim.

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

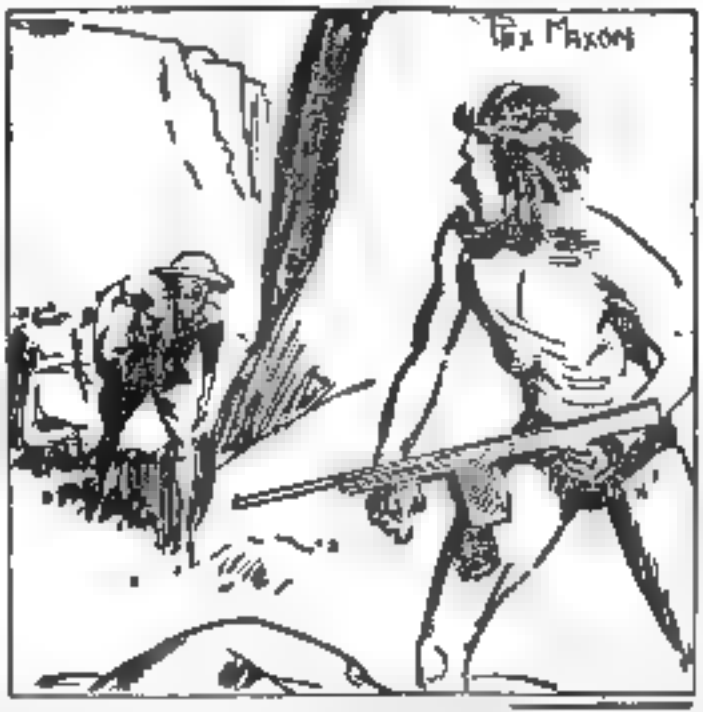
The baboons fought with beastly fury, with the weapons Nature gave them—great strength, sharp fangs, and inborn ferocity. Their ghastly attack spread terror among the blacks, who turned now and fled in wild disorder. Hobak and his baboon battalion had saved the day!

Many of the fear-inspired fugitives fell victims to the fierce baboons, but most of them gained the safety of the fort. "Assail the rampart!" Tarzan shouted. But now machine gun and musket fire burst from the fort, and the attackers were swept by a deadly hail of bullets!

Unwilling to sacrifice his troops, Tarzan ordered them to fall back out of range of the firearms. Now he commanded Tommy: "Keep the foe occupied by feints and threats. In an hour, march on the fort!" Then, beckoning the baboons to follow, he vanished into the forest.

He led the agile creatures by a circuitous route to the crater wall. They ascended and worked their way along ledges to the rear of the fort; and while the eyes of the enemy were on Tommy's maneuvers, Tarzan and his baboon raiders leaped down upon the busy musketeers.

The ape-man seized the machine gunner, wrenched his weapon from him, and turned it on the foe. The Baalites were the chief victims of that sputtering fire. The blacks fled wildly for the crater exit, and Tarzan allowed them to go, blaming Garetto for their misdeeds.



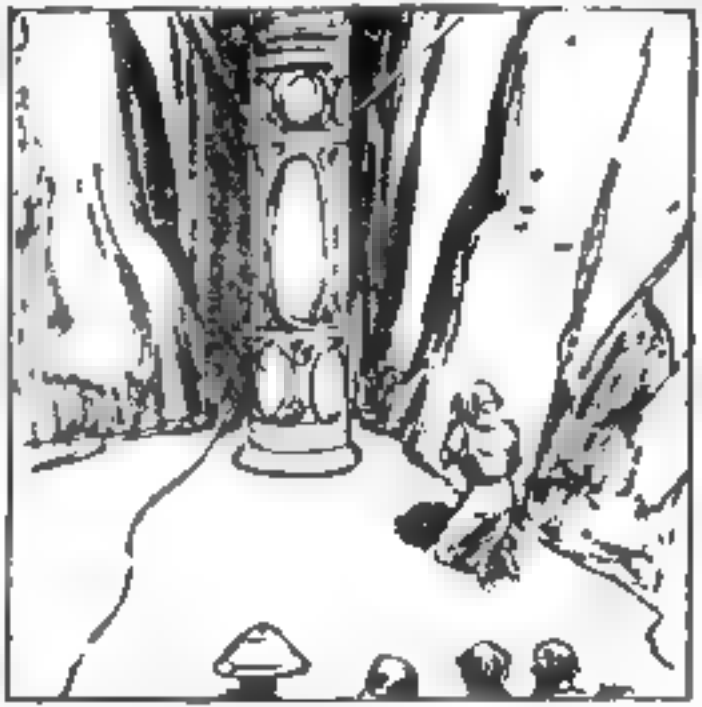
But in the fleeing throng was the cowardly, avaricious slave-raider. "Halt!" Tarzan commanded. For answer, the trapped Garetto drew his revolver. In self-defense, Tarzan pressed the trigger of the machine gun. There was no response. The ammunition was exhausted!

The Baboon King

With him were Niarchus and the remnant of the Baalites who had survived the battle. Evidently they were hastening to a refuge in the eerie Temple of Baal and the Fire Gods. And now Tarzan set out in grim pursuit, followed by Hobash and a score of swift baboons.

The fugitives had a long start and dusk was falling when Tarzan and his company reached the ravine that took them to the temple. The apeman cautioned his reckless allies, for the dark intricate corridors of the rock-hewn edifice exposed them all to swift ambush!

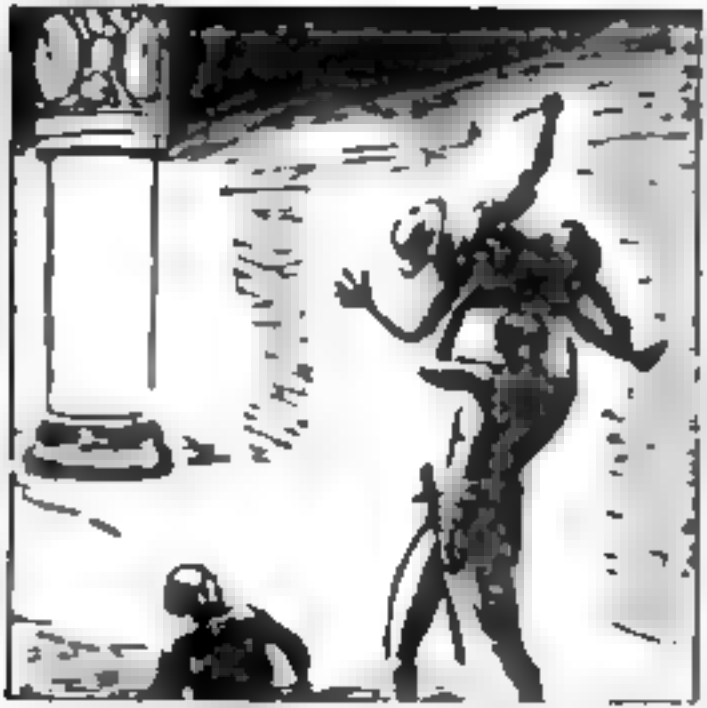
Strangely Tarzan's band met no resistance in the temple, and they came out into the courtyard, where the Bualites had just arrived. Garetta was raging, for he had followed in the hot of that Niarchus was leading him from the crater. Now he realized his fatal error



Soon Niarchus was on his knees, gazing imploringly at the Fiery Pillar as the leaden cover rose slowly. "O Baal, god of blood and fire, save thy people," the high priest pleaded. And into this strange tableau sprang Tarzan, and advanced on the evil Garetta

o Dies

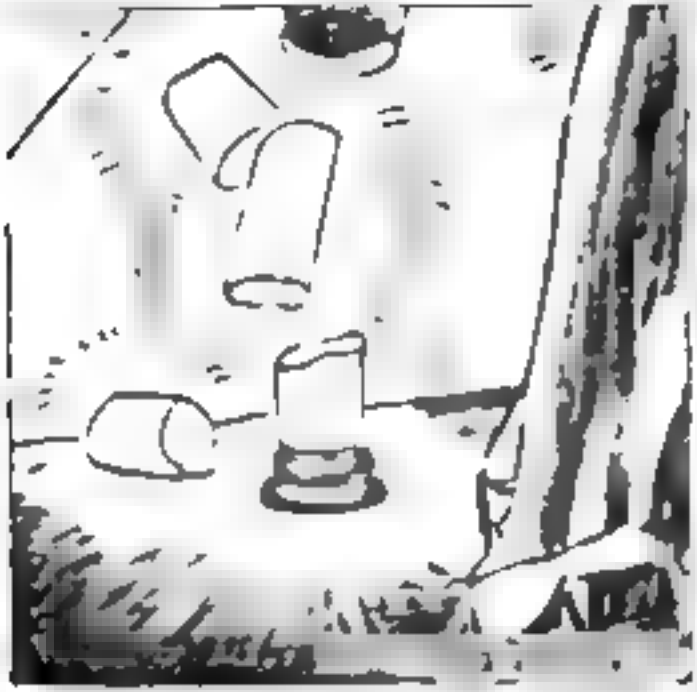
By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Garotte knew that either he or Tarzan must die. He seized Nimrobo's knife and rushed desperately at the ape-man. Swiftly grimly Tarzan dodged and clutched him from behind. Then he raised the brute high above his head and flung him powerfully against the Fiery Pillar!

His head struck the column and he fell down lifeless. Thus was justice done. Bera Garotte had sacrificed many lives to his greed for the precious monolith, and now it had brought death to him. But the blood-thirst of the god of the Fiery Pillar was not yet sated.

Nsarchus' Plan



As the cover of the Fiery Pitter continued to rise, a rope that controlled it broke. The cover fell at an angle, caught the pole and toppled it to the ground. The cover broke into several pieces, which rolled along the ground and then mysteriously vanished.

Overwhelmed by his elemental curiosity, Tarzan ran to investigate. He stopped short at the brink of an abyss. Below him roared an underground stream, sparkling now with the fragments of the Fiery Pitter, which were being swept rapidly into the interior of the mountain.

Hobash discovered Niarchus creeping up behind Tarzan to hurl him into the abyss, and Hobash acted quickly. In a few leaps he was behind the priest. A quick thrust of his paws—and Niarchus tumbled into the chasm to join the fiery symbol of his bloodthirsty god!

Then a weird silence fell upon the Temple of the Fire Gods, for no male was left alive of the tribe of Baalites. Their beastly human vices had brought retribution at the hands of guiltless jungle beasts. As Tarzan quietly led the baboons away, Hobash spoke to him.

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To his relief, Tarzan found Lady Beth and her friends tending the wounded. For a week they remained, giving aid; then Tarzan announced their departure for the "skies" by way of the outer world. The full panoplied Iskandrian guard accompanied them to the crater exit.

"I'm coming back and trace that Fiery Pillar," Jerry declared. "On our honeymoon," Beth suggested. "Huh! No more Africa for me," Tommy grinned; "it's us for the quiet life—maybe a farm in Jersey, eh, 'Bala?" Arbala smiled archly. "Okay, kid; that's jake with me."

Farewell

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

At the tunnel, Tarzan turned to Maseedon. "If the people of Iskander would remain happy, guard well this portal against the barbarians of the outer world." Then he raised his hand in salute to the magnificent Alexandrians, and in farewell to the mysterious crater of Canaan.

BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY!!

"The Tarzan Twins"

A new Tarzan story as full of thrills as the jungle is of dangers — the dramatic and breathless adventures of two young boys who brave with Tarzan the perils of the tropical wilderness!

And it is not difficult to imagine that from the misty abode where dwell the souls of the ancients, Alexander the Great looked down and said: "There walks a man who is worthy of the company of the mightiest warriors. Alexander of Macedon salutes Tarzan of the Apes!"

The END.